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WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. B.
There's a newly made grave by the wayside,
And mourners are standing by;
For they've come to bury a loved one,
Who was called thus early to die.
Behold once again thy companion,
But know that the look is the last,
For the flower that is most loved in blossom,
Dies with the first winter's blast.
They have closed the lid of the coffin,
The mourners are turning away,
The loved one is shrouded in darkness,
And hid from the light of the day.
The spirit has flown to its maker,
The body now rests in the tomb,
The home of the lost one is lonely,
The roses have lost all their bloom.
Methinks, as I step on the threshold,
The last will greet the agent,
But vacancy meets and confronts me,
And no one pronounces my name.
Well seek not the dead with the living,
Nor need we to utter a sigh;
But yield to the will of Jehovah,
And echo the last a good-bye.

Biography.

COL. JOHN C. FREMONT.

JOHN C. FREMONT, whom the People's Convention at Philadelphia have selected to head the grand exploring expedition in search of the lost and almost forgotten landmarks of the Constitution, is still a young man. His father, who died when he was a child, was a Frenchman, his mother a Virginian. He was born at Savannah on the 21st of January, 1813, and educated at Charleston, South Carolina, where his mother, left a widow with three children, had taken up her residence. The circumstances of the family were exceedingly narrow and the childhood of Fremont was surrounded by privations and difficulties which tended to develop the heroic elements of his character.

At Charleston Fremont enjoyed the instructions of Dr. John Robertson, who in the preface to a translation of Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand, which he published in 1850, records with pride the remarkable proficiency of his pupil. In 1828 he entered the junior class of Charleston College. After leaving which he employed himself for some time as a teacher of mathematics. In 1833 he obtained that post on board the sloop-of-war Natchez, which had been sent to Charleston to put down the nullifiers (a purpose similar to that for which he is now nominated for President), and on board of her he made a cruise of two years and a half. On his return he adopted the profession of a surveyor and railroad engineer, and was employed in that capacity under Captain Williams of the Topographical Engineers in the survey of a route from Charleston to Cincinnati. When this survey was suspended, he accompanied Captain Williams in a reconnaissance of the country then occupied by the Cherokees, after which he joined M. Nicolet, a distinguished French savan in the employ of the United States, in an exploring expedition over the North-Western prairies. He was employed in this survey, in which he acted as principal assistant, during the years 1838 and 1839, and while absent upon it was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Topographical Engineers. While reducing the materials of this survey, and preparing maps and a report, he resided for some time at Washington, where he formed the acquaintance of the family of Mr. Benton, resulting in his marriage, in 1841, to one of Mr. Benton's daughters.

Shortly after—in May, 1842—he started on the first of his three great exploring expeditions. This expedition, which occupied about five months, resulted in the exploration of the famous South Pass across the Rocky Mountains, and in the ascent by Fremont and four of his men of the Wind River peak, the highest summit of the Rocky Mountain chain. The report of this exploration attracted great attention, both at home and abroad, as well for its unpretending modesty as for the importance of the information contained in it. This report was scarcely published when its author started on a second expedition designed to connect the discoveries of the first one with the surveys to be made by Commodore Wilkes of the Exploring Expedition on the Pacific Coast, and thus to embrace a connected survey of the almost unknown regions on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. The party, including thirty-nine persons, started from the village of Kansas on the 29th of May, 1843, and were employed in the exploration till August of the next year. It was this exploration that first furnished any accurate information as to the Great Salt Lake, the great interior basin of Utah, and the mountain range of the Sierra Nevada, and first brought to light, as it were, the region now constituting the Territory of Utah and the State of California.

After preparing the report of this expedition in the Spring of 1845, Fremont, now a Captain, set out on a third expedition designed to make a more particular survey of the regions which he had previously visited. It was while engaged in this expedition, and before he had received any intimation of the commencement of the war with Mexico, that, after having himself been once ordered off by the authorities, he was induced by the entreaties of the American settlers in the valley of the Sacramento, whom the Mexicans threatened to drive out of the country, to put himself at their head. Thus led, they defeated the Mexicans. Fremont put himself into communication with the naval commanders on the coast, and soon, in conjunction with Commodore Stockton, obtained complete possession of California, of which, on the 24th of August, he was appointed by Stockton Military Commander. The fighting, however, was not yet over. The Californians rose in insurrection; but the arrival of Gen. Kearney with his dragons from New-Mexico, enabled the Americans, after some hard-fought battles, to maintain themselves in possession.—Pending these operations, a commission arrived for Fremont as Lieut.-Colonel—a promotion which neither he nor his friends had solicited, but which he gladly received as a ratification on the part of the Government of his intervention, on his own responsibility, in the affairs of California.

From the moment of Kearney's arrival a dispute had sprung up between him and Commodore Stockton as to the chief command. Kearney sought to throw upon Fremont the responsibility of deciding between their respective claims. This he declined, professing his readiness, if they would agree between themselves, to obey either; but declaring his intention, till that point was set-

led, to continue to obey the commander under whom he had first placed himself, and by whom the war had been conducted. Kearney was greatly dissatisfied at this, but disembodied his resentment till they both reached Fort Leavenworth on their return home, when he arrested Fremont for disobedience of orders and brought him to trial before a court-martial.

As this Court held that Kearney was the rightful commander, they found Fremont guilty of the charges, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service. Mr. Polk, then President, signed the sentence as being technically right, but at the same time offered Fremont a new commission of the same grade as that of which he had been deprived. This Fremont refused, and returned a simple citizen to private life. Thus, discharged from the service of the Government, he undertook a fourth exploring expedition of his own, with a view to discover a passage across the Rocky Mountains southerly of the South Pass, near the head of the Arkansas, which might serve the purpose of a railroad communication with California. He started from Pueblo, on the Upper Arkansas, with thirty-three men and a hundred and thirty-three mules; but misled by his guides, all his mules and a third of his men perished in the snows and cold of the Sierra San Juan, and he himself arrived on foot at Santa Fe with the loss of everything but his life. Not, however, to be baffled, he refitted the expedition, and in a hundred days, after fresh dangers, reached the banks of the Sacramento.

In the rising State of California in which he had become one of the earliest American proprietors, by the purchase during his former visit of the since famous Mariposa grant, Mr. Fremont took a great interest. He was active in the formation of the State constitution, and in securing in that document a positive exclusion of Slavery, and was chosen one of the first Senators to represent the new State in Congress. A short term of two years fell to his lot, and, owing to the delay in the admission of the State, he sat in the Senate only one short session. On the expiration of his term the political control of the State had passed into new hands, of which a striking proof was given in the choice of John B. Weller, a decided Pro-Slavery man, as his successor in the Senate.

Mr. Fremont now devoted himself to developing the resources of his California estate, which had been discovered to be rich in gold; but, in addition to the loss of his commission, as the only reward he had realized for his services in California, he now found himself greatly annoyed by claims against him for supplies which, during his campaign in California, had been furnished to the United States on his private credit. During a visit to London he was arrested on one of these claims, and it was only after great delay that the Government of the United States was finally induced to relieve him from further annoyance by the payment of these debts. In maintaining his right to the Mariposa property, he was obliged to encounter many annoyances on the part of the Government which resisted his claim, but finally, by repeated decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, he triumphed over all of them. Having exhibited a singular force of character and a distinguished ability in every undertaking to which he has applied himself, he has now been called by the loud voice of his fellow-citizens in almost all parts of the Union to place himself at the head of a new, more difficult, but at the same time most glorious enterprise—that of rescuing the Government and the Union from the hands of a body of unprincipled politicians, who threaten to subject the country to the double misery of despotism and of anarchy. May he be as successful in this as in everything else that he has undertaken! And that he will be, who can doubt? For surely every honest man in the country will hasten to aid him with his voice and his vote.

A Shrewd Editor.

At a Welsh celebration in New York, Dr. Jones told the following amusing anecdote: "The speaker said that editors were like other shrewd men, who had to live with their eyes and ears open. He related a story of an editor who started a paper in a new village at the West. The town was infested by gamblers, whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor that if he did not come out against them they would not patronize his paper. He replied that he would give them a "smasher" next day. Sure enough, his next issue contained the promised "smasher," and on the following morning the redoubtable editor, with scissors in hand, was seated in his sanctum cutting out copy, when in walked a large man with a club in his hand, and demanded to know if the editor was in. "No sir," was the reply; "he has stepped out. Take a seat and read the papers, he will return in a minute." Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs, with his club between them, and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime the editor quietly removed down stairs, and at the landing below he met another excited man with a cudgel in his hand, who asked him if the editor was in. "Yes, sir," was the prompt response; you will find him seated up stairs reading a newspaper." The latter, on entering the room, with a furious oath commenced a violent assault upon the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued until they had both rolled to the foot of the stairs, and pounded each other to their heart's content."

Pulpernickel says that a woman's heart is the "most sweetest" thing in the world.—In fact, a perfect honeycomb—full of cells.—Bee ware.

Kentucky Riflemen.

The renown which Kentucky riflemen have obtained for precision and skill in handling the rifle, has become world wide, and excited the attention and wonder of the warriors of other nations. In battle, they have stood as cool and collected, although the first time in action, as the oldest veterans of Europe; pouring in their deadly fire with unerring aim.

"I shot that officer," exclaimed a rifleman, as he saw an officer fall at New Orleans.

"No, no—I shot him!" said his comrade at his side.

"If I shot him, I shot him in the right eye," said the first.

"And I shot him in the left," was the response.

After the battle it was found that this officer had been shot in both eyes. This unerring precision can only be obtained by long practice and thorough drilling. The first settlement of their State they were compelled to be constantly under arms, as it were, to guard against the wily Indians and escape the murderous tomahawk. As the father, so the children grew up, taught, in the earliest infancy possible, to poise the rifle and direct its aim. As ammunition was not always convenient to be had, the father would dole out to his son a certain number of cartridges for his rifle, for each one of game, or get a taste of hickory for every missing shot.

Many years ago, I was conversing with my father on the wonderful skill of the Kentuckians, when he related the following anecdote:

"I was out in the wilds of Kentucky, some years before the war, on a surveying expedition, and had an opportunity of studying the character of the earlier settlers for a considerable length of time. It became necessary for me to stop a few days at log tavern, and to while away the time I took my trusty rifle and explored the woods for game, of which there was an abundance.—The landlord had a fine little son, about ten years of age, who accompanied me with his rifle, and always had extremely good luck.—On one occasion the fates seemed to be adverse to him; for, perceiving a squirrel on a very high branch of a tree, he up with his rifle, bleated away, and down came the squirrel. The look of dismay with which he viewed his game I shall never forget. Dropping the butt of his rifle on the ground, he burst into tears. In the utmost confusion I inquired what the matter was. He answered:

"Daddy'll lick me!"

"Lick you! What for?"

"Because I didn't hit him in the head."

I soothed him all I could, but the day's pleasure was over. On returning to the tavern I interceded for him all in my power to save him from the hickory, but it was of no use; the application must be made, if only for example.

"No, no, stranger; if I let him off I break a standing rule of our State. I was never let off, and what was good for me is good for him. He must shoot right or put up with what he gets."

The hickory was applied, but no bones were broken.

Such training as that, which was universal in those parts, tells the secret of Kentucky rifle shooting.

The Factory Girls and Bully Brooks.

The factory girls of Lowell have given expression to their feelings upon the late Summer outrage, by sending P. S. Brooks thirty pieces of silver (3 cents pieces) a rope and a winding sheet, with the following letter expressing their sentiments:

Mr. B.—Sir: Perceiving by the public prints that your friends are giving expression to their sentiments towards you by rich tokens of esteem, we too, the factory girls of Lowell termed by Southerners "Northern Slaves," yet who are not such abject slaves as not to understand—to appreciate—to detest—to abhor, with all the sympathy, humanity, and dignity of woman, and as the free daughters of New England, your late base, "murderous, brutal, cowardly" attack upon one of New England's sons and nobleman, Massachusetts' Senator—Sumner, the champion of freedom for those who now wear Southern fetters, and the watchman and guardian of the rights of the Northern laborer, lest those same fetters be fastened upon our feet, and the slave's manacles encircle our wrists, and the dark pall of slavery be drawn over our minds.

Such a man we honor, and he who has no arguments to use but the cudgel—no sense of honor but the duelist's—no innate sense of truth, right, and justice, but the betrayer's, certainly deserves the fate of Judas, and we wish to aid him in obtaining it; we therefore send you thirty pieces of silver, a good new rope, and cloth of our own manufacture for a winding sheet, begging you to accept them, and as soon as possible follow your illustrious predecessor, Judas, and know well who you do it, that a whole army of true women, here, are spinning the threads and watching the flying shuttles that shall ere long, as we trust, weave the web of Freedom, long and wide enough for the winding sheet of that atrocious system, American Slavery.

FACTORY GIRLS.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee wrote a letter to the President of the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati, demanding the expulsion of the murderer Herbert of California, who is one of the delegates. No notice was taken of it.

The Shetland Pony.

Egypt was the original country for horses, but as they are now found in all parts of the world, they differ greatly, each kind of horse being adapted to the climate and productions of the country he inhabits. The Shetland pony is just the animal required in Scotland, the Shetland Islands, from which its name is derived, and Granada. Its diminutive size suits the scanty vegetation of these countries, which would not support large animals; but if they were as feeble as they are small, they would be of little service. They, however, possess immense strength in proportion to their size, and are so tough and healthy that they can live among the mountains through the long winters, and survive to a great age, even fifty or sixty years.

In Scotland they are called Shelties, and as they have to take care of themselves, they run almost wild upon the mountains, and will climb up steep places, standing with ease on the very edge of the most frightful precipices. On the Sabbath they are always wanted to carry the families to church, and they must be caught on Saturday. The rogues know how to make this a difficult task. It is a pleasing sight on Sunday morning, to see one or two women mounted upon one of these ponies, covering him so completely with their large dresses, that nothing can be seen of the pony but its droll little head.

A middle sized man must ride with his knees raised to the animals' shoulder to prevent his toes from touching the ground. It is surprising to see with what speed they will carry a heavy man over broken and zig-zag roads in their native mountains.

A gentleman, some time ago, was presented with one of these handsome little animals, which was no less docile than elegant, and measured only seven hands, or twenty-eight inches in height. He was anxious to convey him to his present home as speedily as possible, but, being at a considerable distance and to a low how to do so most easily. The friend said, "can you not carry him in your chaise?" He made the experiment and the Sheltie was lifted into it, covered up with the apron, and some bits of bread given to keep him quiet. He lay peacefully till he reached his destination thus, exhibiting the novel spectacle of a horse riding in a gig.

A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, (England), playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a little pony, which had long been kept in the family, plunged into the stream and brought the child safely ashore, without the slightest injury.

A farmer in Canada had a large number of ponies, and among them a very handsome and playful one, which was a great favorite with a little boy about ten years of age, the only child of the farmer. One day the boy was sent several miles on an errand for some money, with a warning to return before night, as the county was infested with robbers. His visit was so delightful that he forgot the command of his parents, and did not mount his pony to return until it was quite dark. His road lay through a thick forest, and it was not long before a highwayman attacked and dragged him from his horse, which ran swiftly homeward. Meantime, his terrified parents sat trembling by their fire-side, awaiting their boy's return. They were just preparing to go in search of him, when they heard the clattering of hoofs and soon after a loud kicking and pawing at the door. On opening it, they saw the pony in a state of great excitement, with his saddle and bridle dangling about him. He ran from them a short distance, then frisked about, and seizing the father's coat in his teeth, pulled him along. The agonized parents followed the animal, who ran ahead, constantly neighing to urge them onward.—After travelling many miles through the woods, they came to the place where the boy had been robbed, and found him tied to a tree, stripped of his money and clothes, and half dead with fear and cold. He was placed on the pony's back who proudly bore him home, and was ever after treated as a true friend by the boy whose life he had saved.

We have somewhere read a curious story of a farmer who was in the habit of riding a little "Sheltie" to an ale-house, some miles distant, where he squandered his hard earnings in drinking, and generally became so intoxicated that he could hardly mount his horse. But the animal knew his master's failing, and usually succeeded in bringing him safe to his horse. But, one night, the man was so drunk that he rolled off into the mud when about half way home. The fall cut his head severely, and he lay with his foot in the stirrup, so that the poor horse could not move without treading on him.—After standing patiently for some time, he became vexed with his beastly master, and, turning his head, gave him a hearty shaking. This roused the man from his stupor; but his hurt was so severe that he could not rise—though he tried to do so—till the horse took hold of his collar, and raised his head nearly to the saddle, when he contrived to crawl upon his back and was carried carefully home.

"How could you be so imprudent a thing?" said a curate to a very poor Taffy; "what reason could you have for marrying a girl as completely steeped in poverty as yourself, and both without the slightest provision?" "Why sir," replied the Benedict, "we had a very good reason; we had a blanket apiece; and as the cold winter weather was coming on, we thought that putting them together would be warmer."

Now, I believe I love this Union that was established by our fathers in the days that tried men's souls, as well as any of the cotton headed democracy; but rather than see slavery extended everywhere the Stars and Stripes may chance to float in the present and future—rather than see time-honored compromises broken up at the demand of the

Communications.

"We'll Dissolve the Union."

MR. EDITOR: The above declaration was made by a Buchanan man a few days since, with whom I had a conversation upon the political affairs of the day, and a few thoughts were stirred by this stereotyped motto of the Union saving democracy. He had been dwelling long and loud upon the noble principles of the glorious old democratic party—that it was the only national organization—that its success alone could preserve the Union, and that the election of the Republican candidate would be equivalent to a "dissolution of this glorious confederacy." The South with her doughface allies will break in pieces this Model Republic unless Jimmy Buchanan can be our next President.

I have heard this threat so often that the question has occurred to me: Will the South be benefited by the much talked of secession? Which portion of the Union would be the greater loser by the operation? Is there any danger of the Slave oligarchy putting its favorite threat into execution? In my opinion there is not the least possible danger of the Black Power seceding. Suppose the Union is dissolved and Mason & Dixon's line becomes the boundary between the North and South. To day every northern freeman is made a slave catcher by the fugitive slave law. Every citizen of the free states is bound by that hell black enactment to pursue the panting fugitive longing for the free and God given air of liberty, and unless he obeys the order of the slaveholder, he is immediately fined and imprisoned by the accommodating Marshal, and his refusal would be declared a treasonable act by every Border Ruffian press, both north and south.

This odious law is one of the favorite planks in the platform of the Buchanan Democracy. They think it a great honor to help their southern brethren catch the fleeing bondman. They esteem it an especial privilege to help send back one of their fellow men into the most abject slavery, there forever to drag the galling and degrading chain of oppression. But suppose they "dissolve the Union" what becomes of the fugitive slave law? Who will help them catch their runaway niggers? Most certainly, that nice little job will fall on themselves. If this Union passes away, so must this detestable law, and the breaking up of this confederacy would be the death blow to slavery.

Instead of escaping to the far off Canadas the slave would only have to cross Mason & Dixon's line and the shackles would fall powerless from his limbs, and the iron grasp of the dealer in human souls would forever cease. The south would then have no overflowing treasury to resort to that had been filled by the enterprising and industrious north. Tens of thousands of dollars are annually expended for the recapture of the fugitives. The cost is not counted, so that the gentlemanly slave oligarchy is kept in good humor. Glaring handbills are scattered throughout the entire length and breadth of the land, and every citizen is ordered to help one of the national democrats to catch his "runaway cattle," but if a northern appropriation is asked it stirs up the whole southern menagerie and meets with a flat refusal.

Yes, let them "dissolve the Union" and instead of Senator Toombs calling the roll of his slaves from Bunker Hill monument as he vauntingly boasted he would do, he will find in that act the first blow to the abolition of his pet institution. Perhaps if they "dissolve the Union" they will be obliged to pay their own postage, but it is a thing they have never done yet.

It is a notorious fact that the slave States have always been a clog to the free ones, and they have never sustained themselves except at the expense of the north. If the grand old democratic party is only accommodating enough to "dissolve the Union" it will be a great relief to the free north, whose resources have always been expended to nourish and protect slavery. Millions upon millions have been expended to purchase slave territory—we have involved ourselves in foreign war and the best blood of the north has flowed freely at the demand of slavery, and if a homestead bill is presented, calculating to protect the honest laborer from the wiles of the speculator, it is only to be kicked out of Congress by a "virtuous and indignant south." A southern statesman once remarked that "the south could never survive disunion" and he spoke the truth. They cannot take care of their own "cattle" let alone contending with the mighty free States for the overthrow of the principles of "LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" as enunciated by the Declaration of Independence. The south will be the last to "dissolve the Union"—the threat is only used to force the unresisting into quiet submission. Political capital is all they expect to make out of it. We have heard this threat so long and so often that it ought not to frighten old women. They told us if they would "dissolve the Union," but he was elected nevertheless and as usual they forgot to put their threat into execution. Now they tell us, that if we do not let them have a doughface administration for the next four years they will "dissolve the Union" without fail, but who believes them? Their greatest fear is that the fat offices of the federal government will pass from them into abler and better hands.

Now, I believe I love this Union that was established by our fathers in the days that tried men's souls, as well as any of the cotton headed democracy; but rather than see slavery extended everywhere the Stars and Stripes may chance to float in the present and future—rather than see time-honored compromises broken up at the demand of the

great southern Moloch—rather than see Kansas and Nebraska and all our public domain handed over to the wretched grasp of human slavery—rather than see liberty-loving men shot down in cold blood merely for holding freedom better than oppression—rather than see our free press muzzled and the freedom of debate destroyed, I say let them "dissolve the Union" and after it is broken in pieces I may possibly obtain a fragment of free soil not contaminated with the pestiferous breath of the slaveholder—where I will not be obliged to do the bidding of the Black Power and send back those that have souls that will run parallel to my own, into all the horrors of the foulest and blackest slavery. If they are bound to "dissolve the Union," if we object to the absorption of all our free domain by the peculiar institution, I for one, am willing. Let them make the attempt if they dare, but they should be careful lest the fearful consequences they intend for us don't fall on their own devoted heads.

So, Mr. Doughface, "dissolve the Union," if you wish, but rest assured the Republicans will do their best to elect a President that will prove true to the great and good of human freedom; the whines of the Buchananites to the contrary notwithstanding.

Yours &c., FRANK.

A Yankee Farmer's "Sell."

Some waggish collegians, not far from the "City of Notions," were regaling themselves one evening, at a house where they were accustomed to meet for a frolic, when an old farmer entered and inquired if he could obtain lodging. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests, but quietly taking off his hat, and telling a worthless little dog he had with him, to lie under his chair, he took a glass of proffered beverage.

The students inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected sympathy, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes regarding his farm, stock, &c.

Do you belong to the church? asked one of the wags.

Well, I don't belong to nothing else, except Betsy, said the farmer.

I suppose you would not tell a lie, said the student.

Not for the price of that air cur an' Betsy's wedding gown an all the fixins belonging to it, to boot, said the farmer.

Now, what will you take for that dog? pointing to the farmer's cur, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

I won't take twenty dollars for that dog.

Twenty dollars! why he is not worth twenty cents.

He's worth twenty dollars to me. He perfects the house, and keeps the playguy Shanghai from roosting on Betsy's clothes line.

Come, my friend, said the student, who, with his companions was bent on having some capful fun with the old man, now you say you won't tell a lie—let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog.

You will not! Here, let me see if this won't tempt you to lie, added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he commenced counting in numerous small piles upon the table. The farmer was sitting near, with his hat between his knees, apparently unconcerned.

There, added the student, there are twenty dollars all in silver; I will give you that for your dog.

The old farmer quickly raised his hat to the table, and then, as quick as thought scraped all the money into it except one half dollar and then exclaimed:

I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth—considerin' he's got one broken leg from Betsy's brum-stick—he's your property.

A tremendous laugh from his fellow students showed the would-be wag that he was sold, and that he need not look for help from that quarter; so he good-naturedly acknowledged the beat. The student retained his dog, which he keeps as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he tries to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

A DISSERTATION ON "HOOPS."—The spicy Boston correspondent of the Pawtucket Gazette, whose letters are always sparkling and readable, thus "lets himself out" on the subject of hoops in ladies dresses:

"And, talking of the ladies, they are positively getting bigger and bigger. The petticoat mania rages fearfully. They fill up the sidewalks, and as they brush by you, you feel bones—whalebones, I mean, for there are no others within half a mile of you. What a dreadful reversal of the order of nature is all this. I do not object to plumpness and rotundity in the proper places, but what sense is there in being so tremendously orbicular about the feet? Between you and me, Mrs. P. T. has fallen into the fashion, and maugre my remonstrances, has purchased one of the most monstrous of these inventions. I examined it with much awe, the other night, after she had gone to bed. O, Roberto, it "is fearfully and wonderfully made." It is an institution. In size it is like a small country law office. I think it must have been raised like a barn. It is latched and corded and stiffened with the utmost ingenuity. When she has it on, my "guide wife" is like Hamlet's father, clad in complete steel." She is just as safe as if she were in a convent. She is entirely shut out from this vain world. The question of beauty is another matter."

A MAN in Wisconsin, who recently inserted a long advertisement in the papers offering his farm for sale, closed in the following sublimely ridiculous style:—"The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of nature ever made. The scenery is celestial, divine; also two wagons to sell and a yoke of steers."

THE following reply to that everlasting inquiry, "How do you do?" was made by an original the other day. "Rather slim, thank you. I've got the rheumatism in one leg, and white swellin' on 't'other knee, besides having a leetle-touch of the influenza—and ain't very well myself, neither!"