The Tioga County Agitator
Is Published every Tuesday Morning, at $2,00 a Year, invariably in advance.
COBB & VAN GELDER.
M. H. COBB.] [P. C. VAN GELDER.

ADVERTISING RATES.
TEN LINES OF MINION, OR LESS, MAKE ONE SQUARE.

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The Tioga County Agitator.

"The Agitation of Thought is the Beginning of Wisdom."

VOL. XV. WELLSBORO, PA., JANUARY 8, 1868. NO. 1.

JOBBING DEPARTMENT.
The Proprietors have stocked the establishment with a large assortment of modern stlyes
JOB AND CARD TYPE
AND FAST PRESSES,
and are prepared to execute neatly, and promptly
POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, STATEMENTS, TOWNSHIP ORDERS, &c., &c.
Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, and a full assortment of Constables' and Justices' Blanks, constantly on hand.
People living at a distance can depend on having their work done promptly, and sent back in return mail.
☞ OFFICE—Roy's block, Second Floor.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

W. D. TERRELL & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints and Oils, &c., &c.
Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1868.–1y.

WILLIAM H. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Main Street Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.

S. F. WILSON. J. B. NILES.
WILSON & NILES,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW, (First door from Bigoney's, on the Avenue)—Will attend to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1868.

D. ANGELL & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS of, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Doors, Sash, and Blinds. Also Planing and Turning done to order.
Knoxville, Tioga Co., Pa., Jan. 16, 1868–1y.

GEORGE WAGNER,
TAILOR. Shop first door north of L. A. Sears's Shoe Shop. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and well.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.–1y.

JOHN B. SHAKSPEARE,
DRAPER AND TAILOR. Shop over John R. Bowen's Store. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and in best style.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868–1ys

WM. GARRETSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Notary Public and Insurance Agent, Blossburg, Pa., over Caldwell's Store.

JOHN I. MITCHELL
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa.
Claim Agent, Notary Public, and Insurance Agent. He will attend promptly to collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty. As Notary Public he takes acknowledgements of deeds, administers oaths, and will act as Commissioner to take testimony. ☞ Office over Roy's Drug Store, adjoining Agitator Office.—Oct. 30, 1867.

John W. Guernsey,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Having returned to this county with a view of making it his permanent residence, solicits a share of public patronage. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office 2d door south of E. S. Farr's hotel. Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa. sept. 26.'66.–tf.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
HORACE C. VERMILYEA, Prop'R. This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. [Jan. 1, 1868.]

PETROLEUM HOUSE,
WESTFIELD, PA., GEORGE CLOSE, Proprietor. A new Hotel conducted on the principle of live and let live, for the accommodation of the public.—Nov. 14, 1866.–1y.

GEO. W. RYON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Lawrenceville, Tioga Co., Pa. Bounty, Pension, and Insurance Agent. Collections promptly attended to. Office 2d door below Ford House. Dec. 12, 1868–1y

R. E. OLNEY,
DEALER in CLOCKS & JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c., Mansfield, Pa. Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired. Engraving done in plain English and German. Inspect 1y.

FARR'S HOTEL,
TIOGA, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.,
Good stabling attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance.
E. S. FARR, Proprietor.

Hairdressing & Shaving.
Saloon over Willcox & Barker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa. Particular attention paid to Ladies' Hair-cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc. Braids, puffs, coils, and switches on hand and made to order.
H. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

D. BACON, M. D., late of the 2d Pa. Cavalry, after nearly four years of army service, with a large experience in field and hospital practice, has opened an office for the practice of medicine and surgery, in all its branches. Persons from a distance can find good boarding at the Pennsylvania Hotel when destined.—Will visit any part of the State in consultation, or to perform surgical operations. No. 4, Union Block, up stairs. Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866.–1y.

NEW PICTURE GALLERY.—
FRANK SPENCER
has the pleasure to inform the citizens of Tioga county that he has completed his
NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
and is on hand to take all kinds of Sun Pictures, such as Ambrotypes, Ferrotypes, Vignettes, Cartes de Visite, the Surprise and Eureka Pictures; also particular attention paid to copying and enlarging Pictures. Instructions given in the Art on reasonable terms. Elmira St., Mansfield, Oct. 1, 1866.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.
WM. B. SMITH, Knoxville, Tioga County, Pa., (U. S. licensed Agent, and Attorney for soldiers and their friends throughout all the loyal States,) will prosecute and collect with unrivalled success,
SOLDIERS' CLAIMS AND DUES
of all kinds. Also, any other kind of claim against the Government before any of the Departments or in Congress. Terms moderate. All communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Jan. 17, 1868.

U. S. CLAIM AGENCY,
For the Collection of
Army and Navy Claims and Pensions.
THE NEW BOUNTY LAW passed July 28, 1866, gives 1 two and three years' soldiers extra bounty. Send your discharges.
OFFICERS' EXTRA PAY
Three months' extra pay proper to volunteer officers who were in service March 3, 1865.
PENSIONS INCREASED
All who have lost a limb and who have been permanently and totally disabled.
Rebel Government claims prosecuted.
JEROME B. NILES.
Wellsboro, October 10, 1866–tf

E. SMITH, M. D.
SURGEON.
OPERATES successfully for Cataract, Strabismus, (cross eye) Removal of Tumors, Cure for Varicose Veins, Club Feet, &c.
Particular attention paid to diseases of the Eye and General Surgery.
Consultation at office free.
References given to operations recently performed.
Office ours, from 12 M. to 3 P. M.
Office at his residence, Mansfield, Tioga County, Pa. March 27, 1867–1y.*

NORMAN STRAIT,
AGENT for the National Series of Standard School Books; published by A. S. Barnes & Co. 111 & 113 William, corner of John Street, N. Y., keeps constantly a full supply. All orders promptly filled. Call on or address by mail. N. STRAIT.
Osceola, Pa., June 19, 1867–1y.

C. B. KELLY,
AGENT for MARVIN & CO'S FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.
Wellsboro, September 25, 1867.

J. G. PUTNAM,
MILL WRIGHT—Agent for all the best TURBINE WATER WHEELS. Also for Stewart's Oscillating Movement for Gang and Mulay Saws.
Tioga, Pa., Aug. 7, 1867, 1y.

Bounty and Pension Agency.
HAVING received definite instructions in regard to the extra bounty allowed by the act approved July 28, 1866, and having on hand a large supply of all necessary blanks, I am prepared to prosecute all persons and heirs' claims which may be placed in my hands. Persons living at a distance can communicate with me by letter, and their communications will be promptly answered. WM. H. SMITH.
Wellsboro, October 24, 1866.

BE CLOTHED!
JOSEPH INGHAM & SONS, two miles east of Knoxville, Tioga County, Pa., are prepared to manufacture wool by the yard or on shares, as may be desired. They make
FLANNELS, FULL CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS,
and can promise to satisfy customers. They pay particular attention to
ROLL CARDING & CLOTH DRESSING.
Twenty years experience in the business warrants them in expecting a generous patronage. No shoddy cloths made.
Deerfield, June 12, 1867–tf.

JOHN SUHR,
WOULD announce to the citizens of Wellsboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a shop on the corner of Water and Crafton streets, for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of
CABINET FURNITURE,
REPAIRING AND TURNING DONE
to order. COFFINS of all kinds furnished on short notice. All work done promptly and warranted. Wellsboro, June 27, 1866.

UNION HOTEL.
MINER WATKINS, PROPRIETOR.
HAVING fitted up a new hotel building on the site of the old Union Hotel, lately destroyed by fire, I am now ready to receive and entertain guests. The Union Hotel was intended for a Temperance House, and the Proprietor believes it can be sustained without grog. An attentive hostler in attendance.
Wellsboro, June 26; 1867.

TOWNSEND HOUSE.
WILLIAM TOWNSEND, PROPRIETOR.
HAVING leased for a term of years the popular and well known Hotel stand lately occupied by A. M. Hazlett, I am prepared to furnish the traveling and local public with the best accommodations to be procured in the county. A good hostler always in attendance. Teams furnished to fishing parties.
Wellsboro, June 26, 1867.

E. R. KIMBALL,
GROCERY AND RESTAURANT,
One door above the Meat Market,
WELLSBORO, PENN'A,
RESPECTFULLY announces to the trading public that he has a desirable stock of Groceries, comprising, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, and all that constitutes a first-class stock. Oysters in every style at all seasonable hours.
Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867–tf.

THE PLACE TO BUY DRUGS.
AT the Lawrenceville Drug Store, where you will find every thing properly belonging to the Drug Trade
CHEAP, CHEAPER, CHEAPEST
and of the best quality for Cash. Also, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Lamps, Fancy Notions, Violin Strings, Fishing Tackle, Window Glass, &c. Cash paid for Flax Seed.
C. P. LEONARD.
Lawrenceville, May 8, 1867.

Glen's Falls Insurance Company,
GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y.
Capital and Surplus $373,637.66.
FARM RISKS, only, taken.
No Premium Notes required.
It is LIBERAL. It pays damages by Lightning, whether Fire ensues or not.
It pays for live stock killed by Lightning in barns or in the field.
Its rates are lower than other Companies of equal responsibility. I. C. PRICE, Agent.
Farmington Centre, Tioga Co. Pa.
May 29, 1867–1y.

J. H. RANDALL,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST.
OFFICE at his residence on Wellsboro street, Tioga, where he may be found from the 1st until the 12th, and from the 19th until the 25th of each month. Will be in Blossburg at the United States Hotel, from the 13th until the 18th, and in Lawrenceville at Slosson's Hotel, from the 26th until the last day of each month.
All operations connected with the dental profession, whether surgical or mechanical, will receive especial attention.
Having an improved liquid and apparatus for benumbing the gums, he is prepared to extract teeth without pain, and in a manner harmless to the patient, yet no stupefaction, drowsiness or nausea, follows the operation. Ether or Chloroform will be administered if advisable when desired.
Artificial Teeth of all kinds inserted in the most substantial and beautiful manner.
Call and see specimens of mechanical dentistry.
Tioga, Pa., May 1, 1867.

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. 2, 1867–1y.

SAVINGS BANK.
OTHERWISE
GARDNER'S
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE.

THE
OLD saying that a penny saved is a penny earned, justifies GARDNER in naming his establishment a Savings Bank. Economy is Wealth, said some old chap, whose name I have forgotten; and it is economy to trade where the
SLAUGHTER
of high prices is being prosecuted with vigor and without reprieve. I can sell Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Fish, Pork, Flour, Corn Meal, Coffees, Canned Fruits, Spices, and everything intended for family use, giving the buyer the benefit
OF THE
fall of the markets, an advantage duly appreciated by everybody, excepting only those verdant
INNOCENTS
who prefer *PROMISING TO PAY*, one hundred per cent. profits to the seller, to *PAYING* twenty-five per cent. cash on delivery of the goods. I shall offer my stock of goods at fair prices
EVERY MONDAY,
EVERY TUESDAY,
EVERY WEDNESDAY,
EVERY THURSDAY,
EVERY FRIDAY,
AND
EVERY SATURDAY,
and fill up as fast as I sell out.
L. A. GARDNER.
Wellsboro, June 12, 1867.

CASH PAID FOR BUTTER AT
WRIGHT & BAILEY'S.

CITY BOOK BINDERY
AND
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY,
8 Baldwin Street,
(SIGN OF THE BIG BOOK, 2D FLOOR,)
ELMIRA, N. Y.
OUR MOTTO:
GOOD AS THE BEST, CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.
BLANK BOOKS
Of every description, in all styles of Binding, and as low, for quality of Stock, as any Bindery in the State. Volumes of every description Bound in the best manner and at any style ordered.
ALL KINDS OF GILT WORK
Executed in the best manner. Old Books rebound and made good as new.
MAGAZINE READERS
COMPLETE YOUR SETS!
I am prepared to furnish back numbers of all Reviews or Magazines, published in the United States or Great Britain, at a low price.
BLANK BOOK & OTHER PAPER,
Of all sizes and qualities, on hand, ruled or plain.
BILL HEAD PAPER,
Of any quality or size, on hand and cut up ready for printing. Also, BILL PAPER, and CARD BOARD of all colors and quality, in boards or cut to any size.
STATIONERY,
Cap, Letter, Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, &c.
I am sole agent for
Prof. SHEPARD'S NON CORROSIVE STEEL PENS, OF VARIOUS SIZES, FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
Which I will warrant equal to Gold Pens. The best in use and no mistake
The above stock I will sell at the Lowest Rates at all times, at a small advance on New York prices, and in quantities to suit purchasers. All work and stock warranted as represented.
I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. Orders by mail promptly attended to.—
Address, LOUIS KIES,
Advertiser Building,
Sept, 28, 1867.–1y. Elmira, N. Y.

Grocery and Provision Store,
CORNING, N. Y.
C. D. SILL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER in all kinds of
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC, GREEN & DRIED FRUITS,
CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES,
WOOD & WILLOW WARE, GLASS & CROCKERY WARE,
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, CABS & PERAMBULATORS, TOYS, &c., &c.
A full and complete assortment of the above mentioned goods of the best quality always on hand.
Particular attention paid to Fine Groceries. Dealers and Consumers will find it to their interest to examine his Stock before buying.
Corning, N. Y., March 27, 1867.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE.
TOLES & BARKER,
(NO. 5, UNION BLOCK)
WE have just received our new and very large stock of
DRY GOODS,
such as
SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, PRINTS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
also a large and well selected stock of
CROCKERY, HARDWARE, WOODEN WARE, STONE WARE, KERO-SENE OIL, PAINTS & OILS, SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, ETC., ETC., ETC.
We are able to offer our customers the benefit of the
LAST DECLINE OF PRICES
in the New York Market, our Stock having been purchased since the great decline in Goods.
TOLES & BARKER.
Wellsboro, July 3, 1867.

HARKNESS & RILEY,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS,
Over Wilson & Van Valkenburg's Store, in the room lately occupied by Benj. Seely.
BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds made to order and in the best manner.
REPAIRING of all kinds done promptly and neatly. Give us a call.
JOHN HARKNESS,
WM. RILEY.
Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867–1y.

Cleaning Sewing Machines.
THE undersigned hereby notifies owners of Sewing Machines that he is prepared to cleanse and put such machines in good order on call. He also is agent for the "patent tucker," which can be used on any machine.
JOHN E. SHAKSPEARE.
Wellsboro, Sept. 4, 1867, tf.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—J. E. Shakspear, dealer in Decker & Brother and Haines & Brothers pianos, Mason & Hamlin cabinet organs, Trent, Linsey & Co. melodeons, and the B. Shoninger melodeons. Room over J. R. Bowen's store. Sept. 12, 1866.

Select Poetry.

IN THE COLD.

In the cold!
Walking down the frozen street,
In the storm and in the sleet,
With her hair and bleeding feet,
While her pallid lips repeat:
In the cold; in the cold,
One poor lamb out of the fold.

In the cold!
There are hearths where fires burn bright!
There are homes where love's delight
Beautifies the wintry night,
Unto her there is but blight,
In the cold; in the cold,
One poor lamb out of Love's fold.

In the cold!
Sinless yet, but don't you know
That her want and bitter woe
May yet be her direst foe,
And she'll go as others go,
Through the cold, through the cold,
One more lamb shut out the fold!

In the cold!
Mother—brother—father—son—
Sister—daughter—here is one
Of these blessings having none!
"Inasmuch as ye have done."
Words of gold, though so old,
Lead the lamb safe to the fold.

Miscellaneous.

THE SHERIFF'S STORY.

"Every one must die at some time and I suppose it matters little in what form the end comes."

So spoke John Gibson, one of a party of friends who gathered around a genial fire in the rooms of our mutual friend, the sheriff of L——

"I don't know," said the sheriff, "but it always struck me that it does matter how the end comes."

"If you must die," said Gibson, "what is it to you after a few brief minutes?"

"Very true," responded the sheriff. "A man's life is easily taken, and all modes have the same result. But then I think one ought to consider the amount of suffering or disgrace involved in the method."

"Most persons I suppose would prefer to die in their beds," said Gibson. "This I do not refer to however—I speak of death by violence. If I were doomed to death, I would be careless as to the means used."

"You think so now," remarked the sheriff, "but if it should come to the scratch I think you would shun a death that involved suffering."

"Don't all the modes known involve suffering?"

"The majority but not all. For instance, being guillotined would be far preferable to burning at the stake. Indeed the guillotine is really a humane mode of punishment. The knife drops, the victim feels a cold pressure on the neck, and then all is over."

"You are quite eloquent," said Gibson laughing. "What do you think of the garrote?"

"I had been told that the method was not a torture," was the reply. "Eminent physicians have informed me that besides a slight choking sensation there is no pain in this method. The horrible contortion, and blackening of the face, have caused many to think the garrote a fearful torture; but these changes in the face are accounted for upon the simplest and most credible grounds."

"So much for these," said Gibson smiling. "Now tell us your favorite (if I may use the expression) mode of punishment."

"But for the shame which attends it I should prefer hanging," replied the sheriff.

"Upon what ground?"

"It is the easiest and least painful method known."

"How do you know this?"

"I once had a description of the whole affair from a man who was hung."

The party burst into a laugh, but the sheriff's face did not relax a muscle.

"A joke's a joke, Campbell," exclaimed Gibson; "but this yarn is rather too much for our credulity."

"Nevertheless it is true," replied the sheriff, "and if you want the matter explained I may as well tell you the whole story."

"Very good," said Gibson. "Let's have a good one, for it will take a tough yarn to sustain your assertion."

The sheriff laughed good humoredly.

"Wait till you hear it," he began. "Ten years ago I was elected sheriff of this county. This was my first election, and I have been returned regularly ever since. My first attempt at opening court was made during an important trial. The criminal was a depraved, desperate wretch, who had been indicted for a brutal and atrocious murder. The fellow was greatly hardened, and seemed to care but little how the trial resulted—the evidence was strong against him, and when the case was submitted to the jury they returned a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats.

"The execution was fixed for a day two weeks after the trial. Of course it was my duty as sheriff to put the rope around the fellow's neck and launch him into eternity. It was a distasteful duty I assure you, for though I knew full well the man deserved his death, I did not relish the idea of hanging him. I got through with it however, and set him to dancing on air. He did not struggle much and I thought he had an easy death. After hanging the usual time and being pronounced dead, he was cut down and his body given to his friends for interment. I thought I had seen the last of the man as the wagon containing the body drove out of the jail yard, but I was mistaken.

"About four months after the execution I happened to be passing my barn, when I saw a man sitting in the doorway, with his head resting on his hands. I did not like his looks, so I approached him and asked him what he wanted there. He raised his head and looked at me in silence. I am not given to superstition and I don't think I'm very timid, but I felt my blood grow icy cold as I recognized in the man before me the person whose execution I had conducted. His face showed no trace of his violent end, and the only indication of it now visible was a slight disfigurement of the neck. I scarcely knew what to say or think, for I had seen him hung and heard him pronounced dead, and had delivered his body to his friends for burial, and yet after a lapse of four months there he sat looking at me with a face as white as a sheet. The terror that was exhibited in his countenance convinced me that he was no ghost, so I asked him with as much coolness as I could command;

"Jack Larkins do you know me?"

"You're the man that hung me," he replied doggedly, at the same time moving away.

"I covered him with my pistol and told him if he moved a foot I would shoot him.

"He paused and looked at me fixedly."

"What do you mean to do with me?" he asked. "Do you mean to hang me again?"

"It was strictly speaking my duty to arrest the fellow, but I could not do it. The idea of having to hang him again was revolting, and I determined to let him escape. I told him if he would leave the neighborhood and never come back again I would let him go. This he readily promised to do, and assured me that he would never cross my path again, as nothing but mere chance had led him to encounter me this time.

"Before you go, Larkins," said I, 'I would like to hear how you cheated the gallows.'

"You won't peach on any of them folks as helped me will you?' he asked.

"'No,' I replied, 'I will not get them into any trouble. I simply want to know how you felt while hanging and how you were resuscitated.'

"He hesitated for some time, but upon a renewal of my assurance that none of his friends should be molested, he told me the following story:

"'When I put the rope around his neck and left him on the gallows, he felt a faintness about the heart caused by realizing his fearful situation for the first time, but before he had time to think the trap was sprung and he fell through the opening. The shock of the fall was rather startling than painful, and did not produce either insensibility or confusion. His thoughts were remarkably clear and he seemed to have the power of seeing far above, below, and all around him. Everything assumed a vermilion hue, and a soft, dreamy languor stole over him until he became insensible. There was nothing painful or unpleasant in anything he had undergone. He seemed to be sinking gently into a delicious sleep and all his thoughts were pleasant. The next thing he remembered was being wrung by the most agonizing torture. The pains were not confined to any particular place, but extended through the whole body. His first thought was that he was in perdition and was suffering the penalty of his crimes.

"The pains increased each moment, and at last, became so intense that he started to his feet with a scream of anguish at the same time opening his eyes. Great was his surprise to find himself in his father's house in the midst of his friends and relatives. He fainted at once, and when he recovered he found himself in his own bed. As soon as it was safe to do so, his friends informed him that upon bringing his body home, they had determined to try to resuscitate, it, although they thought it would be useless. They worked away and at last succeeded.

"But sir,' said the man in conclusion, 'coming to life again was much worse than dying.'

"The man promised to leave the state, and try to do better. I had but little confidence in him, yet I let him go. He kept his word however, and a short time ago, I heard he was a well-to-do farmer in one of the territories.

"This, gentleman, is the manner in which I got my ideas about hanging, and I think you must admit their force."

The Fatality of Overwork.

It is said that the financial crash of 1857 killed thirteen bank presidents in the city of New York. They were not all crushed to death instantly. Some were, and they were dug out of the ruins only to be buried. Others survived several months. They dragged their shattered frames about from place to place. Some crossed the ocean, and wandered in foreign lands, seeking rest and finding none. Some lived on a year, two years, or more, wrecks indeed of what they have been, "dying at the top," as Dean Swift said he should die, and as he did. Perhaps the number, thirteen is an exaggeration. Perhaps it should not be stated at a dozen. But more than that number of business men, men of finance and standing, on whom great burdens of responsibility and anxiety rested, succumbed to that storm, and are now at rest in their graves. At this moment, many men of high position in commercial and professional life—merchants, bankers, ministers, lawyers, and some physicians—are traveling in Europe in quest of repose of mind, relaxation from the cares of business who have gone too late. A friend of ours, recently returned, has mentioned the names of some he met abroad who are searching in vain for a new lease of life. They are dying at the top. One is from———. He began in trade in that city less than ten years ago. He was prosperous from the start. As the grain was poured into his granaries, the gold or the greenbacks flowed into his coffers. Riches increased, and he sat his heart upon them. The more he had, the greater his greed for more. He gave his mind to his business all day and most of the night. He had small time to sleep, and none to pray. He is now sick and weak. In the prime of life, in the midst of his days, he was threatened with softening of the brain. He is dying at the top. A New York merchant is over with his family. They and a man servant and a courier take care of him, and lead him from city to city and land to land. They were in Paris in the early summer, and at a German watering-place later, and will winter in Italy or Egypt. He has no pain, and denies that he is out of health. But others have to do his thinking, and they lead him "whether he would or not," for he is only a child in their hands. By and by paralysis will take him as he sits in his chair after dinner, and the family will bring him home as freight. He is not dead now, but he is dying at the top. Fifty clergymen, perhaps more, have gone from the United States within the last six months, because they were overworked—or they overworked themselves. It comes to the same thing. Their people got out of them all they could get, and asked for more. They gave their people all they could give, and wanted to give them more. Perhaps as many lawyers, politicians, men in various departments of active life have been compelled, for the same reason, to suspend their labors and seek in a foreign land a respite from that intense application to business which has threatened them with a premature burial. There are more men thus driven to death in America than in any other country. We are the hardest-worked people on earth. The rush of mind in this country is unexampled abroad. In England and on the Continent of Europe there is mental competition and activity, and rivalry and greed, and great industry and earnest devotion to useful labors, and men accomplish great things and aim at more; but they are not in such haste to be rich, nor so fierce in the pursuit of good, nor so restless in their ambition. You may see the difference in the street, as men walk to their several callings. Here they go with a rush as if they were to be ruined if not at the place of business in time. Four thousand merchants on the same floor in Hamburg present a widely different spectacle from the same number in New York. In no city but ours could an exchange be opened for business in the evening. Our people are in such haste to do what is to be done, and are so fearful that others will go ahead of them in the race, that they sacrifice health and life in the pursuit of what is often of no use to them after they have got it, for they are then hopeless invalids or dead men.—*New York Observer.*

The more we sleep, the less we live.

HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE.

Chromo-lithography is the art of painting pictures from stone, in colors. The most difficult branch of it—which is now generally implied when chromos are spoken of—is the art of reproducing oil paintings. When a chromo is made by a competent hand, it presents an exact counterpart of the original painting, with the delicate gradations of tints and shades, and with much of the spirit and tone of a production of the brush and pallet.

To understand how chromos are made, the art of lithography must be briefly explained. The stone used in lithographing is a species of limestone found in Bavaria, and is wrought into thick slabs with finely polished surface. The drawing is made upon the slab with a sort of colored soap, which adheres to the stone, and enters into a chemical combination with it after the application of certain acids and gums. When the drawing is complete, the slab is put on the press, and carefully dampened with a sponge. The oil color (or ink) is then applied with a common printer's roller. Of course, the parts of the slab which contains no drawing, being wet, resist the ink; while the drawing itself, being oily, repels the water, but retains the color applied. It is thus that, without a raised surface or incision—as in common printing, wood-cuts and steel engravings—lithography produces printed drawings from a perfectly smooth stone.

In a chromo, the first proof is a light ground-tint, covering nearly all the surface. It has only a faint, shadowy resemblance to the completed picture. It is in fact rather a shadow than an outline. The next proof from the second stone, contains all the shades of another color. This process is repeated again and again and again; occasionally, as often as thirty times. We saw one proof, in a visit to Mr. Prang's establishment,—a group of cattle,—that had passed through the press twelve times; and still it bore a greater resemblance to a spoiled colored photograph than to the charming picture which it subsequently became. The number of impressions, however, does not necessarily indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors and tints are greatly multiplied by combinations created in the process of painting one over another. In twenty-five impressions, it is sometimes necessary and possible to produce a hundred distinct shades.

The last impression is made by an engraved stone, which produces that resemblance to canvass noticeable in all of Mr. Prang's finer specimens. English and German chromos, as a rule, do not attempt to give this delicate final touch, although it would seem to be essential in order to make a perfect imitation of a painting.

The paper used is white, heavy "plate paper," of the best quality, which has to pass through a heavy press, sheet by sheet, before its surface is fit to receive an impression.

The process thus briefly explained, we need hardly add, requires equally great skill and judgment at every stage. A single error is instantly detected by the practised eye in the finished specimen. The production of a chromo, if it is all complicated, requires several months—sometimes several years—of careful preparation. The mere drawing of the different and entirely-detached parts on so many different stones is of itself a work that requires an amount of labor and a degree of skill, which, to a person unfamiliar with the process, would appear incredible. Still more difficult, and needing still greater skill, is the process of coloring. This demands a knowledge which artists have hitherto almost exclusively monopolized; and, in addition to it, the practical familiarity of a printer with mechanical details. "Drying" and "registering" are as important branches of the art of making chromos as drawing and coloring. On proper registering, for example, the entire possibility of producing a picture at every stage of its progress depends. "Registering" is that part of a pressman's work which consist in so arranging in the press, that it shall receive the impression on exactly the same spot of every sheet.—In book work, each page must be exactly opposite the page printed on the other side of the sheet, in order that the impression, if on thin paper, may not "show through." In newspaper work this is of less importance, and often is not attended to with any special care. But in chromo-lithography the difference of a hair's breadth would spoil a picture; for it would hopelessly mix up the colors.

After the chromo has passed through the press, it is embossed and varnished, and then put up for market. These final processes are for the purpose of breaking the glossy light, and of softening the hard outlines which the picture receives from the stone, and impart to it the resemblance of a painting on canvas.

Mr. Prang began his business in the humblest way, but has rapidly increased his establishment, until he now employs fifty workmen,—nearly all of them artists and artisans of the most skillful class,—and is preparing to move into a larger building at Roxbury. He uses eighteen presses; and his sales are enormous. His catalogue now embraces a large number of Album Cards, about seventy sets of twelve in each set; a beautiful series of illuminated "Beautitudes" and "Scriptural Mottoes;" an endless list of our great men, and of men not so great after all; of juveniles, notably, a profusely illustrated edition of "Old Mother Hubbard;" and of half chromos and chromos proper. Tait's "Chickens," "Ducklins" and "Quails" were the first chromos that met an instant and wide recognition. Nineteen thousand copies of the "Chickens" alone were sold. Bricher's "Early Autumn on Esopus Creek" is one of the best chromos ever made on a small scale. The "Bullinch" and the "Linnet" (after Cruikshank) are admirable. There are other chromos which are less successful, and one or two that are not successful at all; but they are nearly all excellent copies of the originals, with which the defects must be charged.

The chromos of Bricher's paintings are really wonderfully accurate.

Mr. Prang's masterpiece, however, is not yet published, although it is nearly ready for the market. It entirely surpasses all his previous efforts. It is Correggio's "MADDALENA," and can hardly fail, we think, to command a quick sale and hearty recognition.

Like every modern discovery, chromo-lithography has its partisans and detracters,—those who claim for it perhaps impossible capabilities, and those who regard it as a mere handicraft which no skill can ever elevate into the dignity of an art. We do not enter into these disputes. Whether an art or a handicraft, chromo-lithography certainly re-produces charming little pictures vastly superior to any colored plates that we have had before; and it is, at least, clearly entitled to be regarded as a means of educating the popular taste, and thereby raising the national ideal of art.

A correspondent, looking at chromos from this point of view, thus indicates (it may be somewhat enthusiastically) their possible influence on the culture of the people:—

"What the discovery of printing did for the mental growth of the people, the art of chromo-lithography seems destined to accomplish for their æsthetic culture. Before types were first made, scholars and the wealthier classes had ample opportunities for study; for even when Bibles were chained in churches, and copies of the Scriptures (then aptly so-styled) were worth a herd of cattle, there were large libraries accessible to the aristocracy of rank and mind. But they were guarded against the masses by the double doors of privilege and ignorance. A Book possessed no attractions for the man who could not read the alphabet; and, because they were rare and hard to get at, he had no incitement to master their mysteries. Made cheap and common, the meanest peasant, in the course of a few generations, found solace for his griefs in the pages of the greatest authors of all times. Mental culture became possible for whole nations; and democracy, with its illimitable blessings, gradually grew up under the little shadow of the first 'printer's proof.'

"Until within a quite recent period, art has been feudal in its associations. Galleries of priceless painting, indeed, there have always been in certain favored cities and counties; but to the people, as a whole, they have been equally inaccessible and unappreciated, because no previous training had taught the community how to prize them. It was like Harvard College without the district school,—a planet without satellites, and too far removed from the world of the people for its light to shine in the cottage in the homes of the masses.

"Now, chromo-lithography, although still in its infancy, promises to diffuse not a love of art merely among the people at large, but to disseminate the choicest masterpieces of art republicanized and naturalized in America. Its attempts hitherto have been comparatively unambitious; but it was not Homer and Plato that were first honored by the printing press. It was dreary catechisms of dreary creeds. So will it be with this new art. As the popular taste improves, the subjects will be worthier of an art which seeks to give back to mankind what has hitherto been confined to the few."—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

[For the Agitator.]

JANUARY.

In Roman fable the tutelary care of this month was particularly dedicated to Janus—the youngest with a double face. The patron of the Roman year was generally represented in statues as a young man. He was given two faces, because the past and the future were known to him. In one hand he was represented as holding the number 300, and in the other 65, to show that he presided over the year, the first month of which bore his name. The Romans who worshipped him, built many temples to him. The principal temples were built with four equal sides, with a door and three windows in each side. The four doors were emblematical of the four seasons, and the three windows in each side the three months in each season, and all the doors and windows the twelve months in the year. The gates of the temple were only shut during the time of peace; when war prevailed, they always remained open. For upwards of 700 years the temple was closed but three times. The pugnacity of the Romans was such, that the temple rarely suffered for want of ventilation. So much for the origin of the name. It is peculiarly appropriate.

Standing as we do on the threshold of the new year, Janus-like we glance into the past and into the future. Our field of observation, however, is confined solely to the past—the future is a sealed book to us. And yet, though a sealed book, the wise may partially peruse it—for all our actions are but so many prophecies which speak to us of the forthcoming. We shape our own ends. The decrees inscribed on that hidden record, we are daily writing. The veiled To Be is a child of Now.

Shakespeare says of the future:—

"O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth—viewing his progress thro'
What perils past, what crosses to ensue—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die."

We are no fatalist. We regulate the future by the present. What a man soweth that shall he reap. True we cannot control every event. We cannot ward off disease—we cannot shield ourselves from the thousand ills flesh is heir to—yet we can so shape our course as to avoid many of them. Throwing aside, therefore, what may be termed the accidents of life, every man has the power of tracing out his future pathway. This, then, is the time to form good resolutions. We are placed now, as it were, on an eminence, whence we can survey the broad field of the past. If our plans heretofore have been unsuccessful, we can now see wherein they were faulty, and gathering instruction from the review, we may correct the error and model our undertakings for the future with more assurance.

The close of the old and the commencement of the new year is a season of retrospection and anticipation. Few are they who can look back upon the journey of life without a sigh. It is like gazing upon a vast cemetery. The whole way is thickly strewn with graves—and the graves are now opened. Short-lived joys—blighted anticipations—broken vows—crushed affections, arise ghost-like from their coffins, reminding us of the instability of every thing pertaining to humanity. Most of us have something to mourn. Some the dissolution of kindred ties—the death of an heart-idol; some the loss of property, the frustration of some daring scheme, and many the non-performance of duty, the non-fulfillment of some sacred obligation. Yet we trust there are some flowers sc