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The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post-office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.
Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines paper, included, \$4 per year.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform

COBB, STURROCK & CO., PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.
"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."
VOL. 1. WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1857. NO. 40.

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GENEVIEVE.
For The Agitator.
Doat thou remember, Genevieve,
The happy, happy past?
Those hours so bright and beautiful—
Too beautiful to last?
When we were wandering day by day
Beneath a summer sky,
And felt all Eden's blossoms,
Yet scarcely questioned why?
Ah! toward earth, why silent then;
Why trembling stand and gaze,
And see a bolder lover come
And claim thee for his bride?
Thy marriage bells smote heavily
Upon my listening ear;
Thy marriage vows I scarce could hear
From thy dear voice to hear.
I know that thou art his alone,
Nor would I turn away,
To ease my heart, one thought of thine,
From virtue's narrow way;
But when I meet thee, Genevieve,
Still dead to me as ever,
I whisper to my heart "forget!"
It answers, "never, never."
Alone! alone! a dreary word,
And this a dreary lot,
Still, still in life's solitude,
By all I loved forgot.
But thus the years are gliding on,
And I am growing old;
Alone! alone! my heart must be,
Till it is still and cold. VIRGINIA.

Select Miscellany.

MINNIE'S PRESENT.

BY ELA RODMAN.

Everybody declared that Uncle Hollingsford would be ruined by his generosity. But this declaration had now been made for a number of years, and still he continues prosperous. His substance was like the widow's cruse of oil—giving only seemed to increase it. Every stray beggar who approached the farm was invited in, and fed, and warmed, and sent on his way rejoicing; all the poor relations, to the fourth degree, cultivated a warm friendship for "Cousin John," and paid him frequent visits in proof of their esteem; and at Christmas and Thanksgiving times the family circle collected around him was perfectly patriarchal.
This propensity was a subject of never-ceasing uneasiness to Aunt Ruth. She prophesied again and again that they would all come to the poorhouse; but her husband only laughed, and said that "the most give his cups of cold water," and as the children grew up, and the daughters married, and some went "out west," and all prospered and flourished, and the farm remained unsold, Aunt Ruth wondered more and more—how it happened that they had bread enough, and began to think that there must be some witchcraft in it.
But Uncle Hollingsford had just perpetrated an act, the enormity of which disturbed his domestic peace for a long while; and sometimes, it seemed doubtful if the sky ever would be cleared. He suddenly took it into his head to look up the widow of a brother who had been dead several years; and knowing that poor Job never had possessed a knack for acquiring worldly goods, he resolved to examine into the condition of his family.—Without telling Aunt Ruth of his plans, he went off very quietly by himself—but he returned not as he came.
Aunt Ruth had prophesied that no good would come of this journey; but, when the wagon stopped, and she saw her husband lift out a little girl, she could scarcely believe her own eyes. "To think that, after raising a family of eight children, and getting them well of her hands, John should go and bring home such a pest as that! It was too much for flesh and blood to stand! So she looked coldly upon poor Minnie, who shrank back into herself, and eyed her husband severely.
But Uncle Hollingsford could sometimes assert himself, and he did upon this occasion. He had found his brother's widow in delicate health, with several children; and, in order to lighten her burden, he invited Minnie, a pretty child of fourteen, to accompany him home on a visit of indefinite length. But perceiving that the child's sojourn with them was not likely to prove a very pleasant one, as matters now stood, he approached his wife with a resolute air, and whispered something that had the effect of procuring Minnie a sort of welcome that struck her not over cordial.
But Uncle Hollingsford had gained his point; Minnie was regularly established at the farm, and if not much noticed by her aunt, she soon became a great favorite with her uncle. And not only with him, but with all who came to the house; for she was a sunny-tempered little thing, making life and gladness wherever she went.
The huge kitchen-fire burned all the more brightly for the snapping cold that reigned without; and the kitchen itself sent forth a steam of savory viands infinitely refreshing to a hungry palate. It was almost breakfast-time; and punctual as the clock, the gaunt figure of Ichabod Poole strode into the kitchen, and sank into the accustomed seat by the chimney-corner.
Of all Hollingsford's proteges, this was the one with whom Aunt Ruth had least patience. For ten years he had not missed a morning, unless detained by illness; and yet he always came in with the same observation that "as he happened to be passing by, he thought he would just drop in."
Ichabod had been a respectable farmer; but being what the country-people called "thrifless," he had suffered things to go to wreck and ruin, until there remained to himself and wife only the dilapidated-looking red cottage, and the small strip of land around it. People say that breakfast and dinners were doubtful at the red cottage, and suppers almost unheard of; and it was maliciously whispered that Ichabod was much inclined to be neighborly at mealtimes.

"He always went to Uncle Hollingsford's for breakfast; but upon being invited into the dining-room; invariably observed that "there was no occasion, wife would be expecting him at home," etc. This was a regular part of the performance, and it required considerable exertion to dislodge him from the chimney-corner. Aunt Ruth scarcely attempted to smother her indignation, when, after declaring that "he didn't want anything," "he wasn't hungry," etc., he would sit down to the plentiful table and sweep off all before him.
"The family was broken up and scattered, and sons and daughters would return to visit the home of their childhood, so changed, that they could not be recognized; but there was Ichabod in just the same seat, and just the same words in his mouth, as when they left him three years before. Everybody said it was a perfect farce; but Uncle Hollingsford was immovable, and insisted upon treating Ichabod with politeness.
It was the morning after Minnie's arrival, and her uncle desired her to inform Mr. Poole that breakfast was ready. This she did very sweetly; and Ichabod, making a feint of rising, replied—
"I was just going, my dear—time that I was going off long ago. Stop to breakfast! Oh, no, thank you—my wife will be waiting for me."
Minnie returned to the dining-room, and innocently repeated what she supposed to be Mr. Poole's refusal. To her great surprise, her uncle laughed out, and her aunt had a very queer expression about the mouth.
"Waiting what?" she exclaimed, in a tone of cutting sarcasm. "Maybe they're going to have fritters for breakfast, and they'll be spoiled—he'd better go."
"Come, come, wife," replied Uncle Hollingsford, when he had stopped laughing, "this is too bad—they can't help being poor."
"Yes they can help it," said Aunt Ruth, tartly, "just as well as you, or I, or anybody else can help it. They needn't quarter themselves on their neighbors, at any rate—I should think he'd be ashamed of himself!"
Minnie was again dispatched to the kitchen with an imperative summons to Mr. Poole. She soon returned with his answer—
"He said there was no occasion."
Laughing more heartily than ever at Minnie's innocence and perplexed look, Uncle Hollingsford went to the kitchen, as he had done for ten years, and marched Ichabod Poole into breakfast. Minnie was astonished at the rapid disappearance of the viands; but Ichabod had taken quite a fancy to the child, and regarded her very benignly.
As he went home that morning, he began revolving in his own mind, a plan for her benefit. John Hollingsford was a good sort of a fellow, and as he had now taken breakfast there several times, (1) he believed that he would make the child a present, by way of testifying his gratitude. Christmas was rapidly approaching, and it would be an agreeable surprise.
Bright and early Christmas morning, Ichabod made his appearance with a covered basket, and in the basket there was a Maltese kitten. Minnie was enraptured; her heart fairly overflowed with love to all sorts of pets, and the kitten was a perfect little beauty.—Just the right size to be graceful—it was plump and sleek, and the very color to wear a blue ribbon around its neck.
After gratefully thanking Mr. Poole, Minnie displayed her treasure in triumph; but at sight of the kitten, Aunt Ruth's cup of wrath was overflowing. She couldn't bear the sight of a cat—she detested cats—it would always be putting its little, dirty nose into the milk and cream—and it was just exactly like Ichabod to give a present that would soon eat its own head off!
Minnie looked as frightened as though she had actually expected to see the kitten perform this feat and cast an imploring look at her uncle, when Aunt Ruth muttered something about sending it back where it came from.
"Oh, no," replied her husband, "I have too much respect for Ichabod's feelings to do that, and the little animal will be a great comfort to Minnie. You remember Whittington and his cat?" he continued, "perhaps this one will bring us good luck."
Aunt Ruth looked very disdainful, and scarcely spoke to Minnie all day. But Minnie was used to these fits, and became too much absorbed in her kitten to feel troubled about anything.
"Well!" exclaimed Aunt Ruth, "I hope you are satisfied, now! I told you that it would come to this; and I'm only surprised that it didn't come long ago!"
This was but poor consolation for a man who had just been confiding to his wife the story of his misfortunes, and Uncle Hollingsford looked into the fire and sighed. But all attempts at consolation, unless they came in the shape of bank-bills, would have proved unavailing; for Uncle Hollingsford, led away by his generous heart had indorsed largely for a neighbor in distress, and the neighbor had gone down dragging his benefactor with him; and now the friend of so many unfortunates, saw himself threatened with a sheriff's sale, and he and his wife driven forth in their old age, from the home which had sheltered them for so many years.
Where were all those whom he had helped out of similar difficulties? Those who had eaten at his table, and slept beneath his roof in the days of prosperity! His wife asked this in a cold, cutting tone, that made him wince, for man's ingratitude is hard to bear.
"It is strange," said Uncle Hollingsford, musing, "that father left no more money. There was little beside the stock, and everybody was surprised at it—he was always so saving.

"If you had copied him, in that respect, it would be better for us now," replied Aunt Ruth.
Uncle Hollingsford shook his head. He did not dwell upon his father's weakness, but everybody knew his miserly disposition; and even in his last moments he groaned at the idea of parting with his cherished possessions. When he died, people said that there would be gold and bank bills found in broken tea-pots and the toes of old stockings; but, as very few such discoveries were made, they puzzled over it in much perplexity. Perhaps it was his example before his eyes that led his son to the opposite extreme; for certain it was that no two could be more unlike.
It was a mild day, and Minnie, accompanied by her kitten, had gone to the old garret, whose mysterious nooks she loved to explore; and there she could have a romp with kitty, in the full enjoyment of being beyond the reach of Aunt Ruth's reprimand.
Uncle Hollingsford had been very grave of late; and half-anticipated something dreadful, she scarcely knew what. Minnie leaned listlessly against the rough beams, and watched the gambols of the Maltese kitten, who seemed challenging her to participate in the fun. But Minnie was thinking of other things; and she fixed her large melancholy eyes on the blue sky, that seemed so near the garret window, and wondered if Uncle John was in want of money. She had overheard some words, that led her to suspect this; and she began to think that she might go and teach school, or do something to help him.
Kitty was making a terrible scratching against the boards, and Minnie endeavored to call her off. She really believed she had discovered a mouse—it would be horrible to see her kill and eat it, like other cats—she would not love her a bit after that—and Minnie tried to pull her away. But kitty was very busy scratching something out from under a board; and, having put in one velvet paw, she succeeded in dislodging a dark-colored roll, that was certainly not a mouse, nor anything else alive.
Minnie examined it with trembling fingers, and found bank-bills to the amount of \$5000! With glowing cheeks, and eyes sparkling with excitement, she rushed into the room where her uncle sat buried in his gloomy thoughts; and, paying no attention to her aunt's exclamations of "Marion Hollingsford! go back this instant, and shut the door!" She placed the soiled and crumpled notes in his own hands.
"Where did you get these?" said he, so calmly that Minnie feared he cared very little about them.
But when the story was told, Minnie and her net were lifted in Uncle Hollingsford's arms, and his tears rained down upon the bright curls, as he whispered:
"Minnie, do you know that you and kitty have saved your old uncle from being turned upon the world? Ruth," said he, looking reproachfully at his wife.
It was foreign to Aunt Ruth's nature, but she gave way, for once, and folded Minnie in the first warm embrace that she had ever bestowed upon her.
"I wish that Ichabod Poole was here," said Uncle Hollingsford. "Had it not been for his somewhat unwelcome present, this money would still have been lying idle. I should really like to see him."
"Can't you wait until to-morrow morning?" said Aunt Ruth, so drily that it extorted from her husband the first hearty laugh he had indulged in for a long while.
The farm, of course, was not sold; and the very singular manner in which he had been preserved traveled about like wild-fire, and Minnie and her kitten became objects of the greatest curiosity. Ichabod now began coming to dinner, on the strength of his gift; and if he had taken up his residence there altogether, Uncle Hollingsford would, doubtless, have made him welcome.
Time passed on; the kitten had grown into a cat, and Minnie had become a young lady. Her cousins laughingly declared that she had entirely superseded them in the affections of their parents; and a stranger would certainly have supposed that she was the pet of the house.
One day, an advertisement, to the following effect, appeared in "The Village Organ," published in the small town near which the Hollingsfords lived.
"Lost, on Thursday last, a Maltese cat, with a blue ribbon around its neck. On returning the same at this office of 'The Organ,' or Westlake Farm, the finder will be suitably rewarded."
The next week "The Organ" contained the following answer: "The finder of the Maltese cat, advertised in last Saturday's organ, is extremely anxious to retain it—what would the owner consider a sufficient inducement for parting with the animal?"
Minnie was perfectly indignant, both at the insult, and at being separated so long from her pet; so she sat down and wrote; if the finder of the Maltese cat does not immediately restore her to the rightful owner, he or she will be searched out and exposed before the community."
When the paper containing this threat appeared, it brought a reply from the culprit in person. Aunt Ruth was looking forth from the sitting-room window when she suddenly exclaimed:
"What on earth is that handsome stranger coming here for? I declare," she continued, "if he hasn't got Fortune in his arms!" This was the name the kitten had received on that memorable day when it saved the Westlake Farm.
"Run, Minnie," continued her aunt, "and take him into the parlor."
Minnie opened the door with a heightened color, and a somewhat elevated head, for the offer of buying her favorite was still fresh in

her mind. The visitor, a handsome man of thirty-five, with an air of foreign travel, doffed his hat with a lowly obeisance to the beautiful apparition before him; and, perhaps, he too felt conscious of his misdemeanor, for he was decidedly embarrassed, as he followed Minnie into the room.
"I hope," said he with a smile that disarmed all Minnie's indignation, in spite of herself, "that you will pardon my unintentional rudeness? I expected to find in the owner of the cat, some indignant old lady, or thoughtless boy, to whom a few dollars would prove an irresistible allurements; and, as I had taken a great fancy to the animal, I concluded to try the experiment."
"And I," replied Minnie, frankly, "expected to see, in the finder of Fortune, a disagreeable, purse-proud individual—whether lady or gentleman I could not decide."
The half compliment conveyed in this answer, brought a look of gratitude from the visitor that made Minnie wish she had not said it; but just as an awkward crisis was approaching, Uncle Hollingsford entered the room, and politely saluted the stranger, whom he recognized as the new proprietor of a handsome country-seat on the other side of the village.
The visitor introduced himself as Mr. Emly, and at once entered into an easy and agreeable conversation with the master of the house. The story of the kitten was told and commented upon; and the stranger learned, by adroit questions, that Uncle Hollingsford's circumstances were by no means flourishing. He immediately expressed his want of an agent to oversee his place, which he pronounced to be sadly neglected, and acknowledged himself totally unqualified for the office. He did not lose sight of Minnie's speaking eyes, which rested upon her uncle almost beseechingly—this was just the thing for him, it would require so little labor—but Uncle Hollingsford was not the one to recommend himself, and Mr. Emly was obliged to ask him point blank.
After a while it was all arranged; and the stranger departed with a warm invitation to renew his visit.
"Fortune again!" exclaimed Uncle Hollingsford, as he related to his wife the fresh piece of luck. But Aunt Ruth glanced at Minnie in a very significant manner, and looked little disposed to give the cat much credit this time.
"If Ichabod was here now, I could almost give him a hug," continued the old man.
"He will be here to-morrow morning," replied Aunt Ruth, as drily as ever.
Uncle Hollingsford entered at once upon his "agency" which turned out to be very little beyond a name and a salary; and Mr. Emly availed himself to the fullest extent of his invitation to renew his visit.
"Miss Minnie," said he, quite suddenly, one evening, "do you remember that, when advertising your cat, you promised that the finder would be suitably rewarded?"
Minnie looked surprised at this address, and endeavored to escape from the window.
"I left it altogether to your generosity," continued Mr. Emly, gravely "but I have as yet received nothing."
Minnie stammered out something about not wishing to insult him; but he replied very coolly that it was not too late to make reparation.
The next moment Minnie's hand was imprisoned in both of his; and, as she did not withdraw it, he acknowledged himself "suitably rewarded."
VERY BRAD—"What may be the cause," said an Irish curate to his parish clerk, "which keeps Rory O'Kegan fro' confession an' iver the church service, Peter Murphy?"
"A sad matter it is, your honor—it's himself that's got into a very 'bad way, ony how."
"Och, Peter," said the curate, "is it Deism?"
"Worse, ye may depend," replied the worthy clerk.
"Sowl o' me, I trust it's not Atheism or the like o' that Peter," exclaimed his pastor.
"Worse."
"And what in the name o' nature can it be?" cried the minister.
"Be the powers, an' it's rheumatism," replied Peter Murphy, "and so it is."
NATURE'S FASHION.—There is one fashion that never changes. The sparkling eye, the coral lip, the rose leaf blushing on the cheek, the elastic step are always in fashion. Health—rosy, bounding, gladsome health—is never out of fashion; what pilgrimages are made, what prayers are uttered for its possession! Failing in the pursuit, what treasures are lavished in concealing its loss or counterfeiting its charms!
Sir Walter Scott, mentioned a characteristic instance of an old Highland warrior's mode of pardon.—"You must forgive even your bitterest enemy, Kenmuir, now," said the confessor to him, as he lay gasping on his death-bed. "Well, if I must, I must," replied the chieftain; "but my curse be on you, Donald," turning towards his son, "if you forgive him."
A railroad conductor, having insulted a lady passenger, she said indignantly, that the company that owned the road should not see another cent of her money.
"How so?" said the conductor; how can you manage it?"
"Hereafter," replied the lady, instead of buying my ticket at the office, I shall pay my fare to you!"
Prosperity acts on persons much the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud while others it softens like wax.

Communications.

Indian Corn.—No. 2.

Mr. Editor: I propose in this article to continue the subject of *Indian Corn*, giving the philosophy of the course of procedure recommended in my former article.
Indian Corn is a great feeder. Its growth is luxuriant and rapid; hence the soil must be rich in order to afford sufficient nourishment, and well pulverized that the roots may extend readily in search of it. The land must be heavily manured if it be not already very rich. Corn will not and cannot thrive well upon poor ground.
I recommend manuring in the Fall for this reason: Yard manure is generally applied to land by farmers too coarse and too much in lumps. By applying it in the Fall and plowing it in, it rots and becomes mixed with and soaked up by the soil during the Winter. Again, by this process we can avail ourselves of the advantages of deep plowing both Fall and Spring, and mix the manure more thoroughly with the soil by plowing twice after it is applied. We also leave the manure near the surface where it is needed. For instance: We manure the ground in the Fall and plow deep; this covers the manure well under ground. We plow again in the Spring; (same depth,) and of course bring the manure up again nearer the surface. Corn roots do not extend very deeply into the ground, and their food must be placed nearer the surface than it would be when first plowed in, provided we plow sufficiently deep for the good of the soil and the crop. Fine manure or well rotted compost can be applied in the Spring by plowing the ground twice.
Deep plowing is very necessary. It allows the corn roots to extend as deeply as they please without restriction, allows the water after heavy rains to settle below the roots so that they are never in standing water, and secures more moisture to the soil in a dry time. The water from rains settling deeper is not so soon evaporated by the heat of the sun. When ground is plowed shallow, the corn roots stand half the time in water and half the time in a dry parched soil. In time of even moderate showers they get too much moisture, and in time of scorching evaporation takes place rapidly and they soon suffer for want of moisture.
The ground must be thoroughly pulverized in order to mix the manure well with the soil and allow the roots to extend with freedom in all directions. To effect this, two deep and thorough plowings and the thorough use of the harrow or large cultivator are generally sufficient before planting. Suppose we put a coating of coarse lumpy manure on a stiff clay soil, plow once quite shallow and plant without harrowing, (as many farmers do,) use a large sized plow at hoeing time in order to turn up good big lumps to the hills, how many bushels of corn ought we to expect per acre? In this case the roots have lumps of dirt and lumps of manure to pass through. Hence they are starved at one stage of their progress and over fed at another. No one would recommend feeding fattening cattle or swine in this manner.
Frequent stirring of the soil is all important, especially if it be clay. It prevents the ground from baking and keeps it porous and mellow. For this purpose after planting, use the cultivator only, with the exception of hand hoes. It does the work more effectually than any other implement which I have ever used. I use hand hoes twice—cultivator four times. No one can prescribe the exact number of times that corn should be hoed or cultivated; so much depends upon the nature of the soil and the kind and amount of grass and weeds which infest it. Clay needs more frequent stirring than sand or gravel. My soil is a mixture of clay and gravel—about two thirds clay. The rule should be in all cases—keep down weeds and keep the ground mellow.
FARMER.
(To be continued.)

Land Speculations in the West.

The extent to which speculations in land have been carried in the West, cannot but exercise an injurious influence, sooner or later, even here. To use an old simile, the financial world is like a placid lake, which a stone dropped into disturbs, more or less, over all its surface, however remote. Already, in fact, the debris due to eastern merchants from many quarters of that vast and growing section, have failed to be liquidated at maturity, because the farmers and other customers of the western storekeepers, being embarked beyond their means in land speculations, have not been prompt in paying their semi-annual bills. The nearer regions of the West have been the first to exhibit this deficiency, for it has been from them, principally, that the money for these speculations has been taken, and the actors in them have gone. As this state of things is not new, as we are not without a parallel to it in the past, we may almost certainly predict what is to follow.
For prosperous as the West is, speculation exaggerates that prosperity. Over large portions of that thriving region prices range according to its present ones. In Chicago, lands will, to-day, bring more money than in corresponding situations in Philadelphia, or even in New York; yet scores of persons are anxious to purchase, notwithstanding these enormous prices; in the hope of a still further advance. Thus speculation stimulates itself. A fictitious value to property is kept up, and will be till the bubble bursts. Hundreds who are shrewd enough to see the false character of prices, nevertheless are embarked in speculations, believing that they will be able to sell before the revulsion commences, saying, "after me the deluge." To carry on these transactions, however, means must be had; and hence money is at three, four and six per cent per month. Honest debts are neglected in order to gamble in lands. Adventurous capitalists, who have gone from the East, are doubling their fortunes every two years, mainly by lending at usurious rates, with mortgages for collaterals.
It requires no long argument to demonstrate that this state of things cannot last always. The bursting of the bubble is simply a question of time. And when the convulsion comes, the East will be the sufferer, though more innocent than the West—that is, it will be the victim, unless it takes heed in time and curtails the indebtedness of the West. There was a period, which men of forty or upwards still remember, when what is occurring in Minnesota, Iowa, and other points of the now far West, took place in Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, a period during which lands were run up to fictitious and speculative prices, and after which they fell, for long years, by a natural reaction, to prices below their actual worth. Thousands of persons, even in the East, were ruined by these fearful times. There will be thousands ruined now; if they do not take heed in season. We are not alarmists. But we should be false to our position as conscientious journalists, if we did not warn the public, if we did not speak boldly out. The contagion of speculation, which has thrown the West into a financial fever, is extending even to our Eastern cities, and justly alarms all cautious and reflecting men.—*Phila. Ledger.*
The hard shell baptists still hate an educated ministry, and like Jack Cade would have laws to hang all clerks that read and write. One of them being called to preach in Carroll Co. Miss., rose and thus began—"My brethren, I am gwine to preach you a very plain sermon to-day—a sermon what even women can understand. You will find my text in 5 verse of the two-eyed chapter of one-eyed John." It was some time before it was perceived that he meant 1 John, chapter 11.
A celebrated dandy was one evening in company with a young lady, and observing her kissing her favorite poodle, he advanced and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much charity for him as she had shown to the dog. "Sir," said the belle, "I never kissed my dog when he was a puppy." The fellow took the hint, and was off instantaneously.