

QUEEN OF MAY.

With flights of singing birds went by
The rays of April's golden day...

Thrilling Sketch.

THE PRAIRIE SCOUT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I left Fort Snelling on the first day of August, and took my course to the southwest through the northern part of Iowa...

By twelve o'clock, noon, I was to have reached a camp; but noon came, and no camp was in sight.

"O, I cannot tell the agony of that moment—of that hour! I strained with all my power; I called upon God to help me; and you will not wonder, I cursed the power which held me!

Here the old scout bowed his head and wept aloud. "O," he murmured, in choking accents "who can tell such agony as that with a whole heart!

As soon as the old man became composed, he gave me some account of his adventures while out scouting among the Indians; and he continued his account until we were startled by the sound of pattering rain upon the roof.

"Ever since I was one and twenty," he replied; and I thought his voice assumed a sad tone as his mind was thus carried back to his youthful days.

Some further conversation was held, and then I asked him what those wig-like looking things were I saw hanging up over his bed.

"Those," he uttered, in a hoarse whisper, "are scalps! Scalps I have torn from Indians' heads, dead and dying. You see there are twenty-five of them."

"Of course you are curious to know how about this, and if you have a mind to listen I have no objections to explain it. I told you I came here when I was one and twenty I came because one I loved, as life itself came before me.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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We had no one to hate, and all living to love. We had a daughter, whom we called Eliza, but she only remained with us a few years.

"Ho! my pistol!" he cried, grasping the intruder by the throat, and reaching his hand towards me. "Shoot the demon!" he gasped.

At this, the second Indian sprang to his feet, and leaped towards the spot where we lay, and just as I had cocked one of the pistols, the woman—for woman it was, who knelt by the scout's side—spoke:

"Philip!" she said in a choking, gushing tone, "Philip! Ah, art thou not my Philip?"

With a cry like a startled bird, Philip Brock started to his feet, and with the grasp of a giant he raised the woman up.

"Speak again!" he grasped. And again she spoke, and again she pronounced that same name!

"Philip!" And as she spoke thus, she threw her arms about the old man's neck and burst into tears.

"Martha! Martha!" was all the old scout spoke. He knew now whom he held to his bosom. I carefully eased the hammer of the pistol down, and then I arose to my feet.

Perhaps my readers can imagine the scene that followed. As for me, I could not see plainly through my tears, and my emotions were too strangely overpowered to enable me to distinguish much that was sobbed forth by the re-united ones.

The deed is accomplished. My wife has got a piano, and now farewell the tranquil mind—farewell content, and the evening papers, and the big cigars that make amiable virtue—oh, farewell!

A teacher has been introduced into the house. He says he is the last of Napoleon's grand army. He wears a huge moustache, looks at me fiercely, smells of garlic, and goes by the name of Count Run-away-and-never-come-back-again-by.

"What the deuce is the matter?" The answer was—"Why, dear, that's La Somnambula."

"D—n Somnambula!" thought I; and the Count rolled up his sheet of paper, and I can't make it look like anything else than a rail fence with a lot of juvenile niggers climbing over it.

As for myself I would rather put my head under a tin pin and be drummed to sleep with a pair of smoothing irons than hear "La Somnambula," or any other La thumped out of a piano.

The London Times gives a remedy to make a balky horse draw, which proved successful. After all sorts of means had been tried and failed, it was suggested that a simple remedy used in India should be tried.

An editor out West says: "If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our public career, let him present us a new hat and say nothing more about it."

We must, in this world, gain a relish for truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next.

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A Wife in Ecstasy and a Husband in Fidgets.

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Communications.

The Facts of the Case.

Mr. Erroon: The old line Democrats, in order to keep alive their party, do not fail to call the Republicans all the hard names imaginable.

The Louisiana Territory, including Arkansas and Missouri and the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, was bought of France in 1803.

"My lad, look here!" said he, pulling a large orange from his pocket, and holding it temptingly towards him. The boy paused, and looked wistfully at the fruit.

"Go and fetch it," I said, and the young fellow shook his head, and began to step back. "Go and fetch it, I say," repeated the sailor, in a sterner voice, and advancing a step or two.

The young fellow now turned on his heel, and was attempting to run, when Jack seized him by the seat of his trousers and threw him plump into the middle of the dock, with as much ease, apparently, as he had done the orange.

The Old Man's Visit. Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, has recently written a work entitled, "My own Times, including a History of My Life."

In 1853, I paid a visit to the State of Tennessee, and made a pilgrimage to the home of my infancy and childhood, the place where once stood the frontier cabin of my father.

I visited that hallowed spot alone. I stood upon the hearth-stone of my childhood. The memory of early days thronged around my heart. It almost seemed as if I were once more a child, listening to the stories my mother told me in the long winter evenings.

have entered Kansas at every election, and seizing upon the ballot box, controlled the elections and elected such men as they saw fit. Now, ask an any Northern freeman, with the slightest apology, of back-bone sit still and see such agitators in Kansas as have been for the last two months, without experiencing a feeling of indignation against the ruffians of the Missouri border backed by Pierce's cabinet, at Washington and office holders in every part of the Union?

Administering Justice.

A great lubberly boy had got a small puppy, apparently but a few months old, of which he was trying to make a water dog, although the poor beast had no more of the water species in him than a cat.

The dumb appeal was disregarded. He was again thrown into the dock, and was most probably injured by the fall, for he floundered about in a circle for three or four minutes, as if bewildered, and afterwards sunk several times before reaching the shore.

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