The last of a Noble Herd.

Killing of a Monster Moose which has Roamed the Country for over Twenty Years.

In the year 1847, there was a famous herd of moose living in the woods around the head of L'Anse Bay, which, even then, were noted for their great size, beauty and exceeding fleetness of foot. This latter fact was well known and attested by many ambitious hunters who sought to add a moose to the list of their trophies. How many days and nights, and how many scores of miles were tramped through the woods, all in vain, it is useless to recount.—But finally the day of triumph and slaughter came; the unfortunate herd were entrapped and all killed except one old leader stag, who broke away and by dint of great strength and endurance eluded his pursuers. For a year or two nothing was seen or heard of him, but finally there came rumors of a gigantic moose roaming in the woods around the head of Torch Lake. Once or twice a year, for several years, some Indian or adventurous hunter would meet him, but the old fellow would be crashing through the bushes away out of sight before the hunter would recover from his surprise. Once a determined party hunted for him three days from the head of Torch Lake, which appears to have been his favorite stamping ground, westward toward Lake Superior, *then back again* and off to the eastward, until they finally gave up the chase. Another time he came out in Beesley's clearing on Torch Lake, but he quickly disappeared upon scenting a human being. This winter some Indian appeared determined to catch him, and finding his track gave him several lively chases, but until a week ago he always escaped. Then a half-breed, Peter Marksman, got after him, and there being a thick crust on the snow, the man could move about easily, while the sharp hoofs of the veteran moose broke through every leap. Peter finally overtook him, several miles northwest of the Calumet mine, and quickly closed his career with a rifle ball. He skinned him, cut up the flesh, brought it to town, and found a ready sale for most of it at fifty cents a pound, realizing over three hundred dollars. The head was cut off and brought in, and has been exhibited to most of our people at Peter Bellehumer's, during the past few days. It now belongs to Harry Beesly, C. E., who will prepare it for preservation in the rooms of the Historical Society. The head alone gives token that the entire animal must have been of such monstrous size as to recall the days of the ichthyosaurus, megatherium, pterodactyl, etc., when monsters occupied both the land and the water. Beside this head those of an ox or horse looks small and insignificant. It measured thirty-three inches from the tip of the nose to the crown of the head between the antlers. The nose is of decided "Roman" style, and measured twenty-eight inches around. The nostrils, distended, each measured four inches in diameter, and a large hand could be pushed up into them over a foot! The front of the under jaw has eight large cutting teeth, which bite against a tough, semi-horny pad in the upper jaw, which has no cutting teeth. At the time he was killed, he was busy stripping bark from a small, soft sapling. The head, cut off entirely from the neck, and minus the tongue, weighs seventy-eight pounds. It is a great pity the entire animal could not have been preserved. Unfortunately it was killed at the season of the year when the head is shorn of its greatest beauty, the enormous branching antlers. The new one just rising out of the head, still encased in the skin, only making protuberances of four or five inches.—*Portage Lake Mining Gazette.*

TERRIBLE AFFAIR AT BODINEVILLE.—A terrible affair occurred at Bodineville, Wednesday. We have been able to glean the following particulars from a correspondent who sends a hasty note. It seems that two men named John Fields and George Mathews, sold, on Tuesday, a lot of railroad ties to the agent of the Northern Central Railroad. By agreement, the proceeds were to be divided. The pay of the whole was given to Mathews and he sent his wife to Field's with his share. Not being satisfied with the amount Fields was very abusive to Mrs. M., who returned and informed her husband, advising him to go and settle with him. For that purpose Mr. M. sought Fields, and high words ensued when the latter seized an axe and struck Mathews over the head inflicting a severe and it is thought a fatal wound. This was on Tuesday.

On Wednesday forenoon Constable Charles Gray armed with a warrant, went to arrest Fields, and found him ploughing. He asked to be allowed to go into the house a moment, and the constable granted his request, when the prisoner returned with an axe and made an attack on the officer, inflicting a very severe wound on him, after which he fled to the woods and escaped. At the last accounts the woods were being searched for the offender.—*Williamsport Bulletin.*

A LIVELY PLACE.—Phelps Mills has assumed its accustomed condition of activity. The saw mills are in operation and the way they use up saw logs is astonishing, or would be to one not familiar with the business. A log is drawn from the pond and in less time than we can write it, is transformed into lumber of various kinds. On the steam mill nothing appears to be wasted.—The slabs and damaged stuff are cut up into plastering lath paling &c., and we expect to find them ere long cutting up what remains into matches and shoe pegs.

But the saw mills are not the only things worthy of note. The place boasts one of the best flouring mills in the country. The celebrated Phelps Mills flour, which commands from fifty cents to one dollar a barrel higher than any other manufacture is made here.—Whether it is the perfection of the machinery or the skill of the miller, or both, that produces the result we are unable to decide, but certain it is that our dealers tell us that Phelps Mills flour costs from ten to fifteen cents a sack more than any other. It illustrates the advantage of having a good reputation.—*Vidette.*

Sprague's speech remind some one of a little story: A certain queer genius, whose prominent specialty was an aversion to water, happened home late one night, with that peculiar, fiery sensation about his tongue and tonsils which gentlemen who rejoice in Clubs will remember as a part of his experience. His wife had left standing upon a bureau a tumbler, in which—for some purpose known to housewives—she had put a small ball of silken thread to soak. Without observing this fact, Bibulous seized the tumbler and swallowed its contents. Feeling a thread in his mouth, he began pulling upon it. To his horror, yard after yard came stringing forth, until, in agony of excitement, he cried out: "Lucy, Lucy for God's sake come here! I'm unravlin.'"

The following is the material portion of an order posted in the New York *Tribune* Editorial Rooms, in the handwriting of Horace Greeley, and signed by him:

"Jno. Russell Young having resigned the position of Managing Editor, that position is henceforth abolished.

Mr. Whitlaw Reid will make up the schedule, and will take care that my orders are generally obeyed. Those who are in doubt as to their duty at any time, may, in my absence, inquire of him."

TO PRINTERS.—We have been using for several weeks a very fine quality of Ink, from the manufactory of Charles E Robinson, which our pressman says is the best for cylinder press news work that they have used for a long time. It is a clear black, and free from all kinds of sediment. Mr. Robinson is a practical ink manufacturer, liberal and courteous in all business transactions—*Delaware Gazette.*

The Agitator.

WELLSBORO, PENN'A.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1869.

For Commissioner.

We are requested to state that Mr. P. V. Van Ness, of Rutland, consents to be a candidate for a renomination to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican Convention.

The Atchison *Champion & Free Press* establishment was destroyed by fire on the night of the 20th ult. Our old friend Frank Root is one of the proprietors. The loss in $9000. Insured for $6,500.

There may be big enough fools to swallow the allegation that the strike in the anthracite mining regions is for the profit of the working men; we are not one of them. The plain, unvarnished truth is, that a few mercenary fellows are deluding the miners. That's the long and the short of it.

Now that Grant has issued his proclamation sustaining the 8 hour law without reduction of wages, we are waiting to see whether the Democratic press will let their readers know whether it is true, as they have all along affirmed, that Grant is opposed to the workingmen.

The Wellsboro correspondent of the Elmira *Advertiser* peppers Hooker of the Troy paper in his last letter. He also recounts his sufferings on account of having his really spicy correspondence attributed to everybody save the right man. We don't think he has a right to feel much flattered by the guesses made so far. We advise him to keep hid. Nothing like a little mystery. He promises to procure for Hooker the privilege of managing the drop in case anybody shall be hung in this county.—That's pretty good.

In noticing the appointment of Mr. Adams Deputy Collector of this county, we neglected to say that Mr. Hunt, the retiring officer, had discharged his duty with fidelity. He made a courteous, faithful, and obliging official, and it gives us pleasure to testify to the fact. Differing widely in politics with Mr. Hunt, as we do, that fact cannot prevent a just commendation of the officer, and a full appreciation of the genial, gentlemanly man. We don't pity him, for the place could not enrich, nor its loss impovish him.

DOESN'T IT PAY?

We heard, not many weeks ago, an utterance which certainly did astonish us. "The work of reform doesn't pay!" That was the utterance.

Well — considered, in the light of 'your-cash-and-cent-per-cent-this-day,' the work of reform does not pay. Most advocates of any great moral, social, political—yes, and religious reforms, have learned how to live on scant fare, how to bear reproach and contumely, *how to go hungry and cold. In the* sense of bodily comforts, in the matter of friendly recognition, and in the way of fellowship, fighting the devil and his angels never did, and never will pay. But as the laborer is held worthy of his hire, scripturally and worldlily; and as the law of compensation is a law as unfailing as any in the natural code, it turns out that to the earnest laborer for man's redemption from the slough of vice and crime into which he has slid for ages, such wages are not of highest consequence.

For there is a more valuable consideration than money, luxury, false position, or good-fellowship. Those who can conceive of no higher wages than these are unbelievers in God and immortality. If life ended where it apparently begins—on this agglomeration of land and water, we can conceive of that state of mind which beholds nothing better for a man than that he should eat, drink, and be merry, and die like a dog. But life no more ends here than it here begins. Proceeding from the inexhaustible Fount of Life, it follows the Law and returns to the hand which gave. Returns, and not a new life, but the same entitity which but now animated the clay. Returns, entering upon its second stage with all the disabilities of its first; with all the crooked tendencies it fostered here; with all its little and mean views, if such it cherished; with all its petty dishonesty, if such it indulged; and, on the other hand, with its better qualities enlarged and strengthened, if it lived up to its highest conception of human duty.

So, we affirm, it pays to do right. So, likewise, we declare that it never pays to do wrong. So, again, we say that no wrong can be legalized by legislature or whitewashed by a corrupt and Heaven-defying Judiciary. The Supreme Court of the United States tried that a dozen years ago, and failed. Every legislature in the Republic has tried its hand at legalizing wrong, and still wrong is wrong, and right is right, and the rightminded cry out against the outrage.

Good people, the work of demoralizing society does not pay, either here, *or hereafter. In so much as you see* innate or acquired goodness lessened, in just so much you behold the defences of law and order weakened. The man who aims to weaken human integrity strikes a murderous blow at his own life. The legislator who advocates a wrong invites the consequences of that wrong to visit him in the seclusion of his home and in the walks of business. The citizen who defends outrage, or winks at it, bids for his own destruction in fact.

The most contemptible of all cowardice is moral cowardice. The man who asks—"will it be popular to do this, or advocate that," before asking his conscience—"is it right?"—is an arrant moral coward, and a thousand degrees more despicable than the man who succumbs to momentary terror and flies from the battle-field. In the days of the war we read much of the cowardice of regiments of men. How some people sneered and laughed. But that larger, and more contemptible class, the moral cowards, numbering divisions and army corps where the others numbered companies and regiments,—who ever stopped to sneer and laugh at them?

Yet, it is not the men who in a moment of panic fly from the battle-field; who endanger the stability of free institutions. Rather, it is that *infinitely* larger class of men, who never behold wrong and outrage that they do not straightway run up the white flag, and surrender at discretion. Between demagogueism and actual sympathy with irregularity in high places, peace and order are brayed and powdered as between an upper and nether millstone. The man who dare not be pronounced in favor of Truth, Right, and Order, lest such weakness may lessen his chances for public favor, is a hundred times more contemptible than the recreant soldier.

Now, it pays to do right. Not here, alone, but hereafter. With every right action the soul of the doer is enlarged and refined. Sympathy with reform movements operates similarly. On the other hand, every wrong action contracts the soul, and hardens the heart, and sympathy with evil doing operates similarly. It is to the discredit, and beyond measure destructive to the growth of all associations for the improvement of man's condition, that they tolerate moral cowardice and rank treason to their cause without rebuke. It has come to this, that not an organization, social, or religious, secret or open, has the virtue to wash its hands of unworthy membership and stand redeemed.

Such is the effect produced by a lack of moral stamina—infinitely more dangerous to good order and progress than a hundred things upon which churches and their kindred associations have set the seal of disapprobation. The mint is tithed with scrupulous exactness; but in the weightier matters of judgment and law the devil has control of the field. A man may not smile on Sunday; but he may wrong man and dishonor God every other day in the week, if he only puts on a grave face upon Sunday, with comparative impunity. We confess that these glaring inconsistences create an almost uncontrollable disgust for the husks flung to the starving souls around us. Others may eat of them; we will not. Others may swallow a few forms and be satisfied. We prefer a trifling admixture of flour with the bran, even if the flour has never been formally consecrated by the hands of man.

We deny what the Blossburg correspondent of the *Elmira Advertiser*, affirms, that the Bradford papers have backed the AGITATOR down on the butter and cheese issue. We rested for further advices from Tioga farmers, meanwhile flinging a female porker and her happy family of *fifty-three pigs* into the arena, to appease the horrible appetite of our Bradford cotemporaries for big stories. Hooker, of the *Gazette*, who had been very contemptuous in his remarks, lapsed into silence, and the *Reporter* man, Goodrich, became disgusted with Bradford County porkers, and flung himself recklessly away upon the Surveyorship of the Customs *in Philadelphia. We assure the Blossburg* correspondent that we are not backed down; but having "seen" all the butter and cheese the Bradford men produced, and gone them 53 pigs better, we are waiting for them to show, or back down.

To know how great nations may belittle themselves, and great statesmen dwindle into small boys, one has only to read the comments of the British press upon Mr. Sumner's speech. We regard the possibility of war between the United States and Britian as nonexistent. The language resorted to by the puerile journalists of both countries to express their conceptions of national honor and national duty is a disgrace to the guild. Of course we only include in this estimate such as pretend that there is a cause of war in either Mr. Sumner's speech or the comments of the London press. Journalism is the same, the world over. Sensation creates a market as well in newspapers as in stocks. The fact is a disgrace. War between Britain and this republic is not probable; is it possible? we incline to think not. Is it because editors lack themes that they expend column upon column to prove that Britain has insulted America, or America Britain? If so, we commend the *great* papers to the example of the *little* ones, and assure the managers that they can find plenty of men, as able as the hacks who write by the column for them, who never lack themes, and whose inspiration does not proceed from the bottle.

The Wellsboro correspondent of the *Elmira Advertiser* alluding to our remarks upon the subject of marriage and divorce, characterizes the doctrines therein embodied as somewhat true, but not orthodox. THE AGITATOR prides itself on its orthodoxy—perhaps not in the technical and abused sense of that word—but in its most catholic sense. We hold that marriage is a civil contract, and nothing more, so far as courts are concerned. It may be more than this, and ought always to be; but the law never recognizes "affinities" as some people name the conjugal loves. It provides for the public mating of men and women, and sometimes forces the parties to nominally abide by the contract terms. It cannot make either party true to the relation, nor can it force either party to respect and love the other. When respect and affection go out of a household it is positive sin to force the parties to live as husband and wife. Can it be that the *Advertiser* correspondent is an old bachelor?

We last week stated that three months of Grant as President made us ask for more of him in that position. We also said that the probable decrease of the public debt for the month of May would be about $7,000,000, and for the first quarter of Grant's first year, something over $16,000,000. The statement of Secretary Boutwell just issued makes the decrease of the debt in May $13,384,777,97, and the decrease since March 1, is $20,050,646,89. We failed to allow enough for Grant's economy by about $4,000,000.

The total debt is now $2,505,412,613,12. Of this but $2,000,000,000 bears interest. If the rate of reduction can be maintained for four years, the debt on the 4th of March 1873 will not be greatly over a billion. The actual receipts into the Treasury for the first quarter of the current year are in excess of the estimates. This speaks volumes for the fidelity of the new collecting agents.