

Correspondence of the St. Louis Intelligencer. Postscript of a letter dated at

Prepare for an awful shock. Hold a steady helm, or the old ship will be wrecked. Armed men are rushing into the Territory. The destruction of Lawrence is meditated. Civil war is just upon us. Couriers, just from Lawrence, say they have from 1,000 to 1,500 men, while they number from 800 to 1,000 around the place, but increasing fast. It is thought the destruction of the Committee and evidence is one cause of the outbreak, or at the bottom. We pray the Almighty God to avert these dreadful evils. The secret border league are at the head of this affair. It is expected to result in disunion. The ultras on both sides are dangerous men. Strike boldly for the Union of this great country, and may God bless you.

It is said the ladies of Lawrence are arming. The Plate City cannon and many men have gone over; none have yet gone over from Parkville. It is not advised by the masses; most good citizens are against it. Brown of the Herald of Freedom, has been arrested at Kansas City; he feels himself in imminent peril.

All of yesterday the Committee was in secret session, no doubt examining the murder cases. I have questioned some of the witnesses privately and have no doubt but the murder of Brown will prove to be one of the blackest atrocities on the records of crime. I have been told that Brown, when he saw that they meant to attack him, offered to fight any one, or any two of these villains, but unarmed as he was, they beset him. After cutting him with hatchets and knives till he fell down dying, he was kicked on the floor. He told them to let him alone, he was dying, but they still kicked and stamped on him, and one atrocious scoundrel is said to have stooped over the dying man and spat tobacco juice in his eyes. Such a monster you would think would be shunned by all honorable minds, but I have been told this man has received marks of confidence and high trust from the Governor.

To the Associated Press. St. Louis, Saturday, May 24, 1856.

A dispatch from Boonville to the Republican says. Lawrence was destroyed on Wednesday. The hotel and printing-office in Kansas City were also demolished, but few lives were lost. Particulars are expected by steamer to-night.

The correspondent of the Democrat at Leavenworth writes: Since Messrs Robinson, Reeder, Lane and other leaders are absent, the Committee of Public Safety at Lawrence have determined to offer no resistance to the United States Marshal entering the City. Immediate measures were taken to hide all the arms and ammunition in the town as soon as this determination was made known and crowds of people commenced leaving.

It is said the Free-State men are gathering at Topeka, and will attack the invaders if they dare to execute their threats on Lawrence. Settlers at Van Bona, recently from New Haven, will send one hundred men to aid them, and Manhattan about the same number.

REPORT OF A GENTLEMAN FROM LAWRENCE.

We have conversed with Mr. Charles H. Branscombe, who left Lawrence on the morning of the 16th inst., on a mission to the President at Washington, to implore him to interfere and save the people of Lawrence from butchery and their property from total destruction by the infuriated Border-Ruffian mob—a mission on whose success the melancholy intelligence which we have received by telegraph and publish in another column, affords a conclusive commentary.

Mr. Branscombe sees no reason to hope that the news of the destruction of Lawrence is not correct. Indeed, he says that no one not an eye witness to the facts can well conceive the constant and varied outrages to which the Free-State men of Kansas have for some time past been subjected. Thus, for instance, on the 16th inst., a party of eleven Free State settlers were quietly at work, without arms, in a field at Benicia, some four miles from Lawrence, when they were suddenly surrounded by twenty-five Missourians, armed to the teeth, who took them prisoner, without any warrant or other authority. The Missourians carried them into a neighboring cabin, and with many taunts, ordered them to leave the Territory on pain of death. "G—d—n you, if you are ever caught here again you shall be strung up! Go to Nebraska, d—n you! You have no right in Kansas!" Such was the language of these ruffians, who concluded by saying that they were coming to Lawrence in a few days to wipe out the d—d abolition city, and to kill or drive off every one of the inhabitants. After this admonition, they released all of their prisoners but one, a Mr. Shimmions, formerly from Worcester Co., Mass., who had answered them with some spirit, and whom they carried away with them for further discipline.

Another fact reported by Mr. Branscombe affords an illustration of the spirit of the women of the Free-State settlers. Previous to this arresting the men in the field a part of the same gang had visited the cabin of Mr. Shimmions for the purpose of stealing his revolver and Sharpe's rifle. His wife was alone, and refused to give them up. She leveled the revolver at the leader, but just as she was about to pull the trigger one of the ruffians seized her arm from behind and took the weapons from her, after which they left her with the same brutal menaces as were addressed to the men in the field.

Robbery has been practiced without restraint upon the Free State people. Cows and other animals have continually been killed and carried off to the camp of the ruffians at Leecompton. One man was forced to drive his own cow there, when she was taken from him and killed before his eyes. These instances are given as specimens from among many others, and are by no means the worst that might be reported, as those who have read our recent Kansas letters are well aware.

# THE AGITATOR.

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## MURDER OF LOVEJOY.

Mr. Lovejoy was a native of Massachusetts, and in 1827 arrived in St. Louis, where he engaged in teaching. He remained in this employment until 1832, when he visited Princeton College, N. J., where he remained until April, 1833, when he was licensed to preach the Gospel, from the second Presbytery, of Philadelphia. After preaching for a time in Newport, R. I., and in New York City, he received the offer of materials to establish a religious newspaper in St. Louis. The offer was accepted, and on the 22d of November, 1833, the first number of the St. Louis Observer was issued. We have read many of his leading editorials since stopping here, and little or nothing that a reasonable man could oppose, although he was free to speak upon slavery as an evil, and defended the Bible from a vile attack upon it, which represented the book as endorsing the institution. Having animadverted rather severely upon a mob which broke into the jail of St. Louis, and took a mulatto, by the name of McIntosh, who was incarcerated there for murder, and burnt him at a stake, the popular will got very much incensed against him; and finding he could not be protected in his person or property there, and having been invited to remove to Alton, Ill., with his press, he consented, with many misgivings, to do so; not, however, until violence was committed upon his property in St. Louis, by the tearing down of his office. His press and fixtures arrived in Alton on Sabbath morning, the 21st of July, 1836. On the following Monday morning, before light, five or six rowdies, finding the press on the levee, broke it in pieces and threw it into the Mississippi. On the same day, a public meeting of the citizens was held, and unanimously agreed to make good the loss. On the 8th of September, 1836, he got out the first number of the Alton Observer; which was published regularly until the 17th of August, 1837. On the 21st of August, press, type and fixtures were destroyed by a mob; and though the citizens were looking on, they did not interfere to stop the outrage because the cry of abolitionism had gone out against the editor. An attempt was made on his life, but his coolness saved him, and he was allowed to go home to his family.

The editor drew up an appeal to his patrons, and received sufficient aid to procure another press, mostly from the people of Quincy and Alton Ill. This arrived on the 21st of September, during the absence of the editor. That night it was mobbed and thrown into the river—making the third press thus destroyed for him. Several ineffectual attempts were again made to take his life, but each time, by some fortunate interposition he was saved.

Mr. L. immediately ordered another press on his own account. Public feeling was high against the Observer and Mr. Lovejoy. Resolves were passed, and threats were made. After some doubt as to the propriety of establishing his journal in Alton again, and in a public meeting, after stating his rights, guaranteed to him as a freeman, and showing how he had been "pursued like a partridge on the mountains," and feeling he was quite as safe in Alton as elsewhere, closed by saying, "If I die, I have determined to make my grave in Alton."

The fourth press arrived on the night of the 6th of November, 1837, and was stored in the large stone warehouse of Messrs. Godfrey & Gilman. Here it remained until the following night, when a mob "belched forth from the drunkeries and coffee-houses," who were met by some thirty persons, including Mr. Lovejoy, who had collected in the warehouse to defend the press. The building was three stories high, with windows only on the ends. An attempt was made by the mob to force themselves into the building, but was repulsed. Attempts were made by the Mayor to reason with them, but all to no purpose.—They fired into the windows, and received a shot from within, which killed one man, and wounded several others. Ladders were then brought, and a person ascended to the roof and set the building on fire. The bells were rung and the citizens assembled, who looked on, silent spectators. Lovejoy was requested to go to the door and quiet the mob, as the roof was in flames, and the danger imminent. He did so, and received five balls in his breast from a villain who was laying in ambush. "He turned quickly around into the store, ran hastily up a flight of stairs, with his arms across his breast, came into the counting-room, and fell, exclaiming, "Oh, God, I am shot! I am shot!" and expired in a few moments." Following this sad occurrence, the friends of Mr. Lovejoy, after two or three were wounded, concluded to surrender the press, which was done. After being broken in pieces by the mob, it was thrown into the river.

The storehouse has been torn down within a couple of weeks, and the basement only remained on our arrival here, to mark its former location. We visited the spot, and was pointed out the position. Mr. L. occupied when he was slain.

The body was removed to his residence on the following morning, and on the 9th of November, 1837, was committed to the earth, just thirty-five years to a day, after his birth. Since then Alton has grown from a small town into a city of twelve thousand inhabitants. The few residents who were connected with the outrage, have mostly removed to a distance, or to St. Louis. The principal participants in that occurrence were from St. Louis, and residents in that city. Many of them have met with violent deaths. Prosperity has smiled upon none. While, censuring the "abolitionist," as they called Mr. L., they were learning that "the way of the transgressor was hard."

## An Interesting Lesson in American Geography.

The three sources of national power, and the rules which govern their increase, are what the census was instituted to ascertain. It is a little singular that in the comprehensive and compendious volume, issued by the United States Government last year, there is no statement showing the comparative rapidity with which each is advancing, in each of the several States.

From the figures therein contained, however, it is not difficult to frame such a statement. We observe a correspondent of the National Intelligencer has undertaken the task. In a long table of figures taken from the census report, he arrives at the following results, which, although they are as precise and certain as any other sum in arithmetic, a large part of the people of the Union steadfastly deny or purposely ignore.

1. Farms regularly diminish in size and increase in number as we proceed from South to North and East.

2. The proportion of improved land steadily increases, and that of unimproved land steadily diminishes irrespective of the density of population, as we proceed from South to North and East.

3. The cash value of farms, both in the aggregate and in the price per acre, regularly increases as we proceed from South to North and East.

4. The production of corn and wheat regularly and steadily increases, with an exception, as we proceed from South to North and East.

5. The productive industry of the people, both in the aggregate and as individuals, regularly increases as we proceed from South to North and East.

6. The density of population regularly increases as we proceed from South to North and East.

7. The rate of increase of population regularly increases as we proceed from South to North and East.

8. The number of manufactories regularly increases as we proceed from South to North and East.

9. The amount of shipping regularly increases as we proceed from South to North and East.

10. The amount of capital regularly increases as we proceed from South to North and East.

11. The number of canals and post roads regularly increases as we proceed from South to North and East.

12. The number of telegraphs and telegraph stations regularly increases as we proceed South to North and East.

13. The number of persons who cannot read and write steadily diminishes, and that of schools and scholars regularly increases, as we proceed from South to North and East.

14. The number of churches, and those who worship therein, steadily increases as we proceed from South to North and East.

These are the facts shown by the unerring figures of the census. They do not depend upon the comparative age, nor upon the fertility of the States, for whether we proceed from the older to the newer, or from the newer to the older—from the fertile to the sterile or the sterile to the fertile, the result is just the same.

This constant order of succession would seem to indicate some fixed law or constant operating cause. But what that law or cause may be the census does not state. Neither does the Intelligencer. Neither do we. But we think it is written plainly enough, and that too "in black and white," all over the face of this broad continent.—Albany Journal.

A Rouge Detector.—It was lately remarked that an exceedingly brilliant auditory among which were very elegantly dressed ladies, attended, at Berlin, a lecture on chemistry, delivered by one of the most celebrated chemists of the age. After witnessing a number of beautiful experiments and hearing of the marvels of science, a young lady grew fatigued and requested her husband to lead her from the hall.

## A Battle Scene.

On the 19th inst. the President of the United States, the Secretaries of the Navy, Captain Ingraham, several members of Congress, besides some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen of lesser note, paid a visit to the United States Frigate, Merrimac, lying about five miles from Annapolis. After examining the noble vessel, an exciting scene occurred, no less than a mimic battle, of which the Baltimore Sun gives the following graphic description:

"The order was given 'to prepare ship for action,' when a scene of activity was presented truly exciting. Five hundred men rushed to their positions and their duties. The eighty-four pound Paixhan guns were unslashed, the immense one hundred and twenty pound Paixhan pivot gun was also unslashed and wheeled to its embrasures—the magazine opened its supplies of ammunition—the order was given to 'load and fire at will,' and soon the roar of the tremendous armament of the Merrimac burst forth with an explosion of sound which must have tried the firmest nerves. Broadside after broadside was poured forth with all the impetuosity of an actual engagement.

As the thick smoke which enveloped the ship was partially removed by the wind in the pauses of the guns, the order was given to "repel boarders on the starboard quarter." A hundred men rushed to the mainmast for their boarding pikes and cutlasses, and from thence to the point of imaginary attack. Those with cutlasses ascended the bulwarks and the rigging, and attacked with naked blades their invisible foe, while an array of bristling pikes upon the deck were ready to receive the rash invaders. The companies of marines fired their volleys at command. The orders were several times repeated, and the scenes described re-enacted. The view from the bulwarks, where most of the company were stationed was novel and exciting, and no doubt well repaid the visitors for the reverberations which must yet be ringing in their ears. The ladies, many of whom were in close proximity to guns which thundered awfully, and at times shrouded in smoke, behaved heroically, and betrayed no signs of fear."

THE COLISEUM.—Under all aspects, in the blaze of noon, at sunset by the light of the moon or stars—the Coliseum stands alone and unapproached. It is the monarch of ruins. It is the great tragedy in stone and it solemly and sternly looks down like a drama of Aeschylus or Shakespeare. It is a colossal type of those struggles of humanity against an irresistible destiny in which the tragic poet finds the elements of his art. The calamities which crushed the house of Atreus are symbolized in its broken arches and shattered walls. Built of indestructible materials, and seemingly for eternity—of a size, material and form to defy the "strong hours" which conquer all, it has bowed its head to their touch and passed into the inevitable cycle of decay! "And this, too, shall pass away"—which the Eastern monarch engraved upon his signet ring, is carved upon these Cyclopean blocks. The stones of the Coliseum were once water; and they are now turning into dust. Such is ever the circle of nature. The solid is changing into the fluid, and the fluid into the solid and that which is unseen is alone indestructible. He does not see the Coliseum aright; who carries away from it no other impressions than those of form, size and hue. It speaks an intelligible language to the wiser mind. It rebukes the peevish and consoles the patient. It teaches us that there are misfortunes which are crowned with dignity, and sorrows that are crowned with grandeur. As the same blue smiles upon the ruin which smiled upon the perfect structure so that the same beneficial Providence bends over our shattered hopes and our answered prayers.—Hillard's six months in Italy.

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.—I proposed a bath for the sake of experiment; but Francis endeavored to dissuade us. He disagreed, and nothing could be more disagreeable; we asked getting a fever, and besides, there were four hours of dangerous travel before us. But by this time we were half undressed, and "sober" were floating in the clear, bluminous waves. The beach was fine gravel, and shelved gradually down. I kept my turban on my head, and was careful to avoid touching the water with my face. The sea was warm, and gracefully soothing to the skin.—It was impossible to sink, and even while swimming, the body rose half out of the water. I thought it possible to dive for a short distance, but prefer that someone else should try the experiment. With a log of wood for a pillow, one might sleep as on a patent mattress. The taste of the water is salt and pungent, and stings the tongue like saltpetre. We were obliged to dress in haste, without even wiping off the detestable liquid; yet I experienced very little of the discomfort which most travelers have remarked. Where the skin had been previously bruised, there was a slight smarting sensation; and my body felt clammy and glutinous; but the bath was rather refreshing than otherwise.—Byard's Taylor.

POTATOES IN IRELAND.—Extensive preparations are going forward in the northern provinces of Ireland, for the cultivation of potatoes the ensuing season; and in 1855 nearly 1,000,000 acres were planted. The crop of last year was a full one; there were a few cases of disease, and the quality was superior to any before raised, since the year of famine. The quantity now in the hands of farmers is greater than that of former years at this season, and the quality is excellent.

## THE OUTRAGE ON MR. SUMNER.

THE CHIVALROUS BULLY THE COWARDLY BULLY.

CAROLINA HONORS THE RUFFIAN.

From the Petersburg Va. Intelligencer. We are exceedingly sorry that Mr. Brooks dirtied his cane by laying it athwart the shoulders of the blackguard, Sumner. We regret that he did so, not because Sumner got a lick amiss, nor because he was not justly entitled to all he got and more beside, but because the nasty scamp and his co-scamps will make capital for their foul cause out of the affair. They will raise a howl which will split the public ear about the violation of the privileges of debate, Southern, bullyism, &c. Master Horace Greeley in particular will jump out of his boots and breeches, have about four thousand fits, and thus put up the price of assalade and burp feathers throughout the country. Disagreeing with The Richmond Whig as to the effect of Sumner's thrashing, we entirely concur with it, that if thrashing is the only remedy by which the foul conduct of the Abolitionists can be controlled, that it will be very well to give Seward a double dose at least every other day until it operates freely on his political bowels. It is true that the cunning rascal is a little too smart to violate the decorum of debate, but his adroit demagoguism and damnable doctrines are infinitely more dangerous to the country than the coarse blackguardism of the perjured wretch, Sumner, who will, to his dying day, remember that his Brooks is not the "running brook" that one Shakespeare found "brooks" in.

From the South-Side Democrat, May 24.

A VIRGINIAN VIEW OF THE ASSAULT ON SUMNER.—JUSTIFICATION OF BROOKS.—The telegraph has recently announced no information more grateful to our feelings than the classical caning which this outrageous Abolitionist received on Thursday at the hands of the chivalrous Brooks of South Carolina. It is enough for gentlemen to bear to be compelled to associate with such a character as Sumner, and to be board with the stupid and arrogant dogmas with which his harangues invariably abound; but when, in gross violation of senatorial courtesy, and in defiance of public opinion, the unscrupulous Abolitionist undertakes to heap upon the head of a venerable Senator a vulgar tirade of abuse and calumny, no punishment is adequate to a proper restraint of his insolence but a deliberate, cool, dignified and classical caning.—The only regret we have is that the chastisement was not postponed until Sumner had left the Senate. The Senate-Chamber would thus have been prevented from being the scene of such an exhibition, and the cowardly Abolitionist would have been favored with an opportunity—of which there can be no doubt he would have availed himself—to make his escape.

From the Richmond Examiner.

PRAGR HATH HER VICTORIES NO LESS THAN WAR.—Mr. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, whose reputation as a scholar rests chiefly upon a discourse on the foregoing text, seems bent upon illustrating his theory in his own person. He concludes a two days' discharge of scholarly platitudes and pedantic dullness by venting a filthy stream of billingsgate on heads hoary with age; answers insult from men who would afford him personal satisfaction with vulgar epithets; and when caned for cowardly vituperation, falls to the floor an inanimate lump of incarnate cowardice and most glorious exemplar of the man of peace.

From the Richmond Whig.

A GOOD DEED.—As will be seen by telegraph, Mr. Brooks of South Carolina, after the adjournment of the Senate on yesterday, administered to Senator Sumner, the notorious and foul-mouthed Abolitionist from Massachusetts, an elegant and effectual caning.—We are rejoiced at this. The only regret we feel is that Mr. Brooks did not employ a horseshoer or a cowhide upon his stenderous back, instead of a cane. We trust the ball may be kept in motion. Seward and others should catch it next.

POWER OF THE MOON AT NIGHT.—Mr. Crane, in his "Letters from the East," has observed:

"The effect of the moonlight on the eyes in this country, (Egypt,) is singularly injurious. The natives tell you, as I afterwards found they did in Arabia, to 'always' cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air.—It is rather strange that the passage in the Psalms—"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night"—should not have been thus illustrated, as the allusion seems direct. The moon, here really strikes and affects the sight, when you sleep exposed to it much more than the sun; a fact of which I had a very unpleasant proof at night, and took care to guard against afterwards. Indeed, the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night, would soon be impaired or utterly destroyed."

A wag, reading the recent accounts of sea-serpents, said they reminded him of a captain of a ship who stoutly asserted that a mermaid came on board his vessel one Sunday morning, and peevishly asked him to remove the anchor which had been dropped against his cabin door, and thereby preventing his wife and child from going to church.

Among the odd items given in the annual report of the American Tract Society, there is one to the effect that during the past year that institution received not less than \$943 in broken and counterfeit bills, through the contribution box.

A Californian jury, in a suicide case lately found the following verdict: "The deceased was a fool."

From Stray Leaves. It was written by a lad of sixteen for the closing exercises of the Academy in this village, and was received with much applause. Of course antecedent disclamations, with the public cognation of them, would deprive the reader for a sterner appreciation of its significance; but we have no authority to excise. The merit of originality must certainly be awarded to the production.—Ed.

## THE "COUNTRY OWL."

Let me sing of the forest-king—  
The Eagle free and bold,  
Who mounts the breeze, and spreads his wing,  
And soars to be controlled.  
Of the bird that darts the fierce storm-rod—  
The screech owl, the screech owl,  
But O, the owl—the country owl—  
He is the bird for me!  
His screech sweet (?) the ear does greet,  
As evening shades come on;  
While school, dear to repeat,  
The mellow notes prolong;  
The wild wind's plaintive howl,  
As they sweep o'er fen and heath,  
O, the owl, the owl, the country owl—  
He is the bird for me!  
His plumage bright like a robe of light,  
Gleams in the moonlight dim;  
While he wily chants through the weary night  
On the swaying forest limb.  
Add the lonesome, responsive howl,  
Through the boughs of the forest tree,  
To the lay of the owl, the country owl—  
O, the bird of birds is he!

JOHN C. THOMAS.

## Chilling Sketch.

### A Startling Adventure.

In the summer of 1815, I was traveling on business in the western part of Tennessee. That portion of the State which lies between the Tennessee and the Mississippi was at that time a wild, dreary forest. No roads—nothing but horse-paths—through the woods; and the only marks to guide the traveler upon his journey were the "blazes" and "notches" upon the trees. I was dressed in the backwood fashion, and I rode a fiery mustang, with mane and tail as white as snow, a beautiful arched neck, and an eye like an eagle. He was a perfect beauty, and fleet as the wind. Across his back I had thrown a pair of saddle-bags, containing on one side a dozen "pones" of corn bread and a piece of bacon, and to balance them there was a "pile of rocks" in the other end in the shape of two thousand dollars in gold, which I had collected and was transporting them to a bank in Kentucky, to be disposed of for eastern exchange. Two large wooden stirrups hung dangling from my saddle, and the bolsters in front contained two beauties, in the shape of enormous pistols. Over these, to keep them dry, were the squirrel-skin covers.

I had been riding for several hours, swimming the rivers that crossed my path, sniffing in the rich perfume of the forest flowers, watching the squirrels playing about in the tree tops, and listening to the music which issued from the throats of the thousand of bright winged songsters which the woods abounded. I had not seen a solitary human being since morning, and night was rapidly approaching; indeed, it had already begun to grow dark, and I had made up my mind that I would have to "camp out" for the night. I was looking around to select some good place, when I was startled by the neighing of a horse ahead of me, and presently I saw two men approaching me on horseback. They were rough looking fellows, dressed in hunting shirts, and with squirrel-skin caps on their heads. I did not like their looks, and unheeding by them, I drew up my pistols, and cocking them, replaced them in the holsters, and casting my eye forward, I saw one of the men make a motion I did not like. I resolved that if they proved to be what I suspected, I would give them a hard fight, and die bravely. "Pshaw! what a fool I was!" thought I, as they rode up and bade me good evening. We conversed for a few minutes, when one of them said:

My youngster, what have you got in your saddle-bag that rattles so?"

"Nails," I replied.

"Nails!" said he. "Eh, Bill, let's examine the article and see!" and he caught hold of my horse by the bit.

Quick as lightning I drew my pistols, and pointing a muzzle to each of their hearts, said:

"Gentlemen make a motion to draw a weapon, and that motion suits your fate!"

They were completely taken by surprise, and wheeling their horses around, struck off into the forest. After getting a few rods off, one of them raised his fist in a threatening attitude. I drew the trigger of my right hand pistol, and the villain's arm fell upon the saddle; and uttering a yell of agony, they dashed off into the woods. I reloaded my pistols, struck my spurs into my horse's sides, and after ten miles of the fastest riding I ever experienced, I reached a log house, where I put up for the night.

Two years after the incident just noted took place, I was traveling down the Mississippi on an old fashioned boat, when my attention was attracted to an individual on board whom I thought I had met before, but where I could not tell. I was determined to follow him up, and see if I could not call to mind where we had met, and under what circumstances. At last I found an opportunity to get a look at him, as he was seated on an old barrel-head earnestly engaged in a game of "seven up." I stepped up, and looked over his shoulder, perceiving that two fingers of his right hand were missing. The game progressed, until, in an exciting moment, he arose, and shaking his fist in the face of his opponent, in answer to some remark of the latter concerning the game, exclaimed:

"I swear you tie!"

I placed my hand on his shoulder and turned him around:

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed I, "we've met before!"

Lifting his maimed hand, his face turned as white as a sheet, and, hoarse with passion, he vociferated:

"Yes, we have met before, in the woods of Tennessee, and I have sworn that you shall die! Take that!"

And the wretch attempted to draw a pistol from his coat, but the trigger caught in the ragged lining of his pocket—it went off, and he rolled over into the muddy waters of the Mississippi—a corpse!—Life in the West.

A Yankee at the west advertises that he will mend clocks, lecture on phrenology, milk cows on the halves, and go clamming at low tide. During his leisure he will have no objections to editing a paper in the bargain.

A smart, waiting woman, in giving an account of the twin children of her mistress, said, very innocently—"The dear, little things! One looks so much like both, you can't tell 't'other from which!"