li was a cold, winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen reading a book, and so in erested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jeremiah was eogaged in cyphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

"Sam," said the farmer to his youngest boy, " have you worked out that sum yet?" "No, sir," returned the boy in a hesitating

manner. 'Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithme. tic till you had done it?' muttered Mr. Winthrop in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head, and looked "Why havn't you done it?" continued the

father. "I can't do it, sir," tremblingly returned

the boy "Can't do it! And why not? Look at terry there, with his slate and arithmetic; he had ciphered further than you have, long before he was as old as you are."

"Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, but I can't fasten my mind on them. They have no interest for me.'

"That's because you don't try to feel any interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?

"It is a work on Philosophy, sir."
"A work on Fiddlesticks! Go put it away this instant, and get your slate, and don't let me see you away from your arithmetic again until you can work out these roots. Do you understand me ""

Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy, and then got his slate, and sat down again in the chinney corner. His nether lip trembled, and his eyes were moistened, for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him, and he felt that g was without just causo.

"Sam," said Jerry, as soon as the old man had gone, "I will do that sum for you."

"No, Jerry," returned the younger brother, but yet with a grateful look; "that would be deceiving father. I will try to do the sum, though I fear I shall not succeed."

Samuel worked very hard, though all to no purpose. His mind was not on the subieci before him. The roots and squares, the bases, the hypothenuses and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple in themselves. were to him a mingled mass of incomprehensible things, and the more he tried the more did he become perplexed and bothered. The truth was his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician—he never yet came across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boys should be like him, for he conceived that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and he had often expressed his opinion that were Euclid living then, he could "give the old mathematician a hard tussel." He seemed to forget that different minds were made of different capacities, and that what one mind grasps with ease, another o' equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jeremiah, progressed rapidly in mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that because Samuel made no progress at all in the same branch, he was idle and careless, and he treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true ben of his mind, but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was that Samuel was continually pondering upon such profitable matters as interested him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see entner, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came, and Samuel had not yet worked out the sum. His father was angry and obliged the boy to go without his driver, at the same time telling him that he was an idle, lazy chile

Poor Samuel left the kitchen and went up to his chamber, and there he sat down and criec. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered from the hand of his parent and took another turn, and the grief marks left his face. There was a large tire in the room below his chamber, so that of old clothes, he dragged forth some long pieces of wood and commenced whittling. It was not from mere pastime that he whittled, for he was fashjoping some curious affairs from those pieces of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine, and some dozen small wheels that he made himself, and he seemed to be working to get them together after some peculiar fashion of

his own. Half the afternoon had thus passed away, when his sinter entered his chamber. She

that the House the line with good and the art of the continue of the continue

-teles of The Asimaton, of Thought is the Broinnied of Vision of the Control of t

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 8, 1865. NO. 16. VOL. 2.

cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesithing that was ever got up before. Power a Inty of the Teacher in Distated not to avail himself of his sister's kind
offer. He kissed her as he took the cake, turned Mr. Young. "This is some of your
Warnell to the Contant dissatisfaction in the District. Such
persons are moved wholly by instinct and are
incapable of reason on the subject, and are

and thanked her; O, what is pretty thing that is that you are making," uttered Fanoy, as she gazed The old man stopped short and gazed at his upon, the result; of her brother's labors, son. He was bewildered. It could not be "Won't you give it to me after it's done?",,,

"Not this one, sister," returned the boy, with a smile; but as soon as I get time I will make one equally, as preity." Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly

afterwards; left the room, and the boy resumed his work. 100 f. At the end off the work, the various materials that had been subjected to Samuel's jack-knife and pincers had assumed form and

comeliness; and they were joined and grooved together in curious combinations. The embryo philosopher set the machine, for it looked like a thachine-on the floor, and then stood off and gazed upon it. His eyes gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction, and he looked proud and happy. While yet he stood and gazed at the child of his labor, the door of his chamber opened, and his father entered.

"What-are you not studying?" exclaimed Mr. Winthropias he noticed the boy standing idle in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's oice, and turned pale with fear.

"Ha, what is this?" said Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the construction on the floor. "This, then, is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is that you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making play-houses and fly-pens. I'll see whether you'll learn to attend to your lessons or not. There !" 3

As the father-uttered that simple interiecion, he placed his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprang forward; but he was too late. The curious construction was crushed to atomsthe labors of long weeks were utterly gone? The lad gazed for a moment upon the mass of ruins, and then covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

"Ain't you ashamed?" said Mr, Winthrop, 'a great boy like you to spend time on such clap-traps, and then cry about it because I choose that you shall attend to your studies? Now go out to the barn and help Jerry shell

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word left his chamber; but for long days afterwards he was sad and down-hearted.

"Sumuel," and Mr. Winthron one day after the spring had opened, I have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on the farm, and I think the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it and lay it out. Jerry will now soon be able to take my place as surveyor, and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn, and obtaining his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a living at it."

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business, and moreover he had the reputation of being a fine mar. Simuel was delighted with his father's proposal, and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on quite a large machine shop he was in ecstacies. His trunk was packed-a good supply of clothes having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother, he mounted the stage and set off for his new destina-

He found Mr. Young all that he could wish, and he went into the business, with an assiduity that surprised his master. One evening after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop one night after all the journeyman had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in filing a piece of iron. There were quite a number of pieces laving on the bench by his side, some of which were curiously rivited together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use. Mr. Young ascertnined what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. The next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents, and at the eud of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that

Samuel was the most useful hand he had. Time flew by fast. Samuel was twenty one, Jeremiah had been free two years, and he was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the country. Mr. Winne was not very cold; and getting up, he throp looked upon his eldest son with pride; went to a small closet, and from beneath a lot | and often expressed a wish that the other son could have been like him. Samuel had come home to Visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

"Mr. Young," said Mr. Winthron, after the tea things had been cleared, "that is a fine factory they have erected in Your lown." "Yos," relurned Mr. Young, "here are three of them and they are doing a heavy histiness."

business. If understand they have an extensive ma chine shop connected with the factories. Now if my boy Sam is as good a workman as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first-rate situation there.

Mr. Young looked around at Samuel and smiled.

son's business,"
"Eh! What? My son? Some of Sam—" that his son his idle son was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all

the manufacturers by surprise. 'It; is simply this, father, that this loom is mine," returned Samuel, with a look of conscious pride. "I invented it, and have taken armtentright, and I have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the right of patent in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap trap that you crushed with your foot six years ago 114 ----

"Yes," answered the old man, whose eyes were bent to the floor, and over whose mind new light seemed to be breaking.

"Well," continued Samuel, "that was almost a pattern of the very loom I have set up refused to submit; whereupon he was immein the factories, though of course, I have made much altaration and improvement, and proceeded ouside of the door, and when Mr. there is room for improvement.

when you used to fumble about my room so much," said Mrs. Winthrop.

conceived the idea I have since carried out." "And that was why you couldn't understand my mathematical problems," uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand. "Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used towards you. I have been blind, foolishly so, and now see how I misunderstood you. While I thought you were idle and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem that never could have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel-I meant well enough, but I tacked judgement and discrimination.

Of course the old man had long before been forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was open for a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this:

Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can be given to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and dispositions of children, and then in your management of their education for after life, govern yourself accordingly. George Combe, the great moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathaddiess !

How to Make Folks Happy.

If you want to make a young buck feel as if he were walking on thrones, tell him that Julia called him the handsomest man in town:-that Clara adores his moustache, and that Anabella says that-well-she hadn't ought to-ah-uh!-but she really thinks he's irresistible.-Clambank Register.

If you want to rejoice the internal soul of reporter, tell him that six women and seven children have just been torn asunder limb from limb in a house around the next corner -that blood is gushing from the doors and windows-that a steamboat has just 'bust' killing all on board-that the Reverend Dr. Exegis has just cut his own throat-and that an awful and impenetrable mystery surrounds everything.—Alabama Skeeter.

If you want to rejoice an editor, tell him that his last great article on the cross cut and tip and sifter question has been copied and severely commented on in the London Times, and greatly praised in the Allgemeine Zeitung. If you add that a club has been made up in your ward to take his paper, and that you heard that a new patent medicine man recently inquired his address. you will greatly add to the effect. -N. Y.

If you want to delight a young matron, tell her that her child is perfection, that her Johnny-cakes are angelic and that her husband must live in a duck-pond of bliss. If

If you want to make the floodtide of bliss nelt over a lady's head, give her a dozen of Alexandre's gloves, two canary birds, half a dozen moonbeams, twelve yards of silk, an ice cream, a rose bud, a squeeze of the hund. and the promise of a new bonnet. If she don't melt it will be because she can't .-

Maine Water Lily. A singular triumph of affection and ar s related by the Portsmouth (N. H.) Chronicle. Jonathan Dearborn, of that place, lost an interesting little daughter of eight years, of whom no likeness remained except such as was pictured in the memories of surviving friends. A brother of the deceased, a mere boy, insisted that a good portrait of his little sister might be obtained from such a description as he could give the artist, and in spit of remonstrances he started for Buston with the purpose of carrying out the idea. His plan was to visit all the picture galleries to which feature from one picture and another from another get a combination that should answer to the picture that was so vividly impressed up. from whom they have received just and le-on his memory. And, strange to say, after gramated punishment, the teacher is in loc numberless discouragements and two outright | parentis and when the correction is adminisfailures, the enthusiastic box succeeded even tered in d'proper spirit, it is owned and rebeyond his own expectations, and had the satisfaction of returning home, with a posterit

tion by the County Superintendent and two management of the school in which this dif-

figulty, originated.
The jury dound a verdist of, "guilty" and the Court mentenced Defendant to pay the the most vicious children, and for want of costs of prosecution, and to be imprisoned in the jail of the county for 20 days.

JUDGE GILMORE'S CHARGE. The prosecutor, Mr. French, is assistant (eacher in the common schools of this Boro'; and the defendant was a scholar in his department. For some violation of rule, the defendant was chastised by the prosecutor, after which he was insolent in language and diately dismissed from school. After he had French's back was towards him, the defend-"And that was what you were studying ant threw into the room, and struck Mr. F. on the back either with a brickbat or what is called a colt, (the iron ball which was exhibited to you.) The blow was so violent as to produce nausea for short time, and if the weapon was provided, as alleged, for the occasion, it is evidence of great depravity in one so young as the defendant. There can be no difficulty as to the guilt of the defend-

> We wish now to observe once for all, and to have it understood, that in the correction of a scholar the jurisdiction of the teacher is exclusive and conclusive, and there can be no interference, unless when the punishment has been unusual and cruel, which is not alleged in this instance. We say this much, as there was an effort made in this case to show that the boy had not been guilty of any violation of rule. If the door should be opened to such investigations, they would be more numerous than profitable.

We cannot, however, permit the occasion

to pass without pointing out wherein we can conceive the conduct of Mr. French was sub-

ant as he stands indicted, if the evidence is

ject to execption. We think he did wrong in dismissing the boy from school, whether for an indefinite time or merely temporarily. We entertain some old-fashioned notions emalician could not write out a common place about the efficacy of "the rod" in reducing to submission rebellious and vicious youngster, and we think that seemedy had not a fair trial on this occasion. Independent of high and sacred authority, we have experience which will go farther with some in these days, that the use of "the rod" must not be neglected in the training of the child, and by this we are to understand that quantum of its use which will ensure submission. Anywhere submission is not gained by the teacher, victory is achieved by the scholar, and the boy who is not brought to subjection, is unfit to be turned into the streets; his proper destination then, for the well being of society and his own reformation, should be the House of refuge. It is the observation of those whose age has giving them the opportunity of judging that the present or rising generation is more vicious than the preceding one; we think this is true, and it is not a mere sensite laudation of the past and complaint of the present; and we are disposed to believe it may be ascribed in a great measurs to the failure to use that indispensable and natural remedy, "the rod." New ideas have sprung up on this subject, earnestly and honestly entertained by this new philosophy has proved a failure, whereupon we desire to bring again into respectful notice the old dogma. And in doing so, we have the satisfaction of believing that on the subject of this don't fetch her, nothin' won't.—Puritan the right in any contriverted matter. We

the proper education and training of our youth, the public mind is inquiring and sincere, and willing to yield conviction to what is best, and this is everything in establishing for them, the consequence was, it was late are free to confess that there is some reason for the different views entertained on this subject; but this arises we apprehend more from a failure to discriminate properly, producing confession rather than contradiction. Some teachers have no faculty for government; to such no application of "the rod" can give the proper authority; they will always be treated, with that contempt, which scholars only know to bestow, and it makes no difference how great their other acquirements may be they are not fit to be trusted with an independent school, but may do very well with a superior who knows how to govero: again their ars: scholars who are best controlled by the law of kindness. In the first instance the correction by the rod is not successful and in the second it is not required, and these exceptions to the general rule have caused its nocessity to be doubted; but notwithstanding these and all other exceptions which can be funcied to the contrary, we will venture to assert that genuine authority in he could obtain access, and by selecting one the school room has its foot in "rod." It is all a mistake to suppose that scholars entertain feelings of resentinent to the teachers,

when me sweet susteed is an as good a working a second a working as a second a working a second a working as a second as a second a working as a second tains for the teacher respect, and even effec-

incapable of reason on the subject, and are We publish below the charge delivered to entitled to no consideration, and should rethe jury in the case of the commonwealth ceive none, unless they should attempt to put vs. Benjy Allan, tried at the last term of the their insane threats into execution when they washington Co. Court, solicited for publicative will receive from this court, if the opportuniwill receive from this court, if the appertuni ty should afforded, that punishment which members of the school board who have the the sake of society—parents of this class are not numerous. It may have come under your observation, too, as something remark. able, that parents of this kind have generally that, wholesome, correction which they are not allowed to receive, they generally go to

SWEET AFTON.

destruction, which is the fruit of this ill-timed

parental tenderness .- The School Journal.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green bross, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Mary's askep by thy murnuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream. Thou dove, whose soft echo resounds from the hill, Thou green crested Inp.wing, with voice loud and shrill. Ye wild whistling warblers, your music forbear I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, And wends by the cot where my Mary resides; There, oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea, The sweet-scented groves shade my Mary and me. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green bræs, Flow gently, sweet river, the thome of my lays; My Mary's askeep by thy murnauring stream, Flow gently sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Communications For the Agitator

MUTE CHILDREN. DY JOE, A JERSEY MUTE.

I always wish to be "posted up" in everything that pertains to the moral education of deaf mutes. So the other day I put the question to my class, direct and plumb: "Are you pious or not?"

MARY, a little girl of ten years, said in a whisper, "I try to be pious,"

Anna, No. 3, for there are in my class. two others bearing the same name, said: "I sometimes try to be pious." WILLIAM, who is the liveliest little mischief

ever saw, said, "I do not know sir." Jonn-"I sometimes find it difficult to be oious, but nevertheless I try to be so." ELIZABETH-Why do you ask me this

ruestion." Anna, No. 1.-1 beg to be excused from elling you."

ANDREW-"I do not like to tell you, sir," ROBERT-"I will not tell you, never!" Anna, No. 2-"Why, sir, God alone

nows whether I am pious or not." George-"Are you pious?" ABRAHAH - I am vory pioue." SARAH-"I am some pious."

LYDIA, smiling-"I am not pious, sir, beause I forgot to pray yesterday." At the words of Lydia, some of the members of my class sprang to their feet, and looked sort of sideways into her face. They seemed to be shocked at the implety of her thing short of this is worse than none. For language; but without saying a word, they him to take a colored couple, friends of hers, questioning them.

EGG STORY.

Not many miles from this village lived an old gentleman and his wife, by the name of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. One evening as they were sitting very quietly in the parlor they were interrupted by a knock on the door, and who should enter but three neices from New York. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were very happy to see them, and they spent a very pleasant evening together. Among other topics of conversation which were introduced during. the evening was the subject of eating, and the young ladies remarked that there was nothing that they liked better than fresh fried eggs. Accordingly before retiring Mrs. Brown requested Bridget, the servant girl, to go to the hen coop in the morning, and select the freshest eggs she could find and have them fried for breakfast.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown having, on account of their visitors sat up later than was usual the next morning before they awake; but the young ladies from the city were not in the habit of going to bed so early and therefore were up very early in the morning, but not too soon for Bridget, for she had got the eggs, and had them fried and and breakfast ull ready, and were waiting for them. The young ladies having pretty good appetites, upon seeing the table all set, immediately sat down and eat their breakfast before the old folks got up. After Mr. and Mrs. B. arose and prepared themselves for breakfast, they called the young ladies not supposing that they had yet caten.

The young ladies replied that they had their brenkfast an hour previous and one of the young ladies said Aunt Betsey, what kind of birds do you call those which we had for our breakfast?

What, said Mrs. B. did Bridget cook your birds for breakfast, I told her to have some eggs fried for you!

The young ladies said they were not at all birds which they had just partaken so freely

Mrs. B. said no more, but went into the kitchen and asked Bridget what she had prepared for the young ladies breakfasts. Faith and I done as ye told me to, said

Bridget, I went out and took the eggs from the hen that had been setting so long on them? sure; and nice and fresh they were too why arrested was guilty of this crime, of which

Dear mei Bridget, why, didn't I tell you him a coat of tar and feathers, and let him

Correspondence of the Missouri Deman KANSAS.

JUDGE LYNCH IN PARKVILLE PARRYLLIE, Mo: Thursday, Oct. 18, 1855. I left the American hotel, Kansha city, vestett the American notes, names city, yesterday at hoon crossed the river in a ferry
with my horse, and rode on the State ade of
the Muddy Missouri' to the city of Parkville. The road runs along the foot of the
builts through heavily it meered and thickly underwooded low lands, which are often overflowed when the snows melt in the mountains, or heavy raids swell the Missouri and its tributary streams. There is very little cultivated land along this road. The bluffs are rather too precipitous for agricultural purposes, as long at least as other lands can be purchased cheaply; and the low ground, beside being liable to inundation, only awaits the action of the plow, to produce a heavy crop of diseases. It is rich, though; and some day will yield an abundunt harvest.

On the other side—the Kansas road to Parkville the land is hilly, rich, heavily timbered, and well watered. It is the Wyandolta Reserve. Walnut, white burr and red oak, elm, cotton-wood, and pecan, constitute the forest. It is over ten miles to Kansas City by the territorial road, and about nine on the State side.

I arrived in Parkville shortly after 1 o'clock. intended to stay an hour and then start for Leavenworth.

In walking through the town, paragraph hunting, I saw a crowd of about twenty men around the door of Col. Summer's office. The colonel is a justice of the peace. Of course I drew nigh.

"Hullo, Mr. B—," exclaimed a voice from the crowd, "here's an item for you!"" It was Mr. Starns of The Southern Democrat, the successor of The Parkville Lumi-

After the usual salutations he informed ma that an Englishman named Joseph Atkinson, had been arrested by his honor Judge Lynch, charged with attempting to run off a negro girl, and that the crowd was awaiting the arrival of a witness before deciding how to punish the accused.

I looked into the office to see the par-andfeather-doomed individual. There were at least fifteen persons in the room, which had the ordinary appearance of a justice's office, with a green table before the magistrate's desk, home-made library-case, with sheepskin bound volumes on its shelves, in one corner; locked closet or bureau in another; forms around the room close to the wall, and the usual unswept appearance of officers in general. I scrutinized the faces of every one inside, but signally failed to recognize the prisoner.

Atkinson was pointed out to me. He was stitting on a low form, leaning slightly forward, his legs apart, whirling his cap between them round and round, in his hands. He kept up, also, a very vigorous chewing and expectorating process. But no one would have suspected the critical condition he was placed in from his air or countenance. I never saw a man more apparently unconcerned.

He was a fuir-complexioned, blue-eyed, firmly-knit, rather stupid-looking man, about twenty-five years of age. He is a rope-maker by trude, and had worked near Parkville for five or six weeks past.

It appears that he had tried to induce a negro girl, said to be the property of widow Hoy, but employed by Mr. Dale to go with him to St. Louis, where he proposed to spend the winter with her and then take her to a free State. The girl agreed to go, but wished resumed their seats, and the teacher went on along with them. He did not seem to like opesition, but finally agreed to do a The day of flight was fixed. The colored trio's clothes, it is said, were already packed up. They intended to start on Saturday; but the secret came to the ears of a negro boy owned by Mr. Hoy, to whom the colored couple also belonged, and he divulged it to his boss, who immediately got a committee of investigation organized to watch the white man and procure evidence against him from the negroes implicated in the affair .-Atkinson's mistress and two others to whom the secret was known, but who had kept it from the "white folks," were privately whip-ped and questioned till they confessed all that

they knew. The committee of investigation-consisting of Messrs. J. Wallace, S. Tolson, John Bird, Patrick Cooper, M. Pemberton, Col. Summers, Maj. Jesse Summers, Wm. Hoy, Col. F. Burns, J. Hughs, and E. Henshaw, all men of property and high social standing, I am told, in this community and in the county-patrolled the streets for two nights, keeping a watch on Atkinson and the girls. They finally arrested and sternly interrogated him. He gave contradictory accounts of his connection with the affair, but said enough, in the judgment of the committee, to prove his guilt.

Thus the matter stood when I came up. After a private conversation between members of the committee, the crowd went inside and seated themselves.

Col. Summers opened the meeting, by alluding to the circumstances that had called them together. There was a kind of property in this community, he said, guaranteed to us by the Constitution and laws, which must not be tampered with by any one. It was as much property to us as so many dollars and cents -it was our dollars and cents in fact, and so recognized by the statutes of Missouri, and and the constitution of the United States. Evidence had been obtained against the prisoner, he continued, from negroes, which agreed with his own statement minutely enough to convince the speaker, that Atkinson was guilty. What is to be done with him, gentlemen? dissatisfied with Bridget's mistake, for they Shall we merely drive him out of our city, never ent anything they liked bester than the and let him go unpunished? I'm opposed to that course, gentlemen, for one. I would like

this meeting to decide what to do with him. Major Jesse Summers was next called on. Not having resided very long among them, he said, he had not wished to appear prominently in this matter; but as his opinion on this subject was expected, he thought, if all the committee were satisfied that the person he had no doubt himself, they ought to give

Mr. Starps called on the committee indivillually to give their opinoins as to the prist

. They each declared themselves satisfied that