LINES TO THE REV. MR. -COMPOSED IN SERMON TIME. Oft beneath thy gentle preaching,
Visions from the dreamland come,
Of pardoned sinners touched and weeping, Of saints no longer deaf and dumb. My own many sins confound me. I begin to fear and quake: But the sinners, sleeping round me, Shore so loud that I awake! Thou art not a son of thunder, But thou bringest rest to all; Soon again I sink in slumber— Fainter still thy accents fall. To the weary, heavy-laden, Fall thy words like drops of balm— Sleepy youth and nodding maiden Bless thy accents soft and calm.

For the Agilator.

Behold the man whose thoughts and wishes Are bounded by the loaves and fishes. Who walks with cringing aspect-bent On office and the spoils intent
Only to please the powers that be By cringing base servility— Daring to speak no noble thought. Whose soul is worth his service bought. Aud whose best deed is but to wear His spaniel's collar, with an air That seems to say its present owner is the brands soaked incumbent of the presidential chair. G. W. S.

Thrilling Sketch.

HOW FREMONT RAN IN '47.

From The Evening Post.

[The following sketch is from the pen of one of the many who were fascinated by the brilliant and dashing career of Coi. French as the deliverer of California, and who became acquainted with the incidents he describes upon the spot, and from the lips of parties who witnessed them. They show that Franch many made "a good run" once, and will go far to satisfy those who are open to conviction that he can do it again.

FREMONT: OR. THE RIDE OF ONE HUNDRED.

In the early part of the year 1847 business called me to Alta California. Having been long a resident on the Pacific coast, and being familiar with the language and customs of the people, I was selected to effect a large contract of hides for one of our eastern firms, the trade being nearly paralyzed at the time by the war then in progress between our country and Mexico; where a handful of noble men were accomplishing deeds which have given them a place in history by the side of Leonidas and his braves. The Calitornias had become to us a desideratum; although their mineral wealth still slumbered, waiting for that enchanter of modern days, Yankee enterprise, their splendid harbors, the contiguity of our possessions in Oregon, and the facilities for trade with China, were a sufficient incentive. Commodore Stockton had hurried up from Callao in the frigate Congress and General Kearney had crossed the plains from the Missouri River, with a torce of armed hunters, for the purpose of taking the country and holding it as a gage for a satisfactory treaty

The native Californians, who had long grouned beneath the imposts of a distant Government and venial Governors, had themselves invited our overtures; but a few of their leaders, with a deadly hatred toward the Yankees, and hope of personal reward from Mexico, were assiduously endeavoring to stir the people up to a revolu-in many cases with too great success. Manuel Castro, a wealthy and influential ranchero, noted for his determined opposition to all change, and enmity to the "Gringos," had arranged for an attack on the Pueblo los Angelos, the headquarters of Kearney, held by a small force of marines and volunteers. His agents were in all parts of the country, inflaming the inhabitants and urging them to join him. By some means his plan leaked ou...

I was at this time at the ranch of my old friend, General Martinez Vallejo, on the Sonoma Creek; my companion was Capt. D ---, who has since espoused one of our host's daughters. Vallejo was one of the largest landholders in California, owning some sixty cattle and several hundred horses, cattle and horses at that time being a man's available wealth. He had been formerly Military Governor of the country, and was considered fair spoil by our people, though in justice I must state that he was kindly disposed toward the Americans. The house was a substantial edifice of two stories, surrounded by a corrall, with a stout gateway, the household consisted of some twenty persons.

We had all retired to rest, and were wrapped in slumber, when the loud barking of dogs and hallooing of men aroused us suddenly from our dreams. Expecting an attack from the bear party (a band of lawless desperadoes who infest the country), all rushed to the court-yard, armed as well as the time permitted, and in costumes the most picturesque, as primitiveness is usually considered so. The General, sabre in hand, came last : he challenged the intruders with:

" Quien es la?" (Who is there). " Americanos e amigos, abra la puerta"

(Americans and friends, open the gate), was the response, a blow accompanying the words that made the floor shake again.

The demand was perforce complied with : and a band of some fifty men were presented to our view, mounted and arrayed as trappers and hunters, and armed to the teeth. Foremost among them, on a black mustang, was a small, sinewy, dark man, evidently their leader, with "an eye like Mars to threaten and command," a countenance expressive of the greatest determination, and a bearing that, notwithstanding his rough dress, stamped him as one born to command—to lead.

This was Fremont. "I am an officer of the United States." eaid he; "I am on my way to Los Angelos; I must have horses "

"But-" said Vallejo.

"I said. Sir, I must have them; you will be recompensed by my Government. I order vou, Sir, to deliver to my men what horses you may have in corral.

Pinding remonstrance would be of no avail with such a man, Vallejo called his vaqueros and gave the requisite directions. In the meanwhile my friend D- made himself known to Fremont, having met him in Wash-

"I have information of Castro's intention to attack Los Angelos. I have six days to reach there before the outbreak, for that I need these horses; for I must be in at the

"But the distance; six hundred miles," said D____ The roads___

"I shall do it," he replied, and turned away to supervise his arrangements. In half an hour they departed as uncere-

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WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1856. VOL. 2.

NO. 50.

yet awake, or wether it was an unsubstantial

" Los diablos," exclaimed the General, they have even taken my wife's saddlehorse!" so thoroughly had Fremont's lieutenant executed his order.

From Sonoma to Yerba Buena, the little hamlet where now stands the queen city of the Pacific, San Francisco, he augmented his stock to the number of fifteen hundred, completely clearing the country; and then commenced one of the most peculiar races for a fight ever probably known. Barely pulling bridle to devour a steak cut from the quarter of a scarce dead bullock, driving before them their spare horses-on, on they went. The roads, at all times bad, at this season were horrible-fifty miles being a hard day's journey even for a Californian.

As their exhausted beasts dropped under them they tore off the saddles, and, placing them on others, hurried on, leaving the poor animals to be devoured by the cayotes, or recover, as chance might bring about. Ever at the head, the last to dismount, and the first to leap into the saddle was this mountaineer, this companion of Kit Carson! this pioneer of empire! Fremont! Rarely speaking but to urge on his men, or to question some passing native, taking the smallest modicum of refreshment, and watching while others snatched a moment's repose, was he wrapped up in his project and determined to have some of the fight.

Through San Pablo, and Monterey, and Josepha they dashed like the phantom riders of the Hartz Mountains, startling the inhabitants, and making the night-watcher cross himself in terror as their band flew on. The River Sacrificios was reached; swollen by the rains, it rolled on, a rapid, muddy stream; his men paused,

" Forward, forward!" cried he, and dashed in himself; the struggle was a fierce one, but his gallant mustang breasts the current, and he reaches the opposite shore in safety; his men after a time join him, two brave fel lows finding a watery grave, and many horses being carried down the stream; but nothing can now stop him-the hights adjacent to the Puebla appear-now a smile might be seen on the implacable visage of the leader

-'tis the sixth day, and the goal is won! With ninety men on the last of his caravan of horses, he fell like a thunderbolt on the rear of the Mexicans. The day was with them; the little band of stout hearts guarding the presidio, taken by surprise, and not having the advantage of the Mexicans in regard to horses, were beginning to waver. But cheer up, cheer again-succor is at hand. On come those riders of Fremont-nothing can withstand their shock. With shouts of triumph they change the battle to a rout .-The field is won!

The rout was a complete one; and had not Fremont's men been utterly exhausted, none would have escaped. So ended the Ride of the One Hundred.

I would state that the Government, with square miles, with forty thousand head of their usual speed in such matters, passed an appropriation to satisfy General Vallejo and others for their losses, six years after. This put a virtual end to the war, for though

they again made a stand at the San Pascal, headed by Pico, still they were dispirited, and Gen. Kearney with his mounted men defeated them with great loss. The governorship of the country being decided, which had long been a soruce of trouble between Kearney, Stockton and Mason, affairs became more settled, and the American force, now largely augmented, was placed on such a footing as to soon "crush the head of rank rebellion," and Pico and Castro fled to the lower country, to fight for a time longer against inevitable fate.

Going to Bed.

Going to bed we have always considered one of the most sober, serious and solemn operations which a man can be engaged in during the whole twenty-four hours. With a young lady it is altogether a different thing. When bedtime arrives, she trips up stairs with a candle in her hand, and-if she had pleasant company during the evening—with some agreeable ideas in her head. The candle on the toilette, and her luxuriant hair is speedily emancipated from the thraldom of combs and pins. If she usually wears water curls, or uses the "iron," her hair is brushed carefully from her forehead and the whole mass compactly secured; if not, why then her levely tresses are soon hid in innumerable bits of paper. This task accomplished, a nightcap appears, perhaps edged with plain muslin, or perhaps with heavy lace, which hides all, save her own sweet countenance. As soon as she ties the string, probably she takes a peep in the glass, and half blushes at what she sees. The light is out-her fair delicate form gently presses the couch—and like a dear, innocent, lovely creature, as she is, she falls gently into a sleep, with a sweet smile on her still sweeter face. A man, of course, under the same circumstances acts quite differently. Every movement in his chamber indicates the coarse, rough mould of his sullen nature. When all is ready, he snuffs out the candle with his fingers, like a cannibal, and then jumps into the bed like a savage. For a few moments he thinks of all the peccadilloes he may have committed during the day-vows a vow to amend soon, groans, turns over, stretches himself, and then all is silent, save the heavy groans of the slumberer.

The Locofoco papers are calling on the people to kindle "the watch fires of Democracy." Jones & Co. commenced the work moniously as they came, taking with them at Lawrence. Hotels, printing offices and some three hundred horses, and leaving us private dwellings furnished the fuel.

It is not certainly known when gunpowder was invented. The Chinese, and other nations of the East, among whom most of the arts originated, were probably acquainted with its properties long before they were known in Europe. Bartholdus Schwartz is generally thought to have discovered the secret of its manufacture and introduced it throughout Europe, in about the year 1320. The honor of the invention is also attributed by some to a monk named Constantine Anelzen, and by others to Roger Bacon. The explosive forces of this simple combustion of nitre, sulphur and charcoal, once being understood, it was soon applied to the purposes of war, and we hear of cannon having been used by the Moors as early as the year 1342, at the siege of Algesiras, and also by the English in 1346, at the battle of Cressy.

The first experiment in the manufacture of cannon naturally resulted in the production of awkward and unwieldy instruments. They were of enormous size, often throwing balls of one hundred pounds weight, and could only be dragged before the walls of a besieged town at a very great expense of money and labor. After awhile some fertile imagination conceived the idea of lessening the bulk of this wonderful engine, so as to apply it as a weapon for the hand; and in 1364 five hundred small barrels, of a span only in length, were manufactured in an Italian town .-These were found to be inconvenient, however, and soon the barrels were lengthened, and the old fashioned arquebus began to be used throughout Europe, and substituted for the crossbow, which until then had maintained an unquestionable superiority. The arquebus was at first short, thick, and very heavy, carrying a four ounce ball, and fired by a match in the hand. In the fifteenth century a cock or dragon was attached to the right side of the barrel, between the lips of which the burning match was fixed, and by means of a trigger and spring pressed upon the priming. The operation of loading and firing with so heavy an instrument was necessarily very slow, notwithstanding each arque-buser was attended by a shield bearer, behind whose shield he took shelter during

Towards the latter part of the fifteenth century, the cavalry were gradually provided with firearms, the French being among the first to introduce mounted marksmen, armed with pieces two and a half feet long. Firearms had by this time come to be regarded as a most terrible weapon, and much attention was devoted to the subject of improving them. In 1517 the wheel-lock was invented by a mechanic of Nuremburg. This was a simple contrivance, consisting of a small sharply notched wheel of steel, projecting upwards through the pan, and cocked by means of a strong spring. The pan being filled with priming powder, and the cock furnished with a piece of brimstone, being let down upon the wleel, the pulling of the trigger would cause the wheel to revolve rapidly several times, producing sparks from the brimstone alone made use of these wheel locks, and the infantry of all the European powers remained armed with the match-locks up to the middle

of the seventeenth century.
In the sixteenth century the bore of the arquebus was diminished from that of a four ounce ball to that of a two ounce ball, and ounce ball to that of a two ounce ball, and then was introduced into use the double arqueface, feverish breath, and watery eyes, but bus, whose barrel was four feet long and carried an eight ounce ball. This of course, was fired with a rest. There was also used by soldiers, a musketoon, with a barrel one foot and a half long, having a calibre of two inches, and designed to carry twelve or fifteen small bullets. Target shooting was generally practiced in this century. At about this time was also introduced the musket proper, whose barrel was considerably longer than that of the arquebus, and threw a ball of four ounces. This weapon was fired from a rest, and was first used, with deadly effect, in the armies of Charles the Fifth of Spain.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, the arquebus had entirely disappeared, and the troops of the various European companies were divided into musketeers and pikemen. Carbines, also, three and a half feet long, were introduced among the cavalry, and each rider provided with two pistols. The carbineer loaded his piece with prepared wooden cartridges.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, it was found that the calibre of the pieces might be reduced without diminishing their utility, and the French accordingly set the fashion of carrying muskets carrying as many as fourteen bullets to the pound. This century was noted for many great improvements in fire-arms and other weapons of war. The most important of these changes was the substitution of the flint lock for the wheel and match locks. By the year 1670 the match locks were entirely out of use. About this time, too, the bayonet was introduced. consisting of a two-edged blade twelve inches long by one in width, fitted like a plug into the barrel of the musket, by means of a wooden handle. This method of fastening the bayonet to the gun was very inconvenient, inasmuch as it was necessary, to remove the blade at each discharge of the piece. The invention of the screw to the bayonet, however, in 1678, by which its advantages could be retained even while firing, decided all minds in its favor, but it was not generally adopted until a much later period of the century. It is said that the Swedes were the first who fired with bayonets fixed.

In the commencement of the eighteenth being rammed into the barrel would itself breeze. Buff. Express,

astonished at this raid, to wonder if we were A Glance at the History of Firearms. Frime the piece, and thus increase the speed of loading. At this period also, the grooved or rifle barrel began to come generally into

> In 1807 two explosive mediums were discovered, the one being chlorate of potash, and the other detonating quicksilver. For-syth took advantage of these discoveries, and obtained in England a patent for percussion file-locks, by which he produced the ignition offlittle detonating balls, composed of potash, bimistone and lycopodium, by means of a smart stroke from a hammer. The percussion lock, however, owing to its somewhat complicated structure and to the too great affinity of the chlorate to damp, proved incapable of appliance to the arms of war until the invention of the percussion cap, in 1818 by Debboubert. The cap, at first used, was a somewhat clumsy and awkward instrument. Many years elapsed before it acquired its present neat and convenient shape, and it was nd until after 1840 that they were introdu-

cel generally among European troops,
Of late years much more attention has been detoted to the subject of fire-arms than ever before. The result is visible in the compact and elegant fowling pieces, rifles and revolving pieces which are displayed in our shop windows, as well as in the many marvellous engines of destruction which have been bro't into use since the commencement of the present European war. It is to be hoped that as nan's knowledge and skill in the manufacture of deadly weapons becomes more perfect, our necessity for their use as an offensive weapon will grow less and less,-Boston Journal.

From Life Illustrated Topsy on bringing up Children. [Mothers, hear our earnest friend Topsy,

for a moment, on a subject which is much more important than it is hackneyed.] "Train up a child in the way he should

go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."-Of many wise sayings of modern philosophers, we have none wiser than thisand it would be well if some of the parents of the present day would read it again.

Compare the present generation of young wives and mothers, to those who lived in the days of our grandmothers! Then, as I am told women were rosy cheeked at thirty, quite handsome at forty, endurable at fifty, even. A mtural waist and good health were not considered so unfashionable as to be classed among the deformities of nature. Then a mather or two or three children had physical health, and moral courage enough to rise at sunshine, prepare the breakfast for the family, and superintend her domestic concerns personally. Now things are done by proxy or steam. The mother, pale and faded as a rose leaf in September, can scarcely master energy erough to rise from her downy couch and pull at the silken tassel. With the assistance of a servant she is, after much fatigue, encased in a morning wrapper and slippers, and comes languidly to the breakfast-table to sip hot coffee and fret at Bridget because it is muddy. To wish serious blessings on the bead of the baker because his rolls are not quite up to what her dyspeptic idea of hot rolls ought to be. The breakfast finished, and the last new novel looked over the nurse B summoned with the youngest child which is examined-I mean its dress-to see if it vill do if callers happen to wish for a peep the mother does not notice anything unusual, only that bub is so cross that nurse must carry him away, which she does, and finding her own nerves tired with the peevishness, gives him a dose of "Godfrey's Cordial, and the child sleeps. Next day no better !-Doctor, no better, doctor again, lung fever, croup, and finally dropsy on the brain, and the little cherub dies of a mysterious dispensation of Providence. Mothers, train up your daughters to take care of their own health and the health of their children. Energy woman ought to know, the moment her eve looks upon a babe, whether it is sick or well 'tis a part of her province to take care of. nurse and doctor babies. But wealth, fashion, display and a false gentility has murdered many a fair babe, has deprived it of its natural, life-sustaining nutriment, or converted that nutriment into poison. Not till mothers cease to be ashamed to nurse and assist in taking care of their own children can we expect healthy people, or a generation of children trained up in the way they should go. Torsy.

HOW BUCHANAN LEFT THE HOUSE. -- A venerable citizen of Washington (Mr. A) related to us on yesterday the following incident in Mr. Buchanah's career. Mr. A. in the vear 1813, was the head of a gang of shipcarpenters who went from Kensington, near Philadelphia, to Erie, for the purpose of building Commodore Perry's fleet. On their way to Erie, they passed through Harrisburg, where the Pennsylvania Legislature was then in session, of which body James Buchanan was a member. The Legislature invited the carpenters to attend its session, and received them standing. But James Buchanan was so bitterly opposed to the war that he refused to participate in this mark of respect to those patriotic mechanics, and left the House in disgust .- Wash. Organ.

THE FIRST VOTE OF THE CAMPAIGN .-We learn from an old Democrat, himself a passenger, that on the down trip of the steamer Queen of the West, Saturday morning, a vote for President was taken in the saloon, which resulted as follows: For Fremont, century, Gottfried Hansch, of Nuremburg, introduced the method of making the touch. This is one of the straws of the campaign holes funnel shaped, so that the powder upon which indicate the course of the political

The following humorous and eccentric letter has been received in reference to St Marys and lands in Elk county:

Manheim, Lancaster Co., Pa. Messrs Editors :- There has been much excitement and inquiry in our neighborhood as to the lands of the "Ridgeway Company" located in Elk county, Pa.

Advertisement seem to have gone abroad in every direction, where John Gutemburg's ointment is used, and even within the quiet printer's ink has held up to view the wouder ful attractions and belongings of these Western Pennsylvania Lands. A farm and a home seeming almost to be within my very reach, and at a price too, so comfortably moderate, that I dropped from my grasp the Evening Star, in which was detailed the advertisement, and began to reflect. Action prompted me at once to prepare for a trip to Elk, and the next day, with carpet bag in hand, and determination in heart, I embarked upon the excursion. By railroad I set out for Tyrone City, in Blair county, at which place I found an excellent team belonging to the company in waiting, and ready for a start to St. Marys. Young Mr. Schultz, under whose supervision and Jehuship this department seemed to be, I discovered was an excellent companion, but off we must go, so hurrah! boys-"get away dobbins from before trees and maple sugar.

During the whole of this trip I observed no roughness in the roads, nor had I any occasion to regret my hurried exodous to the settlement, now for the first time looming upon our sight. This must be attributable to the entertaining conversation of our whip, who every now and then would cheer us with a lively joke or story, for in truth let me say it-the roads were of the roughest kind, jolting one's poor bones most terriffically .-Christopher Columbus and Andrew Jackson! what was my amazement when I began to behold more clearly the tidy and thrifty habitations of St. Marys, in all its virgin purity of whitewash and humility. What, during the whole ride from Clearfield had I seen to compare at all with this? Around and about everything gave indications of neatness and hospitality-and, as the Queen of Sheba once said to Mr. Solomon several years ago -that even the half had not been told of his kingdom, so the moiety had not been written, of the glory of this place. Although now only, as it were, on the threshold of the property owned by the Ridgeway company, my

expectations seemed to be fully realized. Many of my friends endeavored to dissuade me from going upon the trip, and condemned the whole thing as a humbug; but in spite of all opposition or obstacle I went, and now I can snap my fingers and whistle at them, or | their want of faith, and leave the old fogies to take care of themselves as best they can. "My heart is in the Highlands." Here will I pitch my tent, and chase the wild deer of Elk county. Crocket was correct, "be always sure your right," then act with that persistency which belongs so exclusively to the Ame ican character, "Go ahead."

We have all just alighted from our conveyance, and are in the good keeping of the worthy and industrious proprietor of the Washington Hotel, St. Marys. But hark! berth. Just as he was dragging aside the the dinner-bell-how delightful to the keen

Much disturbed by hungry pheelinks, Dreaming now of apple-dumplings, Of the smoking venison haunches, In the land of the Benzingers. Very pleasant was the dinner, Like the starlight or the moonlight, Or a gleam of early sunshine— In the land of the Benzingers. Go not southward, go not eastward, Longing, lingering, hoping, fearing, But come Northwest, for we know now, Of the land of the Benzingers.

But enough of these false measures. Let me say that we have dined. And such a repast as rarely falls to my lot to partake of .-At the thought of such an entertainment. your city gourmand would dance in a paroxysm of delight. Such excellent fare and belongings are rarely dished except in these regions. What Snubbins or Gubbins may say to the contrary notwithstanding.

Bless me, what a healthful look every man seems to have that you meet here. They are so robustuous, that dang me if I don't believe they have got the constitution of the United States, and the women too, bless them. I never believed that diseases were contagious, until I sat alongside one of these Elk County blue-eyed damsels, and caught the palpitation of the heart. This trouble, I believe, belongs to every clime, common in all regions, high land or low land, and I yielded to its soft influences with a becomingness quite praiseworthy.

The Elk girls may not, perhaps, be as rich in those shining qualities which grace your tate! city belles. They may never have heard of Phidias, or his statue of Jupiter; the beautiful Helen and the Trojan war, or Cape May, but they do know all about the useful, such as knitting, churning, mending, brewing and baking, and all other necessary accompaniments to comfort and enjoyment, and even in that accomplishment of music which is so much the pride and boast of interested mammas, put many of the city girls to the blush.

Let me say to my friends, that in addition to a glorious rich soil, with its wealth of timber and minerals, and a home, there is also to be found a wife to grace that home, and make its fireside happy. Seek not in vainas you surely will, if you seek elsewherebut your city girls, I cannot, away wit pinched shoes and mincing steps. Give me none of your hour-glass moulds of form, but one who has a waist like a cotton bale and foot like a flounder. Such will not die of thin soles or kogshead full.

the true help-meets, who will rough it and tough it through the world with willing hearts and unmurmuring lips.
I have hardly begun to say all I want, but I must not forget to allude to Mr. Schultz, who

consumption-except of corn. They are

kindly piloted me over the Ridgway Co.'s lands. The scenery, of gently sloping hill and dale, with its majestic timber, formed a grand picture for the sight. I observed here and there the trees were illustrated with cuts, made by the sturdy early pioneer, or recent surveyor. Mr. S. also exhibited to me some fifteen coal openings, all of which are buds of promise for future traffic and prosperity.

Mr. S. has taken my order for ten shares, which I have hastened to forward before the increase of rates, which I learn the Company have raised to \$12 per acre, instead of \$8.

Twelve dollars an acre is a small price for this land. From my inquiries, I find out the lands in the vicinity are much higher. I intend to give another letter shortly. Being an old Lancaster county farmer, I pretend to know something about land, and in my next will walk into the merits of the case about a feet. Thus far I find everything of the most promising character, fine crops, lime-stone soil, and good arable land, neither shades of our own pleasant village that same | hilly or stony-enough already to satisfy any one who is not too lazy to work for a living.

Yours very respectfully, DAVID LONG,

About those Boots.

Recalling an old laugh the other day, and rying to remember what caused it, we behought ourselves of an adventure that poor -(dead now) was very fond of relating in years past. It occurred on board the 'Lexington' on one of her passages from New York to Providence. The hero was a Vermont lad of twenty five, sharp enough in a horse trade, but very verdant in everything else, who had just sold a string of nags in New York, and was now working his way round home via Providence and Boston. He "turned in" pretty early, and "turned out" again about sunrise the next morning, with the idea of "going up stairs" as he called it. us!" And away we went, for the land of big Soon after he had put on his coat and hat, the passengers were astonished by a hideous outcry from "Varmount."

"What's the matter?" said a quizzical looking gentleman in green glusses.

"Matter?-matter enough, I reckon!" said the Yankee. "Here's some outrageous individual has gone and stole my bran new cowhide butes; cost me twenty-two York shillin's; and lest me these ere slippers, made outer yaller dog skin, not worth a darn !"

"Hush!" said the man with green glasses; Don't speak so loud. Its a common occurrence on this boat. Some of the niggers must have done it. Did you never notice the steamboat niggers go well shod?" "Wall I have, old hoss !- and that accounts for it' hey! Speak !- Sing out! it loes account for it hey?" "Ilush! yes-it does."

"Wall, I'll holler 'cap'n' and get ithe boat stopped till I find my butes-cost me twentywo York shillin's-I will by gravy !"

No, no! don't make a row. If you do the thief'll throw 'em overboard. No, no! you watch the niggers, and when you find the delinquent, take him to the captain's office and make him settle."

"I'll settle him! I ain't goin' to throw away pair of twenty-two shillin' butes no how. It afforded much amusement to the man in green glasses and his cronies to see the Yankee shuffling and scuffling about the cabin in his yellow slippers, dodging every darkey and examining his feet. After a weary search, he came to his tormentor and said:

"I'm going up stairs to pirate round there, and see if I cant trail 'em.'

So up he went, and the cabin passengers could hear his heavy tread, and the scuff, scutf of his slippers all over the deck. By and by he came down again, just then a shiny African, with a pair of polished boots in his hand, went towards 93, the Yankees curtain, and peep in, 'Varmount' lit on him edge of appetite, a sound argument for its like a fierce tiger cat, seizing him by the scutf of the neck, and yetling;

"I've cotched you, you double distilled essence of Day and Martin biled down to the spirit of darkness, and mixed up with the hypersulphate of rascality! After my wallet was you! Come along with me!

"Let me go!" said the indignant darkey, struggling to get free from the iron grip of his antagonist. "Not as you knows on, you rambunctious

wool grower! said the indignant Yankee. I've handled severer colts than you be." And he dragged the terrified black up the cabin stairs, followed at a safe distance by the gentleman in green glasses and his companions.

Bringing the culprit before the Cantain, he told his story and agreed to abide by his decision. Of course an explanation followed, with a verdict for the defendant, and the plaintiff sentenced to pay the injured African

"Sold, by maple!" said Vermont. "Here nigger, here's a quarter, and give me the boots: but if I can kitch that chap in the green goggles pickle me! if I don't heave nim into the Sound!"

It is needless to say that while the boots were only half way on, the gentleman in green glasses disappeared, and was the first man to make himself scarce when the boat touched the wharf at Providence.

THERE is a man in Olney, Ill., so dirty that the assessors put him down as real es-

He is probably related to the individual in Wisconsin who was decidedly in favor of bathing. He declared he had just given himself a good scrubbing, and found a flannel shirt that he had lost three years previously.

EVERY German in Kansas, it is stated is Free-State man, and a strong feeling exists among the many outrages heaped upon their friends by the border ruffians. Mr. Deitzler, who is among the number arrested for treason, is a prominent German.

Good.-A poor Irishnian who applied for icense to se'l ardent spirits being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust replied: "Ah, sure it isen't much character a man needs to sell rum."

WHAT animal has the most quantity of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a