

THE AGITATOR.

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CBB, STURROCK & CO.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1856.

NO. 44.

For the Agitator.

Mr. Brown. The following I find among the
of a young girl, who displayed rare
talent, and who, had she been
of America. It is not even now
to write her name, but I have
The Parting
One look, one passionate parting word,
And the pang of the heart is o'er;
The tear for the yearning which grief
The deep, low tones of the farewell
And we shall meet no more.

And yet as the lightning gleam
Fades over the distant sea,
As twilight shadows the wild flowers leave,
And the winds thro' the leaves of the lily grove,
Will you have no thought for me?
I am leaving the world, and my home,
For the summer's wild flowers bloom,
And a furrow lies deep on my forehead's brow,
That has worn its sorrowful path all day long,
The garlands you have made,
And as the winds of the cold north
With a tone so sad and deep;
Will you not meet at our childhood's home,
For the weary feet that are doomed to roam
In their fragile strength to weep?
Ye have been the fountain of life's young hour,
Of Affection's wealth to me;
And now when the tempests of mortality
Send fate's frowns thick with a fatal power,
Will you not think of me?
Ye will think of me, ye will think of me,
As ye think of the soulless dead,
Ye will meet at the haunts of our childhood's home,
Where all bright things of the earth are fled,
But not as ye days now fled:
Ye will know that a shadow has passed away,
That broken is the life's deep sleep;
That faded are the brightness of Love's young day,
That dark is the close of its sunsets day;
Home, friends of my youth, Farewell!

SOLOMON SWALLOW, OR THE WOMAN TAKER.

"Rule a wife, and have a wife."

Solomon was a bachelor, and a rusty one too; but nevertheless, he had made up his mind to one thing, that he was the only man living who had acquired any knowledge of the art of taking care of a wife.

"All married men are dôts," was Solomon's constant assertion. "There for instance, is my neighbor, Tom Tangible; his wife makes a sort of three-legged stool of him; she moves him in one corner, and then in another, and sits on him and walks on him as if he was nobody in the house, while he, poor man, takes it as easy as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Now that I were only Tom Tangible, I'd first write a series of matrimonial articles, and if Mrs. T. didn't abide by them, I'd submit her to the wholesome discipline of bread and water and a padlock; and might perhaps, brighten her ideas touching her conjugal duties by the application of a good cowhide. And there again, are Ever Easy, Dick Shocks, and a host more of them in the same condition, but I'm the boy that will set them all right, if they only follow my example after I have condescended to endow some fortunate female with the legal claim to the title of Mrs. Swallow."

"Brave Solomon Swallow!"
"Well Solomon," said a neighbor to him one morning, "as you are always boasting of your skill in managing a wife, how comes it that you are not married?"

"Why, because I have not perfected my system!" You poked your head into the noose without making any preparation, and hence, Mrs. Everly makes what she likes of you. But I go to work logically, I begin by studying the erudite works of Zingrizzo, on the philosophy of women's holding her tongue. I then read several treatises on the effect of bread and water discipline in making good wives; Shakespeare's "Taming the Shrew," furnishes me a few excellent practical lessons. And I am now generalizing all the systems into one, which will carry the way in all future generations, and convert the plague of matrimony into a blessing. In the course of a year or so, added Solomon, "my rules for the regulations of a Woman," (I intend to publish it) will be completed, and then I shall take me a wife."

And Solomon was as good as his word, for, at the age of thirty five, feeling himself prepared to give battle to any woman in or out of the land of Amazons, he got married. At this important period, Solomon was as puffy, comfortable looking little fellow as you'd meet in a day's walk, for, albeit the crown of his head never stood full five feet from the beels of his boots, he was of proportion that would have done honor to an adleman, or even a lord mayor; and his gate, especially when walking with anything in the likeness of a woman, was as pompous as a Sultan's, while at such times his countenance always assumed an expression that could not have brooked the approach of female familiarity. The lady whom Solomon had chosen for his "worse half," was apparently a lamb like creature, so that the chances were very fair that she would not only be a tractable wife, but that Solomon would require no help from his system to make her so.

Now Solomon had the forbearance not to interfere with his lady, or her sayings and doings on the night of the wedding, nor is it recorded that he assumed special authority on the next night either; but about six o'clock the next morning, he solemnly intimated to his sleeping partner that it was time to get up.

"And," he added, "when breakfast is ready, you may call me, but be sure not to burn the toast."

"Breakfast and toast?" said Mrs. Swallow, "what do you mean?"

"Why, my dear, I mean madam, that I have begun my system."

"And won't you get up too?"

"Yes, when breakfast is ready and my stockings aired?"

Mrs. Swallow was about to reply, but she checked herself, as she was ashamed to say much to him on so short an acquaintance; but though in the present instance she did precisely as she was bid, she resolved in her heart that it was the last time she would get up at six in the morning to prepare breakfast.

At eight o'clock, everything being ready, Mr. Swallow called Mrs. Swallow.

"Breakfast is ready, Mr. Swallow."

"Is the toast made?"

"Yes."

"Not burned?"

"Are my stockings aired?"
"Yes."
"You'll do," quoth Mr. Swallow, and to breakfast he went, having received the services of the washing Mrs. Swallow to assist him in dressing.
"The breakfast," however, did not turn out to be the thing that it had been crooked up for. The toast was done a little too much, and the tea wasn't done quite enough; the soap-bowl was at the wrong end of the tray, and there were several crumbs on the carpet.
"The servant hasn't been here this morning," observed Mrs. Swallow.
"Servant!" returned Solomon. "I discharged her yesterday. You don't think I can afford to keep a servant and a wife too!"
The lady again was posed, and she said nothing, but the day wore to its close before she could bring herself to the belief that Mr. Swallow had actually made use of the word "servant" and "wife" in the same sentence.

"The next morning at six o'clock, Mr. Swallow again informed his wife that it was time to get up, coupling the remark with the suggestion that in the future she must save him the trouble of reminding her of so necessary a duty."

Mrs. Swallow, however, benefitted nothing by this soft intimation, for at the moment she either was or pretended to be, fast locked in the arms of Morpheus.

"Don't you hear, Mrs. Swallow?" quoth Solomon.

But alas! a slight consciousness was the only response from Mrs. Swallow.

Now this was a ticklish point with Solomon, but he was prepared for it. "What says my system on this head?" said he to himself musingly. "It says that a lazy wife, who lies abed in the morning may be very properly reminded of her duty by the judicious application of a coercion pin." And this magnificent idea had scarcely crossed the threshold of his brain-pan, than he inserted the point of a huge pin in the right arm of the sleeper. As might be expected the intended effect instantly followed the cause, for the astonished Mrs. Swallow sprang from the bed as though she had been thrown from it by an earthquake! But alas, her agility was too strikingly manifested, for she not only almost annihilated poor Solomon in rolling over him, but she dashed his patent lever from the nail which suspended it to the wall, and broke the dial into a thousand pieces.

"What a dreadful dream," ejaculated Mrs. Swallow, pressing her left hand on her wounded arm.

"What a dreadful reality," shouted Mr. Swallow, contemplating the fragile ruins of his demolished time-piece.

Here we pass over the interval between this occurrence and the time when the happy pair in question were seated at breakfast.

"Now, Mrs. Swallow," said Solomon, "seeing that I can't awaken to call you up in the morning, or eat burned toast, or drink raw tea, etc., it is time I should begin to instruct you in your duties."

"And what are those, Mr. Swallow?"

"Be silent, madam, if you please; not to talk, but listen, is one of the most important of them."

"Proceed, sir."

And Mr. Swallow, looking daggers at her for the second interruption, proceeded:

"From six till eight, you are to get up, dress quietly, so as to create no disturbance, light fire, air clothing and stockings, sweep rooms, prepare breakfast, and announce the perfection thereof. Eight till ten, wash things, make beds, rub furniture and clean windows. Ten to twelve, go to market and prepare dinner. Twelve till two, devote to dish-washing, sweeping up and rubbing furniture. Two till six, spinning, mending clothes, and darning stockings. Seven to ten, from that time till nine, a second course of mending and darning, and then go to bed. And this daily course, madam, with a strict observance of the rules of civility, frugality, decorum, and obedience, may in time, enable you to do honor to the choice of Mr. Solomon Swallow."

Mrs. Swallow listened quietly to the end, and then mildly enquired—

"And do you really expect this of me, Mr. Swallow?"

"To be sure I do, responded her spouse.

"Then you'll be sadly disappointed, for I'll do no such thing."

"No?"

"No."

"I've a way to make you."

"How?"

"Spoon diet, locks, chains and cowhide."

"Mr. Swallow?"

"What?"

"You're a brute!" and Mrs. Swallow threw herself back, and looked desperate.

Now this was a climax. Mr. Swallow was called a brute at his own fireside, and by his own wife, which was the worst of all. He, Solomon Swallow, the celebrated founder of a system of matrimonial observation, called a brute, and by no less a person than Mrs. Swallow. At first he was so astonished at such open manifestations of rebellion of his royal will, that he only looked aghast; but when he came to himself, he saw that something must be done at once, or the field was lost forever.

"You called me a brute, Mrs. Swallow."

"I did, Mr. Swallow."

"A brute?"

"A brute!"

"I'll go mad and break things, Mrs. Swallow."

"As you like, sir."

And Mr. Swallow did go mad, but he had a method in his madness, for he seized the cheapest article of delf that was on the table (an old plate with a crack in it) and dashed it into a thousand pieces on the hearth, as if he

was in a tremendous passion.

"How do you like that, Mrs. Swallow?"

"Vastly, Mr. Swallow, try it again!"

And again he did try, for he had become desperate, and demolished the cream jug.

"Now," said the lady, "it's my turn;" and jumping up she sent the soap-bowl to keep company with its table companions.

This was, of course too much for Solomon; it snapped asunder the last remaining cord of the little reason he had left, and he slapped his helpmate—we use the word in its most positive sense—on her right cheek; but scarcely had the sob of the blow melted into silence, ere the indignant dame seized the teapot and shivered it into atoms against the head of the devoted Mr. Swallow. Nor was this all, for as he was rolling heels over head from the effect of the awful collision, she plied the remainder of the tea traps until there was scarcely a bone in his body which had not echoed to the shock of cups and saucers, and rounds of butter and toast.

Unable to carry on the war any longer that day, Solomon gathered himself up as well as he could, and vowing vengeance, he stuck his pipe in his mouth, his hands in his pockets, and when whistling a jig to the tune the old cow died of, looking as if he could bite a piece of the griddle, without setting his teeth on edge. His good lady, too, being determined to follow the example of her lord and master in other matters besides the delinking, placed another chair back to back with Solomon's, and after providing herself with a novel, as if there were no such things as beds to make or stockings to mend, in all Christendom.

Here this affectionate couple sat for six mortal hours, each bent upon sitting the other down, ruminating the while upon their relative position. But it must be confessed that Mrs. Swallow had the best of the bargain, for independent of Solomon's mangled head, parboiled neck and shoulders, he saw as clear as mud, that the watch dial and crockery must be replaced; so that the reducing of the first chapter in his volunuous system to practice, must be attended with an outlay of at least twenty dollars. This being the case I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, thought he, and with that he softly rose from his chair, stole softly from the room, and turned the key on the gentle Mrs. Swallow.

"Open the door this instant, Mr. Swallow."

"Not until I have kept you here seven days upon bread and water," returned the victorious Solomon, as he went on his way rejoicing.

But, alas! how fleeting is human greatness—in about half an hour he returned to see how matters were going, but scarcely put his eyes to the key-hole, when he began rattling like a bull, for Mrs. Swallow had torn every one of his fine linen shirts (that on his back excepted) into pieces, to make a rope to let herself down from the window; nor was that all, for upon further examination, he discovered that she had also thrown a variety of chair cushions, bed-linen, &c., into the dirty yard, to make her descent safe.

O, chop-fallen Solomon Swallow!

The archives of the Swallows are silent as to the remaining occurrences of that eventful day, but on the very next morning, about seven o'clock, Mr. Swallow popped his head from under the blanket, and said, "Mrs. Swallow, dear, isn't it time to get up?"

"Yes, returned the lady, "and you may call me when you have lit the fire, and put on the kettle."

Poor Solomon! There was no alternative. So he set about his work with an alacrity which showed that he had the terror of a broken head and demolished body linen running strongly in his memory. In short, Solomon was a conquered man. First he had to prepare breakfast, sweep the room, etc. The next, his assistance was required in the rubbing of furniture, and the making of beds; and before the week was out, he was initiated into the mystery of washing towels.

Degenerate Solomon Swallow! Nay, in after times, when the young Swallows began to gather about him, it is whispered that his better half used to employ him at yet more deeply conjugal offices.

About five years after the celebration of his nuptials, a friend called to see him.

"You must go with me to the theatre, Mr. Swallow," said the friend.

"He shan't," said Mrs. Swallow.

"He must said the friend, "and so must you."

"I may, but he can't," replied the dame, "for he must stay at home with the children."

And Mrs. Swallow did go to the play, and Solomon did stay at home.

O, hen-pecked Solomon Swallow!

The moral of this authentic tale is, that bachelors' wives and old maids' children are always excellent in theory, but as bad as can be in practice, and that a managed wife is little better than no wife at all. Had Solomon only treated his better half decently in the beginning, things might have gone on smoothly to the end, but as it was, he compelled her to be a Tartar in her own defence; he had to take the consequences.

A BRACK MAN ONCE went to Portland, and attended church. He went in a good pew, and the next neighbor asked the man who owned it, why he put a nigger in his pew?

"Why, sir, he is a Haytian." "Cast help that, he's black." "Why, sir, he's a correspondent of mine." "Cast help that, he's black." "He is worth a million of dollars."

"Introduce me."

An Irish tailor, making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after the tailor told the gentleman that his garments happened to fit a countryman of his, but that at a shifting per week.

From The Cleveland Leader, A BIT OF ROMANCE.

Five or six years ago, a rich Louisiana planter died, leaving an only heir, a daughter, who was not quite seventeen years old. She, together with her fortune, was placed in the charge of a guardian, who was distantly related to the family. Her fortune, and her remarkable beauty, attracted the attention of many suitors, among whom was an accomplished young man from St. Louis, whose only wealth was his profession. His handsome person and fascinating manners won the lady's affections, and without the knowledge of his guardian, they were privately married.

Shortly afterward they moved to St. Louis, where they lived together happily for a time, and a bright future seemed to be before them. At the expiration of a year, the lady having attained her majority, they returned to New Orleans to claim her fortune and live in the splendid old family mansion. They were coldly received by the occupant, who deliberately informed them that the estate had passed into other hands. They at once applied to the law for redress, and going through the protracted formalities of two or three fruitless suits, they were left penniless, and obliged to abandon the case. Friendless, and dispirited, they returned to St. Louis, where the husband, like many other husbands, tried to drown the remembrance of his disappointment in the fatal cup. His wife entreated and admonished in vain. A separation was the consequence, and the husband became more reckless and dissipated than ever. Driven at last to desperation, the wife applied for a divorce, obtained it, and retired to a convent. This restored the wretched man to his senses; he abandoned his former associates, returned to the paths of virtue, and became an industrious and respectable citizen.

A few months ago the lady received a letter from the son of her former guardian, informing her of his father's death, of his inheritance of the estate, and of his determination to make full restoration, closing with an appeal to her to forgive his misguided parent, and to come to New Orleans and enjoy her fortune. She at once complied with the generous request; and all her inheritance, together with the accumulated interest, was restored to her.

Now comes the strangest part of this most extraordinary affair. The young man offered her his hand in marriage, and plead with all the earnestness of impassioned love. He reminded her of all their childish attachment, of his deep anguish when she became the wife of another, of the long years of his silent sorrow. All these things came up before her mind, and gratitude plead eloquently in his favor; but at last the wife triumphed over the woman. She thanked him, and gave him her simple blessing; told him that she had loved but one, and could never love another; and entreated him to take back all her fortune, and permit her to return to the convent. Finding her resolution unalterable, the young man consented, on condition that she would postpone her return one month. He immediately wrote to the former husband, who was ignorant of what had transpired, offering him a first-rate situation, on condition that he would come immediately. The letter was signed by the principal of a well-known firm, who was apprised of every circumstance in the case. As soon as the letter came to hand, the overjoyed recipient took passage for New Orleans. He presented himself at the place designed in the letter, and at once made himself known by showing his credentials. He was conducted to the residence of the generous heir, where, he was informed, the writer of the letter waited to receive him. His name was announced, and he was conducted into an elegant parlor, and there, alone, he met the woman he had neglected and dishonored—the woman who had been forced to leave him, but who would not quite give him up.

A few days afterward, the city newspapers announced the marriage of Mr. — and Mrs. —. The estate was restored to the lawful owners, and the reconciled couple, made wiser and better by adversity, are now living happily together.

It is good to turn sometimes from the cares and turmoils of politics, and contemplate human nature rising up from the depths of misery and despair, casting aside selfishness, and reaching that standard of purity and happiness which so few attain.

Good.—Paddy McShane was annoyed exceedingly by a strange dog. On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a knife, after the dog had been turned out of doors no less than three times, Pat was awakened by a rather expensive fracture of the glass. The dog was in the house again. Paddy waited upon him out, and both were absent some fifteen minutes, so that his old woman becoming alarmed at such prolonged absence, rose and went to the window.

"What are yees doing out there, Paddy acusha?" said she.

There was such a clattering of teeth that the answer was for some time somewhat unintelligible, at last it came:

"I am trying to fraze the divilish beast to death."

A QUAKERS, being jealous of her husband, took occasion to watch his movements rather closely, and one morning actually discovered the trout hugging and kissing a pretty servant girl whilst seated on a sofa by her side. Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife as she peered through the half open door, and rising with all the coolness of a general, thus addressed her: "Betsy, my wife, these heads better quit thy peeping, or these will cause a disturbance in the family." The effect was electrical.

For the Agitator. LINES.

Suggested by a view of Lake Erie by moonlight in Autumn.

BY H. L. POOR.

How oft in childhood have I dreamed of thee,
Bright Erie! and have longed to stand as now,
Watching thy wavelets dancing glad and free,
Feeling thy cool breeze play upon my brow.

The moonbeams shed a holy light around,
The smiling stars look on the tranquil scene,
Thou falls upon the ear no jarring sound,
But all is peaceful as an infant's dream.

The burning rays of the autumnal sun
Have changed the woodlands from their verdant hue,
But thou art still, as when his course began,
Thou still dost wear the same unchanging blue.

Oh, thou art beautiful! I long to launch
My bark upon thy calm and peaceful breast,
To feel the night wind bear me swiftly on,
And watch the foam upon the billow's crest.

There is a sense of freedom at my heart,
While thus upon thy bounding waves I gaze,
Which makes me long like the wild bird, to dart
Away, and steer my course thro' boundless space.

But whither wouldst thou fly, my restless soul!
What distant region wouldst thou right explore?
Is there a tempting charm in frownful pole?
Or dost thou sigh to reach some fairer shore?

Call back thy wandering thoughts, and turn thy feet
Which far too long have wandered mid boundless blue,
Think of the loving friends who wait to greet
Thee, with thy smiles, and words of joyful cheer.
Byls Park, Pa.

Test of Courage.

A good story is told of a lipping officer in the U. S. Army, having been victimized by a brother officer, (who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerve,) and his getting square with him in the following manner: the cool joker, a captain, was always quizzing the lipping officer, a lieutenant, for his nervousness.

"Why," said he one day in the presence of his company, "nervousness is all nonsense! I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," inquired the lipping friend, "how would you do, those a shell with an inch fuses should drop itself in a walled angle in which you had taken shelter from a company of sharpshooters, and where it with thertain that if you put out your nozes you'd get peppered?"

"How," said the captain winking at the circle, "why take it cool, and spit on the fuses."

The party broke up and all retired for the night except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled and talking in clusters, when along came the lipping lieutenant; lazily opening his eyes he remarked—

"I want to try an experiment this morning, and then how exceedingly cool you can be."

Saying which he walked deliberately up to the fire burning on the hearth, and placing in the hottest centre a powder canister, instantly retreated. There was but one word of egress from the quarters and that was upon the parade ground. The astonished captain took one glance at the canister, comprehended his situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charly, let me out if you love me," shouted the captain.

"Thpit on the canister!" shouted he in reply.

Not a moment was to be lost; he had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now dropping it he raised the window, and out he bounded sans culottes sans everything but a very short under garment; and thus, with hair almost upon end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shout which hailed him brought out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a tall sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didst you thpit on it?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Because there was no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain.

"All I have got to thy, then, it, said the lieutenant, "that you might safely do it, for I thware there without a thingle grain of powder in it?"

The captain has never spoke against nervousness since.

A DUELING ANECDOTE.—Two Spanish officers met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbao, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents.

"We wish to fight—to fight to death," they replied to the representation of their companions.

At this moment a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's and in a luscutable voice, said:

"Gentleman, I am a poor artizan, with a large family and would—"

"My good man, dost trouble us now," cried one of the officers, "dost you see our friends are going to split each other? We are not in a Christian humor."

"It is not alas I ask for," said the man, "I am a poor carpenter with eight children; and have heard that those two gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffin."

At these words the individuals about to commence the combat, burst into a loud fit of laughter and simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

A VERTUOUS entry, made by the R. S. of a Division of the Sons of Temperance, reads thus:—

"After going through the usual forms, sleep was a collection taken up, but nothing was taken in."

The Crooked Leg.

One of our Western Farmers being very much annoyed last summer by his best cow breaking into the corn-field, he was incited in vain for a while to the mill-race. Failing to find any, an attempt was made to drive out the animal by the same way of her entrance, but of course without success. The owner then resolved to watch her proceedings; and, posting himself at night in a fence corner, he saw her enter at one end of a high log, within the enclosure. "Bureka!" cried he "I have you now, old lady!" Accordingly, he proceeded, after turning her out, once more, to so strange the log, (it being very crooked) that both ends opened on the outside of the field. The next day, the animal was observed to enter at her accustomed place, and shortly emerged again. "Her restoration," says our informant, at finding herself in the same field whence she had started in too ludicrous to be described! She looked this way and that, grunted her dissatisfaction, and finally returned to the original starting place; and after a deliberate survey of matters, to satisfy herself that it was all right, she again entered the log. On emerging yet once more on the wrong side, she evinced even more surprise than before, turned about, and retraced the log in an opposite direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attentively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment and perhaps fear, she turned short round and started off on a brisk run; nor could either coaxing or driving ever after induce her to visit that part of the field.—She seemed to have a superstition concerning the spot.—Knicker.

Ludicrous Mistake.

Mr. Joseph Gilbert, who was attached to the astronomical service in Captain Cook's expedition to observe the transit of Venus, and whose name was conferred on him by the great navigator of "Gilbert's Island" resided at Gosport, where, according to the fashion of the day, he, like Count d'Artois, wore very tight leather breeches. He had ordered the tailor to attend him one morning, when his grand daughter, who had also ordered her shoemaker to wait upon her. The young lady was seated in the breakfast room when the maker of the leather breeches was shown in; and, as she did not know one handi-craftsman from the other, she at once intimated that she wished him to measure her for a pair of "leathers," for, as she remarked the wet weather was coming on, and she felt cold in "cloth." The modest tailor could hardly believe his eyes.

"Measure you, miss!" said he, with hesitation.

"If you please," said the young lady, who was remarkable for much gravity of deportment; "and I have only to beg that you will give me plenty of room, for I am a great walker, and I do not like to wear anything that constrains me."

"But, miss," exclaimed the poor fellow in great perplexity, "I never in my life measured a lady; I— and there he passed.

"Are you not a lady's shoemaker?" she asked.

"By no means, miss," said he. "I am a leather breeches maker, and have come to take the measure, not of you, but Mr. Gilbert."

The young lady became perplexed, too, but she recovered her self possession after a good common-sense laugh, and sent the maker of breeches to her grandpapa.

Catching the Wrong Customer.

In the cars between Washington and Baltimore, the other morning there entered a man tall in stature and of rough exterior.— He wore a thick fur cap, and in his hand was a cane covered with heavy bark and a silver head—probably a specimen of the growth of some far off land. A few inquiries from the stanger proved that he was not familiar with the condition of agriculture or the business of the particular locality, so an opportunity was seized by a young fellow-passenger to banter him a little. The conversation went on pretty well for a while. The lively imagination of the young man had full scope whilst the modest replies of his (supposed) victim rendered his triumph complete. At length our Western friend became animated, and in a very firm becoming manner he said: "You talk of the West as if the light of civilization had never dawned upon that part of our Republic. Sir, in the town of Liberty, Missouri, four hundred miles above St. Louis, the whole population is one thousand souls; they have erected and sustain the 'William Jewell College,' and several subordinate seminaries of learning; they have six churches, the average cost of which was \$5,000; their roads are 'McAdamized, and in all the town of Liberty there is not a single dream sleep!"

The speech and the manner of the speaker blended with subsequent expressions of gratifications on viewing the capital, was for the stranger considerable interest. He was a man of talent and power, but such was his modesty that the only account of himself which was obtained was that "he had been in the Legislature." It will be some time before his young friend will attempt to sport with an unknown fellow passenger.

A WESTERN editor thus apologizes for the non-appearance of his paper at the usual time:

"Owing to the facts that our paper-maker disappointed us, that the mails failed and deprived us of our exchanges, that a Dutch pedlar stole our scissors, that the rats ran off with our paste, and the 'devil' went to the circus while the editor was at home tending the babies, our paper is unavoidably detained beyond the proper period of publication."