Wellsboro Agitator.

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The Agitator.

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BUSINESS CARDS 5 lines or less, $5,00 per year.

Business Cards.

C. H. Seymour,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tioga Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Geo. W. Merrick,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in Bowen & Cone's block, across hall from Agitator Office, 2d floor, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1. 1872.

Mitchell & Cameron,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Claim and Insurance Agents. Office in Roy's block, over Van Order's liquor store, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1872.

William A. Stone,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, over C. B. Kelley's Dry Good Store, Wright & Bailey's Block on Main street. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1872.

Josiah Emery & C. D. Emery,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office opposite Court House, No. 1 Purdy's Block, Williamsport, Pa. All business promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

J. C. Strang,

ATTORNEY AT LAW & DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—Office with J. B. Niles, Esq., Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, '72.

J. B. Niles,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care in the counties of Tioga and Potter. Office on the Avenue.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan 1, 1872.

Jno. W. Adams,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Mansfield, Tioga county, Pa. Collections promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Jno. W. Guernsey,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.—Office 1st door south of Wickham & Farr's store, Tioga, Tioga county, Pa. Jan. 1, 1872.

Armstrong & Linn,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Williamsport, Pa.

WM. H. ARMSTRONG. SAMUEL LINN. Jan. 1, 1872.

Wm. B. Smith,

PENSION ATTORNEY, Bounty and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.—Knoxville, Pa. Jan. 1, 1872.

Van Gelder & Barnes,

JOB PRINTERS.—All kinds of Job Printing done on short notice, and in the best manner. Office in Bowen & Cone's block, 2d floor.—Jan. 1, 1872.

W. D. Terbell & Co.,

WHOLESALE DRUGGIST, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, &c.—Corning, N. Y. Jan. 1, 1872.

D. Bacon, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 1st door east of Laughlin's Hache—Main Street. Will attend promptly to all calls.—Wellsboro, Jan 1, 1872.

A. M. Ingham, M. D.,

HOMŒOPATHIST, Office at his residence on the Avenue.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

W. W. Webb, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office—Opening out of Hastings & Coles's Drug Store.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

Seeley, Coats & Co.,

BANKERS, Knoxville, Tioga Co., Pa.—Receive money on deposit, discount notes, and sell drafts on New York City. Collections promptly made.

MORGAN SEELEY, Osceola. VINE CRANDALL, DAVID COATS, Knoxville. Jan. 1, 1872.

J. Parkhurst & Co.,

Bankers, Elkland, Tioga Co., Pa.

JOEL PARKHURST, JOHN PARKHURST, C. L. PATTISON. Jan. 1, 1872.

Sabinsville Hotel,

SABINSVILLE, PA., D. Churchill, Proprietor.—This House is in good condition to accommodate the traveling public in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Petrolium House,

WESTFIELD, PA., Geo. Close, Proprietor.—Good accommodation for both man and beast. Charges reasonable, and good attention given to guests. Jan. 1, 1872.

Farmers' Temperance Hotel.

BATEMAN MONROE, having purchased this house, will conduct in future as in the past, strictly on temperance principals. Every accommodation for man and beast. Charges reasonable.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

Union Hotel.

WM. B. VAN HORN, Proprietor, Wellsboro, Pa.—This house is pleasantly located, and has all the conveniences for man and beast. Charges moderate.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Wellsboro Hotel,

COR. MAIN ST. & THE AVENUE,

Wellsboro, Pa.

SOL. BUNNEL, Prop'r.

This is a popular Hotel lately kept by B. B. Holiday. The proprietor will spare no pains to make it a first-class hotel. All the stages arrive and depart from this house. A good hostler in attendance. Livery attached. Jan. 1, 1872

Hotel for Sale.

THE American Hotel, Nelson, Pa., house and barn nearly new, half acre land. On the line of Cowanesque Valley R. R. Work just being commenced, 100 men at work near by. The property will be sold at a bargain. A good man can pay for the property while the road is being built. Terms easy. For particulars inquire on the premises, or address C. B. WHIPPLE, Blossburg, Pa. Nov. 8, 1871-tf.

THE OLD "PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE"

LATELY known as the Townsend House and for a time occupied by D. D. Holiday, has been thoroughly refitted and repaired by

M. R. O'CONNOR,

who will be happy to accommodate the old friends of the house at very reasonable rates. Jan. 1, 1872-1y. M. R. O'CONNOR.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

IN Mansfield, Pa., conducted on strict temperance principles by the subscriber, who will spare no pains to make this house a pleasant home for the traveling public. Being well supplied with house and stable room, he will at all times endeavor to provide every comfort for both man and beast. Nov. 15, 1871-tf. WM. B. HALL.

Batchelder & Johnson,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

WELLSBORO MARBLE WORKS,

Main Street opposite Foundry,

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, TABLE TOPS, COUNTERS, &c.

All other Marble work executed neatly, and at reasonable rates. We also furnish to order, Marble and Slate Mantles, Grates, Fenders, &c. J. R. BATCHELDER. Jan. 1, 1872, 3m. T. A. JOHNSTON.

House and Lot for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale his House and Lot on Main street, in Elkland, Pa., at a very low price. Said lot contains one-half acre, and is under good cultivation. For terms, &c., apply to the subscriber. Elkland, Pa., Feb. 21, 1871-tf. O. P. BABCOCK.

THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES.

There are many reasons for a peculiar interest in this hymn. It is regarded by all competent judges as the noblest hymn of all antiquity excepting those of the Bible. It has, moreover, great intrinsic excellence, judged by an absolute standard. It presents the religious convictions and emotions of the more intelligent pagans in a very interesting and instructive light. It excites additional interest in view of the fact that it was read by the Apostle Paul, and was deemed worthy of being quoted in his argument addressed to the Athenians on Mars' Hill. In this argument he sets forth God, the Creator of all things, as a personal God; and thereby exposes the folly of idol worship. Addressing an audience of Greeks, he appeals to certain of their own poets who had said, "We are his offspring," and reasons from the conscious personality of man the offspring, to the corresponding personality of God, the Father of man; and thus condemns the representation and worship of the Divine Spirit by "images of gold or silver or stone, graven by art or man's device." What argument can be more profound or fundamental? Does not a rational curiosity lead us to inquire who were these poets? Does their language, as they understood it, sustain the argument of Paul? What is the context from which these words are taken? What light, if any, does this quotation throw on Paul's acquaintance with the Greek poets and with classical literature? There is no field of thought more intensely interesting than is opened by an attempt to answer these questions.

HYMN TO JUPITER.

[Dr. Edward Beecher's Version.]

Great Jove, most glorious of the immortal gods,
Wide known by many names, Almighty One,
King of all nature, ruling all by law,
We mortals thee adore, as duty calls;
For thou our Father art, and we thy sons,
On whom the grief of speech thou hast bestowed
Alone of all that live and move on earth.
Thee, therefore, will I praise; and ceaseless show
To all thy glory and thy mighty power.
This beauteous system circling round the earth
Obeys thy will, and, wheresoe'er thou leadest,
Freely submits itself to thy control.
Such is, in thine unconquerable hands,
The two-edged, fiery, deathless thunderbolt;
Thy minister of power, before whose stroke
All nature quails, and trembling, stands aghast;
By which the common reason thou dost guide,
Pervading all things, filling radiant worlds,
The sun, the moon, and all the host of stars,
So great art thou, the universal King.
Without thee naught is done on earth, O God!
Nor in the heavens above, nor in the sea;
Naught save the deeds unwise of sinful men.
Yet harmony from discord thou dost bring;
That which is hateful, thou dost render fair;
Evil and good dost no co-ordinate,
That everlasting reason shall bear sway;
Which sinful men, blinded, forsake and shun,
Deceived and hapless, seeking fancied good.
The law of God they will not see nor hear;
Which if they would obey, would lead to life.
But they unhappy rush, each in his way.
For glory some in eager conflict strive:
Others are lost inglorious, seeking gain;
To pleasure others turn, and sensual joys,
Hasting to ruin, whilst they seek for life.
But thou, O Jove! the giver of all good,
Darting the lightning from thy homes of clouds,
Permit no man to perish darkling thus;
From folly save them; bring them to the light
Give them to know the everlasting law
By which in righteousness thou rulest all;
That we, thus honored, may return to thee
Meet honor, and with hymns declare thy deeds,
And though we die, hand down thy deathless praise.
Since nor to men nor gods is higher meed,
Than ever to extol with righteous praise
The glorious, universal King Divine.

—Old and New.

SONNET—(WITH A LETTER).

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I send this letter, O my sweet! to tell
The old, old story of my heart's deep wealth
Of tenderness; and of my body's health;
And how in all things worldly I am well:
Which then wilt gladly hear. It holds not much,
Besides, to pleasure thee. It bears no word
Of fond affection which thou has not heard
Leap from my living lips. Well—I will touch
My mouth unto the leaves, caressingly;
And so wilt thou. Thus, from these lips of mine
My message will go kissingly to thine,
With more than Fancy's load of luxury,
And prove a true love-letter, warm and sweet
As ever yet a loving spouse did greet!

—Harper's Magazine.

ATTACKED BY A TIGER.

Wonderful Presence of Mind.

A terrible affair occurred in this city on the morning of the 21st of February, which from its exciting surroundings rarely ever finds a parallel in this country. Many of our citizens are aware that the square bounded by Twenty-Second, Nassau, and Bolton streets is occupied by the buildings of our townsman, Adam Forepaugh, Esq., as the winter quarters of his great traveling menagerie. During the present winter Mr. Forepaugh has secured the services of Herr Darious, the celebrated animal trainer, from the Zoological Society's Gardens at Hamburg, Germany, and placed in his charge two magnificent royal Bengal tigers and two fine lions. They were to be taught several feats of an interesting character, more for the purpose of showing man's power over the brute creation than for mere gratification of a morbid appetite.

Herr Darious, in whose charge the animals were placed, is famous throughout Europe for his great success in training wild animals, and his ability in this line is well known among naturalists. For this reason Mr. Forepaugh secured his services. Arriving here from Europe on Christmas day, he immediately had a large den erected in the south building of solid white oak, three inches thick, with an open front interlaced with iron bars crossing each other at regular intervals. At one end there is a door thro' which the den is entered, and in the center is a swinging partition which divides the den into two apartments, and which may be opened or closed at the trainer's will. In this strong den the lions and tigers were placed, separated by the partition, except when being trained, when they were permitted to be together.

Every day during the winter Herr Darious has entered this den, opened the partition, and "interviewed" the monarchs of the glade and forest. On the morning indicated, while the trainer was among "his pets," the tigers, for some unknown reason, began to exhibit signs of sudden displeasure, such as scraping the floor with their claws and brushing their sides with their tails. Darious immediately noticed this, and grasping the partition door, suddenly closed it with a crash, leaving him alone with a single tiger. The closing of the partition, or the separation from his mate, enraged this beast, and seeing the trainer's face turned away, he made one spring, uttered a single terrific growl, and in a second was on Herr Darious's back, with his claws in his hair. As the latter fell to the floor he uttered a shout, which brought a number of the employes of the establishment to the scene, but their fear unmanned them and prevented them from rendering the trainer any assistance.

During this time Darious, with rare presence of mind, lay perfectly still; knowing full well that a single movement might result in his instant death. The other animals seeing the attack and hearing the noise, set up simultaneously a terrible howling, roaring, and groaning, and the scene became a perfect pandemonium. The valuable performing horses in the adjoining stable were removed lest their terror should overcome them. The tumult reached the elephants' quarters, and it was a matter of great difficulty to keep them quiet, especially old Romeo, the monster who kills a keeper every one or two years; the smaller elephants were less disturbed. In the upper story a coccoon gnu or horned horse, one of Mr. Forepaugh's recent importations, and one of the most vicious of all animals, broke through his cage and made an immediate and terrible attack on one of the zebra cages containing a beautiful and valuable animal. In less than a moment the front was battered down, and the poor zebra lay dying, gored to death. Proceeding to the den containing the great eland, the gnu began to battle at the wirework here, but his horns becoming entangled he was captured and placed in safe quarters without doing further damage.

All this occurred in a very short space of time, and Herr Darious still lay in the tiger's den quiet as death, when the proprietor of the establishment, Adam Forepaugh, suddenly drove up in his carriage, and entering the building took in the situation at a glance. With the rapidity of thought, and with a daring rarely equaled, he rushed directly to the front of the den where Darious lay, put his hand in, grasped one of the tiger's hind legs, drew it through the bars, and bracing his feet pulled with a strength never exerted before—pulled for human life. The tiger turned to see whence came this attack in the rear, just as Mr. Forepaugh had foreseen he would turn; then he shouted to Darious, and as the tiger loosened his hold the trainer sprang up, opened the door and escaped, luckily with but few scratches. The scene was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and but for the coolness and heroic bravery of Mr. Forepaugh would have resulted in Herr Darious's certain death. With the exception of the dead zebra, valued at $8,000, the damage done is slight.—*Philadelphia Age.*

The Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot.

We will not say that the writer who signs herself "George Eliot" is the only female humorist who has written in English, for there is much delicate and subtle humor in Miss Thackeray's fairy stories, much humor, usually of the broad and indelicate kind, in Lady Mary Wortley-Montague's letters, and wonderful power of humorous observation in Miss Austen's novels; but undoubtedly George Eliot is the only woman of our time whose writings would be remembered for their humor alone, or whose sayings, just now collected into a volume by themselves, are at all likely, like Shakespeare's sayings, to pass into the substance of the language. Humor is not one of the feminine faculties, and least of all humor like George Eliot's humor, which is essentially an expression of shrewdness, of keen, hard sense, rising occasionally to the level of true, though usually earthly wisdom.—There is nothing exactly like it that we know of in our language. The author herself, to judge from occasional turns of style, has a notion that on this side of her head she has some relation to Thackeray; but Thackeray could no more have created Mrs. Poyser than George Eliot could have created Major Pendennis; he could not have made her so shrewd and incisive and witty, yet with so little of the anatomist about her inner character. Still less is she like Charles Lamb, whose grotesquely felicitous conceits are foreign to her whole style; or Charles Dickens, with his keen eye for the incongruities of the people and minds that he had known. No character throughout George Eliot's long *repertoire* is in the least grotesque. There is a resemblance between her humor and that of Shakespeare, who might have written the wonderful scene in the inn parlor in "Silas Marner," a scene which of itself would stamp her rank as a dramatist; but Shakespeare is less dependent upon the relation of his humor to the mouth in which it is placed, and seldom gives such an impression of mere shrewdness, or approaches so close to the Scotch form of wit, the basis of which is worldly wisdom. This, for instance, is utterly Scotch—a perfect illustration of the word "pawky": "You're right there, Tookey; there's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himself, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself."

And no one ignorant of George Eliot, but familiar with that prince of the novelists who teach by innuendo, Galt, the one great humorist whom Englishmen have never recognized or have speedily forgotten, would doubt to whom to ascribe this saying of Dolly Winthrop herself, a character almost or quite unique in the literature of fiction:

"*Dolly.*—You must fix on a name for it, because it must have a name giv' it when it's christened. *Silas.*—My mother's name was Hephzibah, and my little sister was named after her. *Dolly.*—Eh! that's a hard name. I partly think it isn't a christened name. *Silas.*—It's a Bible name. *Dolly.*—*Then I've no call to speak again it;* but you see I'm no scholard, and I'm slow at catching the words. My husband says I'm allays like as if I was putting the haft for the handle—that's what he says—for he's very sharp, God help him! But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, when you'd got nothing big to say, like—wasn't it, Master Marner? *Silas.*—We called her Eppie. *Dolly.*—Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it 'ud be a deal handier."

This gibe, too, at old age might have appeared in Dean Ramsay's collection; though there is a touch of bitterness in it, a taste of vitriol, an appreciation of the evil side of human nature, ordinarily absent from Scotch humor, which, often severe, is very seldom cruel: "It seems as if them as aren't wanted here are the only folks as aren't wanted i' the other world." "Annuitants never die," is the English form of that epigram, and though more direct and intelligible, is infinitely less shrewd, covers within its range much less of the discontent youth feels with age. "I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made them to match the men," is just one of the sentences one would expect from those grand old women, the last generation of Scotch ladies, such as Scott knew and worshipped; and so is this illustration of the power of habit, an illustration curious for the brevity and force with which recognition of that power and dislike for it are both expressed. "A maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it, I reckon." In many of Mrs. Poyser's best remarks the humor consists solely in the laughing surprise created by their unexpected shrewdness, in the wonder the reader feels at being compelled to give admiring assent to what, after all, is a very simple proposition: "If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner." "It's poor eating where the flavor o' the meat lies in the cruets.—There's folks as make bad butter, and trust to the salt to hide it." Or this, in condemnation of the habit of perpetually praising the dead: "It's but little good you'll do a watering the last year's crop." Or this, "I know the way o' wives; they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wan-ted to sell 'em." "If old Harry's a mind to do a bit o' kindness for a holiday, like, who's got anything against it?" As for age, what that's worth depends on the quality o' the liquor." This is the shrewdness of insight, not the shrewdness which comes of observation, like this description of a Scotch gardener, perhaps the very best description of that kind of conceited efficiency ever put into words: "Yd're naughty fond o' Craig; but for my part I think he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow." Nor is it the shrewdness born of long experience of men, like that which gives point to this profound saying of Rochefoucauld, in illustration of the effect of subservience upon manner:—"Awkwardness sometimes disappears in the camp, never in the court;" or to this other,—"Rank is to merit what dress is to a pretty woman;" or to this,—"However much we distrust the sincerity of others, we believe them most to be sincere when talking to ourselves;" or to this, perhaps the most subtly true remark even Rochefoucauld ever made,—"We can forgive those who bore us, but never those who are bored by us." The humor here is clearly the result of knowledge so wide that all men who read its conclusion recognize that it is accurate, and it does not spring from any depth of mental power, as that of George Eliot seems to do, even when she is only shrewd, as in Mr. Tulliver's summary of the use of brain to women: "An over-cute woman is no better nor a long-tailed sheep—she'll fetch none the bigger price for that."

Sometimes, however, George Eliot rises above this level, and then she curiously enough suggests, as Rochefoucauld always seems to us to do, not any rival humorist, but the one man whose writings, without being humorous, have had all the effect of humor upon men's minds, the wise King of Israel. It is a curious bit of evidence for the tradition that Solomon wrote most of the proverbs which bear his name, and did not merely collect them, that the proverbs of the fine French gentleman are so like those of the first King of Israel who was porphyrogenitus, the indolent, sensual, luxurious sayer of sayings which, for their bourgeois shrewdness and adaptability to life, obtained acceptance among all peoples. "The wit of most women rather strengthens their folly than their reason," is a biting sentence that might have come out of the Proverbs, whose testimony as to woman is identical in spirit, though not, of course, in form, with Bartle Massey's famous diatribe against the sex in "Adam Bede":

"Nonsense! It's the silliest lie a sensible man like you ever believed, to say a woman makes a house comfortable. It's a story got up because the women are there and something must be found for 'em to do. I tell you there isn't a thing under the sun that needs to be done at all but what a man can do better than a woman, unless it's bearing children, and *they do that in a poor make-shift way;* it had better ha' been left to the men—it had better ha' been left to the men. I tell you a woman 'ull bake you a pie every week of her life and never come to see that the hotter the oven the shorter the time. I tell you a woman 'ull make you a pipe-crust every day for twenty years and never think of measuring the proportion between the meal and the milk—a little more or less, she'll think, doesn't signify; the pastry *will* be awk'ard now and then, if it's wrong; it's summat in the meal, or it's summat in the milk, or it's summat in the water. Don't tell me about God having made such creatures to be companions for us! I don't say but he might make Eve to be a companion to Adam in Paradise; there was no cooking to be spoilt there, and no other woman to cackle with and make mischief: though you see what mischief she did as soon as she'd an opportunity. But it's an impious, unscriptural opinion to say a woman's a blessing to a man now; you might as well say adders and wasps and foxes and wild beasts are a blessing, when they're only the evils that belong to this state of probation, which it's lawful for a man to keep as clear of as he can in this life, hoping to get quit o' 'em forever in another—hoping to get quit of 'em forever in another."

This from Rochefoucauld is Solomon all over, though the opinion it contains is the opposite of that of the great king, who hated fools, probably for the reason that makes "good society" hate them, they are so very seldom amusing. Bray a fool in a mortar, says the King, and you get only foolishness. "I have tried George of Denmark sober," said Charles II., himself a sayer of sayings, "and I have tried him drunk, and drunk or sober there is nothing in him." "We may cure a fool of his folly," says Rochefoucauld, who hated not folly, but folly-mongers, "but there is no cure for a fool's stupid man." George Eliot deals little with fools—her only proverb about them, we think, is that "An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down." This is not half as good as the old one about setting the Thames on fire, and, so far as we remember, has not been at the trouble to find one, for Lisbeth Bede, though foolish, is no fool; but she often rises to this level of wisdom based on shrewdness, as when she says, "A feeling of revenge is not worth much; that you should care to keep it smarting is so good as it seems beforehand" is her variation on "Vanitas vanitatum," and in these sentences Solomon and Rochefoucauld alike would have recognized an echo of the vain laughter of folly which hears but its applause;" "Women think walls are built together with honey." "To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath;" "A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts;" "Hath the sorrow of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless, nay, the speech they had resolved not to utter;" "Reduced to a map, one's freehold seems insignificant"—a curious form of the Hebrew saying about "comparing themselves with themselves;" "Your trouble easy borne when everybody gives in a little to you;" "A neighborly man must let himself be cheated a little;" "To the sentinel that hour is regal when he comes on guard;" "Wise books for half the truths they hold are honored tombs."—*London Spectator.*

A THOUGHT.—When the day dawns and we arise to find the sky clear and the freight hours all before us, how loth we are to lay down upon our pillow again. There are many things to do—such pleasant things some of them; our friends are coming, or we are going to visit them; there is a walk, or a drive or a little feast in prospect—it seems so pleasant to be awake!

But when the day has gone and night has come again, we are generally ready for it. We are, at best, tired with our frolic or our pleasure. Ten to one we are disappointed in something. Some little, unpleasant incident has marred the brightest hour. Some skeleton has taken its seat at the feast, or peeped out of a secret closet. It is so lightful to fling off the finery it rejoiced so to put on—to put out the light and lie down, courting slumber.

So, though in the heyday of life we dread that long, last, quiet sleep, no doubt those who live to be old hail it as their best friend. The loves and hopes of early life have ended in disappointment. Their dear ones have left them alone; the life that seemed so sweet has changed to bitterness, and all the sweetness is with death. Just as we wearily climb the bed-room stairs with our tired feet, so we will climb life's last steps. We have danced and toiled alternately; we are as tired of our joys as of our sorrow, and we will hail repose eternal, as we hailed repose of the night when life was all before us.

LETTER FROM DAKOTA.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 5, 1872.

The third month of winter is upon us, with the same clear sky above and the same wind whistling through the dry stalks of last year's prairie grass. The sun is getting farther north, and the days lengthen as time wings his flight. Ere long the spring birds will warble forth their morning carol and the young vegetation make green the broad and untrodden landscape. The bleak and chilly winds of winter are already tempered with the first breath of spring, and the pendent icicles are dropping from the roof.—The farmer guards more carefully his stock and fits up his farming implements for the summer campaign.

Such is the never-varying round of the endless cycle of years until we shuffle off the mortal coil and forgetfulness draws the veil of oblivion over the annals of the past. Weird forms of the long bygone flit around us as we gather beside the home fire, and we drop a tear over their memory, and mingle again with the busy throng.

Until of late our winter has been a severe one for this section of the country, although we have had but little snow, and the oldest settlers claim this to have exceeded anything heretofore known; and if so, we can live in anticipation of not having it repeated. The ice in the Missouri will average two feet in thickness, and most of us have taken advantage of it in securing a good supply for the hot days of summer.

Since I came into the Territory, in September last, we have had one rain storm and one snow storm, and it is claimed that the ground is sufficiently soaked to insure good crops the coming season. It has long been a query in my mind why rains are not universal and uniform over the surface of the earth. We see certain sections where rains are abundant, with a sort of periodicity about them, while others in the same latitude are hardly blessed with a good rain during the whole year; and yet there seems to be an adaptability in the soil where scarcely any rains occur to retain moisture for an almost indefinite period, as is the case with certain portions of this country. I am credibly informed that back from the river, on the higher table lands, a good snow storm or early spring rain prepares the soil to withstand an entire summer's drouth.

The soil here is a black loam, and for richness, depth, and for ease of tillage, is not excelled in our whole country. The breaking is easily done with one good span of horses, such as most of the farmers own in Tioga county, but as a general thing two yoke of oxen are used here; and after the ground is once broken the tillage is very easy, and it may be cropped year after year without any perceptible decrease in the quality or quantity of the harvest; and all this without the application of any fertilizer or clovering, as we have to do in Pennsylvania. The oldest settler in this county (Bon Homme) has lived here seven years, and from the eight-acre lot that he broke the first year he raised over four hundred dollars' worth of produce the last season, and that estimated in a cheap market, too, as the following figures will show:

250 bushels corn, 50c per bush.	$130
100 do potatoes, 50c do	75
12 do beans, $3 do	36
20 do onions, $1 do	20
20 loads watermelons, $2 per load	40
100 do pumpkins, 75c do	75
	$406

besides articles of minor value.

This may seem extravagant to some of your farmers, but nevertheless it is true; and what is more, his farm can be bought for $1500—160 acres. I do not give these facts and cinch them with figures for the purpose of depopulating your county, or inducing a general emigration to this *garden of Eden*, but will say there is plenty of just such land here waiting for settlement, and it is free to all who are in want of a good home.

As I said in my last letter, the only thing we lack here now is railroad communication, and that we are to have soon, according to present indications. The "Dakota Southern" is already in process of construction, to be completed from Sioux city, Iowa, to Yankton, the capital of the Territory, by the first of September next, within thirty miles of our town. We already have a telegraph running through here, with an office at this place, connecting us with the outer world.

One year ago the necessaries of life were nearly all imported into this county, while at the present time a large surplus of our own productions is being furnished to the up river country and the different government posts throughout the Territory. The future will ere long open upon this country—rich in all that makes a nation great and prosperous, happy and contented—with thriving towns and villages all around, and church spires and school houses dotting every hamlet. Two sections of public land are reserved in every county for school purposes, and when they are thrown into market will create a fund that will do much toward the educational interests of all classes of the people in the creation and support of free schools and other institutions of learning. With such safeguards thrown around us, and such ample means at our disposal, the responsibility will be great indeed if we neglect to profit thereby.

Another movement that operates favorably upon the minds of the people here, is the position assumed by the Administration in filling the government offices of the Territories with citizens and actual residents therein. It is in fact recognizing the principle of local intelligence and fitness for public honors, by which we are relieved from the imposition of non-residents, who take an interest in our local and domestic affairs, but are greedy only for the spoils and profits of office.

We will be much obliged to you if, thro' the columns of your paper, you will agitate and urge the passage of the soldiers' land bill introduced in Congress by Hon. L. D. Shoemaker, of Pennsylvania. Should it become a law, many of our worthy and meritorious soldiers would take their warrants and come west to locate and become actual settlers on the public domain. All praise is due to the honorable member who introduced the bill, and we pay our just tribute of respect to the Pennsylvania Legislature, which has so promptly seconded him. May their names be inscribed in letters of gold.

A STRAY REMARK.—The city editor of the Des Moines (Iowa) *Register* died of intemperance, and his death was thus announced in the *Register*:

"MEMORIAL.—In the city of Des Moines, December 1st, 1871, by the devil, after the personal superintendence of Wm. Smith, aged 39 years, in the 29th year of his age, J. H. Goodson, city editor of the *Register*."

"We trust," says the editor-in-chief of the *Register*, over his own signature, "that those who traffic in the POISON which saps the soul as well as life, and for the infamy of a dime play the part of ASSASSIN, will see in this and other terrible instances our city has lately had, the triumph of their work of murder."

New Year Goods!

AT

SPENCER'S ART GALLERY!

FRANK SPENCER has just returned from the city with a fine assortment of goods in his line, ever brought into Tioga county, among which are choice

Choice Frames of New Styles,

Carved Walnut Goods,

Chromos,

and a great variety of

Trimmings,

fine in style, and at the very lowest prices. He is prepared to make

First-Class Portraits,

in all the best styles of the day, from skillfully retouched negatives.

It is always a pleasure to show goods; so don't be backward or bashful, but call early and often.

FRANK SPENCER.

Mansfield, Pa., Jan. 10, 1872.—3m

New Store

AT TIOGA, PA.,

and an entire new Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

H. E. SMITH & SON, having just completed their new Brick Store on Main street, which is one of the best arranged and most inviting stores in the county, are now offering to their old customers and the public generally a better selected stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

than ever before presented in the borough of Tioga.—Ladies' ware of Burt's make, constantly on hand. Also, Mason & Hamlin's Organs, and a variety of styles to select from. All are invited to call and examine prices and quality. H. E. SMITH & SON.

Tioga, Jan. 1, 1872.—1y.

WALKER & LATHROP.

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, STOVES, TIN-WARE, BELTING, SAWS, CUTLERY, WATER LIME, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Carriage and Harness Trimmings,

HARNESSES, SADDLES, &c.

Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1872.

A Corning Store in Elkland

We have opened in the borough of

ELKLAND,

A fresh stock of

DRY GOODS,

which will be

SOLD AS LOW

as they can be bought in

CORNING OR ELMIRA.

We can afford to do this, as we shall save enough in rents to pay extra freights. We shall continue to add to the stock during the season, such goods as the wants of the community seem to demand. We invite a call from all who are in want of anything in our line.

The

TEAS

of the

GREAT UNITED STATES TEA COMPANY

will be kept and sold at New York wholesale prices.

Elkland, Dec. 13, 1871-tf. SMITH & WAYE.

Cards! Cards! Gold! Gold!

WRITTEN Visiting Cards, plain or Ornamental, executed in the highest style of the art, and Golden Ink for Ornamental writing sent to any address on receipt of price. Cards per doz., from 40 cents to $3,00. Golden Ink superior to any in the market, 75 cents per bottle. Address, S. D. FORREST, Jan. 17, 1872-tf. Covington, Pa.

Valuable farm for Sale.

THE SUBSCRIBER, owing to ill-health, offers his farm for sale, situated in Charleston on the Mansfield road, about one mile from the old Fellows' hotel. Said farm can be divided into farms as the public road passes through the center, leaving two orchards on either side, containing about 90 acres, 80 acres improved, a frame house and two frame barns thereon. Said farm is in a good state of cultivation, and will be sold cheap. A portion of the purchase money can remain against the farm. For further information, inquire of the subscriber on the premises.

Jan. 1, 1872-tf. NOAH HAMMOND.

Cyrus D. Sill,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Liquors

WINES, &c., &c.

Agent for Fine Old Whiskies,

Jan. 1, 1872. CORNING, N. Y.

Change of Base.

BRAND NEW

Stock of Goods

AT MIDDLEBURY CENTER, PA.

BOUGHT for cash, and to be sold for cash, at cash prices. Credit system played out.

"Pay as you go," is a trite old maxim, and, when lived up to, the true doctrine for both seller and buyer.

I intend to sell go as at small profits, for cash, and respectfully solicit a trial from old patrons, and from all others who wish to buy groceries and staple goods at close figures. A. W. POTTER.

January 3, 1872. tf

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of administration on the estate of John Chamberlin, late of Jackson, Tioga Co. Pa., dec'd, having been granted to me, all persons having claims against and those owing said estate are hereby notified to call for settlement on Mrs. Abigail Chamberlin, at Lowrenceville, Pa., or on the undersigned, at East Smithfield, Bradford Co., Pa. J. W. CHAMBERLIN, Feb. 1, 1872-6w. Adm'r.

Executors' Notice.

WHEREAS letters testamentary to the estate of David Hart, late of Charleston, deceased, have been granted to the subscribers, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent, will make known the same to the subscribers or leave them at the office of Geo. W. Merrick, Esq. EPHRIAM HART, Feb. 15, 1872-6w. BENONA SHORT, Executors.

Sale.

THE undersigned, owners of a Portable Engine, with a Carding Machine, two Lathes and a run of French Burr Stones attached, are prepared to fill orders in their business at East Charleston, Pa.

The above property is in good running order, and will be sold at a fair price, and on reasonable time.

For particulars, inquire of Geo. W. Merrick, Wellsboro, or ALONZO WHITNEY, Jan. 1, 1872. on the premises.

Piano Fortes and Organs!

PERSONS WANTING PIANOS OR ORGANS will find it greatly to their interest to buy of

I. G. HOYT & Co.

We are selling the best Instruments at lowest prices, and on the most favorable terms.

A first-class PIANO possesses all the following essentials, viz: the tone is divested of all impurities, a perfect equality of power throughout the entire scale, with resonance and duration of tone.

The touch is elastic, equal, easy and responsive to every demand of the fingers.

A defect in any one of these points, will cause a complete failure of the instrument.

We warrant every Piano for the term of five years.

Tuning promptly attended to by the most experienced Tuners.

Instruction Books of the most approved methods for the Piano and Organ constantly on hand.

D. DUNBAR, Elkland, Pa. I. G. HOYT, Osceola, Pa. Dec. 13, 1871.-tf

WELLSBORO

Door, Sash & Blind Factory.

BENJAMIN AUSTIN, is prepared to furnish first-class work from the best lumber, at his new factory which is now in full operation.

**Sash,