

Terms of Publication.
 THE TIoga COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of Six Dollars per annum, *invariably in advance.* It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp "Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.
 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.
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THE AGITATOR.

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

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

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

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 3.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIoga COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 7 1857.

NO. 41.

Rates of Advertising.
 Advertisements will be charged 91 per square of fourteen lines for one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half Yearly and Yearly advertising:—
 3 months. 6 months. 12 months.
 1 Square, (14 lines). . . . \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00
 2 Squares. 4 00 6 00 8 00
 1 column, 10 00 15 00 20 00
 1 column, 18 00 30 00 40 00
 All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
 Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

THE SLEEPING DEAD.

When the hours of day are numbered,
 And the voices of the night
 Wake the better soul that slumbered,
 To a holy, calm delight.
 Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fulfil freight
 Dance upon the parlor wall.
 Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door;
 The beloved, the long hearted,
 Come to visit me once more.
 He, the young and strong who cheated
 Noble longings for the strife,
 By the roadside fell and perished,
 Weary with the march of life.
 They, the throbly ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Speak with us on earth no more!
 And with them, the being beautiful,
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else that loves me,
 And is now a saint in Heaven!
 With a slow and noiseless footstep,
 Comes that messenger divine—
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,
 Lays her gentle hand in mine,
 And she sits and gazes at me,
 With those deep and tender eyes,
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
 Looking downward from the skies.
 Uttered not, yet comprehended,
 In the spirit's voiceless prayer;
 Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.
 O! thought oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died.

Select Miscellany.

THE STOLEN NOTE.

Except that he indulged too freely in the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high minded, and exemplary man. His one great fault hung like a dark cloud over his many virtues. He meant well, and when sober, he did well.
 He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift had acquired money sufficient to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it three years before, for three thousand dollars, paying one thousand down, and securing the balance by a mortgage to the seller.
 The mortgage-note was almost due at the time the circumstances made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money; there seemed no possibility of an accident.
 I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some little collection, and drawn up some legal documents for him.
 One day his daughter Anne came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.
 "Perhaps not, Miss Wallace," I said, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was a brighter aspect. "What has happened?"
 "My father," she replied, "had the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live—but it is all gone now."
 "Has he lost it?"
 "I don't know; I suppose so. Last week he drew out the two thousand dollars from the Bank, and lent it to Mr. Bryce for ten days."
 "Who is Mr. Bryce?"
 "He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boarded with us, and who is Mr. Bryce's clerk."
 "Does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it?"
 "He says he has paid it."
 "Well, what is the trouble then?"
 "Father says he has not paid it."
 "Indeed! But the note will prove that he has not paid it. Of course you have that note?"
 "No; Mr. Bryce has it."
 "Then of course he has paid it."
 "I suppose he has, or he could not have had the note."
 "What does your father say?"
 "He is positive that he has never received the money. The mortgage, he says, must be paid to-morrow."
 "Very singular! Was your father—"
 I hesitated to use the unpleasant words, which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl.
 "Mr. Bryce says my father was not just right when he paid him, though not very bad."
 "I will see your father."
 "He is coming here in a few moments; I thought I would see you and tell you the facts before he came."
 "I don't see how Bryce could have obtained the note, unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it?"
 "He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary in the front room."
 "Who were in the room when you put it in the secretary?"
 "Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father, myself."
 The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as of the debauch from which he was just recovering.
 "She has told you about it, I suppose," said he in a very low tone.
 "She has."
 "I pitied him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo to appreciate it."

"What do you think about it," asked he, very gloomily. "I know he never paid me. I was not much in liquor at the time. I remember very well of going home as regularly as I ever did in my life. I could tell how I passed away the time."
 "What passed between you on that day?"
 "Well I merely stepped into his office—it was only day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money ready for me to-morrow. He took me into the back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office, where I heard him send George out to the bank to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed that he was going to pay me then."
 "What does the clerk say about it?"
 "He says Mr. Bryce remarked, when he sent him, that he was going to pay me the money."
 "Just so."
 "And when George came in, he went to the front office again, and took the money. Then he came to me again, but did not offer to pay me."
 "Had you the note with you?"
 "No; now I remember, he said he supposed I had not the note with me, or he would pay it. He told me to come in next day and he would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note it could not be found; Annie and I have hunted the house all over."
 "You told Bryce so?"
 "I did; he laughed, and showed me the note with his signature crossed over with ink, and a hole punched through it."
 "It is plain, Mr. Wallace that he paid you the money, as he alleges, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note and intends to cheat you out of the amount."
 "He never paid me," he replied firmly.
 "Then he has fraudulently obtained the note. What sort of a person is Chandler, who boards with you?"
 "A fine young man. Bless you, he would not do anything of the kind."
 "I am sure he would not," repeated Annie, earnestly.
 "How else could Bryce obtain the note but through him? What time does he come in at night?"
 "Always at tea time. He never goes out in the evening," answered Wallace.
 "But, father, he did not come home till ten o'clock the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay at the office to post the books, or something of that kind."
 "How did he get in?"
 "He has a key."
 "I must see Chandler," I said.
 "No harm in seeing him," said Wallace.
 "I will go for him."
 In a few moments he returned with the young man. Chandler, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and proffered himself ready to do anything to forward my views.
 "When did you return to the house on Tuesday night?" I asked, with the intention of sounding him a little.
 "About twelve."
 "Twelve?" said Annie; "it was not more than ten; I heard you."
 "The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler, positively.
 "I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," added Annie, looking with astonishment at the group around her.
 "We are getting at something," I remarked. "How did you get in, Mr. Chandler?"
 The young man smiled as he glanced at Annie.
 "On arriving at the door," he replied, "I found that I had lost my key. At that moment a watchman happening to come along, I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way."
 "Good! Now who was it that was heard in the parlor at ten, unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices? He must have taken the key from your pocket, Mr. Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate, I will charge him with the crime—let happen what may. Perhaps he will confess when hard pushed."
 Acting upon this thought, I wrote a lawyer's letter—"demand against you," &c.—which was immediately sent to Bryce. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them.
 Bryce came.
 "Well, sir, what have you against me?" he asked, rather stiffly.
 "A claim, on the part of John Wallace, for two thousand dollars," I replied, poking over my papers, and appearing supremely indifferent.
 "Paid it," said he, short as pie crust.
 "Have you?" and I looked him in the eye sharply.
 The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.
 "What do you mean, sir?"
 "I mean what I say. Pay, or take the consequences."
 It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man, I should not have dared to make it.
 "I have paid the note, I tell you," said he.
 "I have the note in my possession."
 "Where did you get it?"
 "I got it, of course, when I paid the—"
 When we feloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on the night of Tuesday, February 20th, at ten o'clock, and took the said note from the secretary.
 "You have no proof," he stammered, grasping a chair for support.

"That's my look out. I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail!"
 He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for his denial, and he immediately drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars; and after begging me not to mention the affair, he sneaked off.
 I cashed the check, and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, how rejoiced was Anne and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should keep the one hundred dollars for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to take only twenty. Wallace kept his promise, and ever after was a temperance man. He died a few years ago leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Anne having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstance occurred.

Wonderful.
 An Englishman who was traveling on the Mississippi river, told rather tough stories of the London thieves. A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent but expressive hump, and then remarked that the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.
 "How so?" inquired the Englishman with good surprise. "Pray, my dear sir, have you lived much in the West?"
 "Not a great deal. I undertook to set up business at Des Moines Rapids, a while ago, but the rascally people stole everything I had, and finally a Welsh miner ran off with my wife."
 "Good Gracious!" exclaimed the Englishman, "and have you never found her?"
 "Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it."
 "Worst! Why what could be worse than stealing a man's wife?"
 "Stealing his children, I should say," said the implacable Case.
 "Children?"
 "Yes, a nigger woman who hadn't any of her own, abducted my youngest daughter, and slogged and jined the—"
 "Did you see her?"
 "See her? Yes; and she hadn't ten rods the start of me; but plunged into the lake and swam off like a duck, and there wasn't a canoe to follow her with."
 The Englishman leaned back in his chair and called for another mug of 'alf-and-alf, while Case smoked his cigar and credulous friend at the same time most remorselessly.
 "I shan't go any further West—I think," at length observed the excited John Bull.
 "I would not advise any one to go," said Case quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country."
 "What business was he in, pray?"
 "Lumbering—had a saw mill."
 "And they stole his lumber?"
 "Yes, and saw-logs too."
 "Saw-logs?"
 "Yes, whole dozens of the black walnut logs were carried away in a night."
 "Is it possible?"
 "True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it, had men hired to watch his logs, but it was all no use. They would whip them away as easily as if there had been nobody there. They would steal them out of the river, out of the cove and even out of the railways."
 "Good Gracious!"
 "Just to give you an idea how they can steal out there," sending a sly wink at the listening company, "just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw mill?"
 "Never."
 "Well, one day my brother bought an all-fired fine black walnut log—four feet through at the butt, and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log anyhow, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night.—Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side of the hill above the mill, built a fire, and then sat down on the log to play keards, just to keep awake you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log, bark two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played keards and drank whiskey all night, and as it began to grow light, went asleep astraddle of the log. About a minute after daylight, George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on, and the log was gone!"
 "What were the Scotchmen doing?"
 "Sitting on the bark. The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt end, which pointed down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on, and pulled it right out, leaving the shell and the Scotchmen sitting astraddle of it fast asleep!"
 The Englishman here arose, dropped his cigar stump into the spittoon, and looking at his watch said he thought he would go on deck and see how far we'd be down the river before morning.

ROBERT J. WALKER AS GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.—The following anecdote seems to illustrate the position of Mr. Buchanan and his appointment of Robert J. Walker:
 "Sedley," said Charles II., "look me out a man who can't be corrupted. I have sent three treasurers to the North, and they have all turned out thieves." "Well, your Majesty I recommend Mivert." "Mivert, your dog!" said Charles, "why Mivert is a thief already!" "Therefore he cannot be corrupted, your Majesty," said Sedley.
 Buchanan has finally hit the nail on the head. Walker cannot be corrupted; for there is not an uncorrupted spot about him.

The woman who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the close of a year and hung 'em up to dry on a bee hive.

Our Pulpit.
 This world is a good deal, of an affair to get up in six days. The ten-hour system, and five of the ten spent in "old sogering," could not have been in operation at the time of the creation, for there are millions of little fixings that must have required time to adjust.
 The world and all therein was pronounced good. Adam was a young man of most excellent morals at that time. But he was afterwards married to a beautiful young woman. Eve was as faultless as a new bonnet, but believed what the devil told her and fell to eating apples. Adam tried one of the pippins, and the result was they both got into a pretty muss, and were driven off their "claim."
 The children of Adam, we are sorry to say, have gone on from one degree of devilry to another, until the world is filled with wickedness. Man acts as though the devil was in him; indeed, Cain, Brooks-like, knocked Abel in the head. Other crimes followed until the whole concern was black with crime, and men became a most precious set of rascals. The Lord tried to drown out their devilry, but it proved amphibious and lived through the food, and to-day it blooms like quack grass, everywhere.
 Human nature is not altogether bad; but the good streaks are confounded scarce. It is as natural for humans to err as it is for whiskey to run downwards. With all the brakes off and the steam on the great mass of them seem determined to go to eternal smash. Good men talk, write, preach and pray, but the masses will kick over the traces and back off the bridge. They won't behave themselves. They go to ruin on a canter, and cut up as extensive an amount of devilry as possible while on the way. Like hogs, the devil has never been drowned out of them, and they go through life roofing out the door-yards of human happiness, and tearing thro' its flower gardens, and scattering around them all the thistles and tory burrs they can.
 There is much preaching in the world, good, bad and indifferent. Some have brains without heart; some heart without brains; and some neither heart nor brains. Some pat the devil with kid gloves, and apologize for suspecting him of being anything but a gentleman; and some preach over his head, some all around, and some take him right by the throat and give him the dinabats right in the countenance. Some preach to see how much of the flag and gingerbread style of theological highfalutin they can ornament the architecture of their sermons with; some run to metaphysics, until they or their hearers cannot understand a word; some preach a gospel proportioned to the purges of the rich ones in their congregations and the yearly amount of fodder; while here and there are those who deal in plain, good, wholesome, honest, every day, matter of fact religion.
 We do not say we have had a call to preach—it might have been some other noise we heard. But certain we are that we have heard a noise, and we is us if we don't blaze away. There are lots of good texts, and a thousand evils and follies to let drive at.—We have felt like pitching in these ten years. Like the poor squaw whose pappoose had been dead "these twenty years," we can't stand it any longer. The steam is up to a forty horse power, and we must blow off or burst.
 Ours is an independent pulpit—we ask no favors of any one. We are not dependent on salaries or donations, and are bent on giving our fellow creatures first, generally and particularly. We have worried through the winter and shall not starve in the spring.—Soon shall be heard the voice of the turtle-doves in the groves, the chipmunks shall come out, and redhose and suckers shall run in the river. The land will flow with gin and sugar, and our people shall not forget our wants.
 We do not care whether people come to hear us. With a portable pulpit we shall camp down where they are. As it is left-handed, they must not be astonished if they get some left-handed licks, for they will get used to it after a time.
 Our first discourse will be after this, at the usual place precisely, from the first chapter of Young America, the Revelator:
 "Go it, boys! AND THEY WENT IT."
 —Cayuga Chief.

A MISAPPREHENSION.—We recollect once being very much amused at the relation of the following anecdote, from the lips of a very amiable, and, withal, a very modest widow lady, in New Jersey. Soon after her husband paid the debt of nature, leaving her his legatee, a claim was brought against the estate by his brother, and a process was served upon him by the sheriff of the county, who happened to be a widower of middle age. Being housed at that time to the forms of law—though in the protracted lawsuit which followed she had ample opportunity of acquiring experience—she was much alarmed, and, meeting, just after the departure of the sheriff, with a female friend, she exclaimed, with much agitation—"What do you think? sheriff Prince has been after me!"—"Well," said the considerate lady with perfect coolness, "he is a very fine man."—"But he says he has an attachment for me," replies the widow.—"Well, I have long suspected he was attached to you, my dear."—"But you don't understand—he says I must go to court."—"Oh! that's quite another affair, my child; don't you go so far as that; it is his place to come and court you!"

YOUNG WIFE.—"Oh, I am so glad you like birds; what kind do you most admire?"
YOUNG HUSBAND.—"Well, I think a good turkey, with plenty of dressing, is about as nice as any."

Communications.
Indian Corn.—No. 3.
 Mr. Eppror: I come next to the subject of selecting and saving the seed and preparing it for the first ears that ripen. I think corn will ripen earlier from seed thus selected than from seed selected promiscuously at the time of husking. Seed corn should be well dried and kept dry through the winter. Soaking the seed in saltpetre or coating it with tar, prevents insects, mice and crows from destroying it and supersedes the necessity of scarecrows.
 The top dressing of ashes and hen manure I consider very essential. A little plaster (gypsum) added makes it still better. Either two combined or either one alone will do.—All three together make the best dressing because they combine the greatest number of elementary manures. Hen manure contains a great proportion of ammonia (hartshorn) which is one of the most valuable of all the elementary manures. Ashes contain potash, soda, lime and magnesia. Plaster contains lime and sulphur. Thus you see the union of these three substances, or the first two, adds many valuable properties to the soil.—They would no doubt prove equally or more effective if applied in the hill. In this case the compound should not come in contact with the seed, but be covered with an inch or more of dirt and the seed placed upon this. Applying it in this manner requires more labor and as I am naturally inclined to laziness I prefer to use it as a top dressing. I have still another reason. Corn is apt to grow slowly for the first week or two after it comes up, and if the weather is wet it gets sickly and turns yellow. When it once gets sickly it is slow in recovering. The dressing keeps it growing and looking green and healthy. It serves as a tonic stimulant—pre-serving the health of the crop through the sickly season. I think it adds very much to the yield per acre. The only proper time for applying manure as a top dressing is just after the corn is up, or even before if the hills can be seen. If applied later—say at first hoeing—it keeps corn growing too long and prevents it from ripening sufficiently early to escape frosts in the fall.
 Cutting up the corn as recommended (at the bottom) saves the risk of frost, secures the stalks for fodder and ripens the corn without lessening its sweetness or hindering its perfect maturity. Corn can be left standing and husked on the hill when the stalks are not needed for fodder. But I think it must be somewhat injured in all cases where frost kills the stocks or leaves before the ear is thoroughly ripened.
 Topping (cutting above the ear) should never be allowed. The sap which nourishes the grain is drawn from the ground and passes through the stem to the leaves where a change takes place, similar to what takes place in the blood in passing through the lungs of animals. This change prepares the sap for condensation and conversion into grain. If the stalk containing the leaves be cut above the ear, the ascending sap cannot be properly prepared for nourishing the grain. The grain will dry up and become hard, but it will not increase in quantity. If cut up near the root it appropriates the sap already in the plant, and absorbs (through the leaves) additional matter from the atmosphere which contributes to its weight and perfection.
 Care should be taken not to set up corn in too large shocks, or it will injure in the middle of the bunch. I need not say anything in regard to husking and storing corn, as few men in this section of country have any difficulty in taking care of all they can raise.
 I have dwelt thus at length upon this subject because I consider Indian corn the most important crop of this country; and one that pays better for the amount of labor and manure bestowed upon it than any other crop we can raise. Wheat and buckwheat are uncertain and potatoes rot. Corn must supply the place of these in part. Again, farmers need a little jing lest in their rage after the new molasses corn (sorghum) which is now in vogue, they forget the good old fashioned and more substantial Indian corn. Farmers, you will need Johnny cakes to put your molasses on. You cannot live on molasses alone. Somehow this sorghum has to me a shanghai smell about it. I am afraid it will supply its worshippers with more legs and offal than solid meat.
 Brother farmers, give me your views and a review if you choose upon Indian corn; and when you have done we will show corn. I think I have some as good as was raised on any upland farm in Tioga county during the year 1856. Perhaps some one has raised better. If so I should like to see it and learn the process by which it was raised. An exchange of views will be beneficial. It is so upon all subjects when given in a proper spirit.
 FARMER.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL used to narrate with great glee a correspondence on a point of honor between Gov. Giles, of Virginia, and Patrick Henry. It is as follows:
 "Str—I understand that you have called me a hotair politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning."
W. B. GILES.
 "To which Mr. Henry replied as follows:—
 "Str—I do not recollect having called you a hotair politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or the occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not."
 Very respectfully,
 PATRICK HENRY.

DIogenes, seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself on an olive tree, he exclaimed,—"O; that all trees would bear such fruit!"

The Population of China.—How the Inhabitants Live.
 A letter from Sir John Bowring in reply to the inquiries made by the English Register General relative to the population of China, has recently been published. It contains many interesting facts with regard to the Chinese, which are condensed by the Buffalo Courier.
 The document begins by stating that there is no official census of China taken since that of 1812 in the time Kia King, 45 years ago, which gave the total number of the population at 303,447,183, a number of which has been generally regarded as greatly exaggerated. Sir John Bowring is of opinion that the greater knowledge of the country, obtained since the date of that census, increased the evidence in favor of its approximate correctness, and we may with tolerable safety estimate the present population of the Chinese Empire at 350,000,000 to 400,000,000 of human beings. This is ten or twelve times the estimated number of the inhabitants of the United States and its Territories.
 Further on he speaks of the mode of living of the inhabitants, vast numbers of whom live upon and derive their subsistence from the water. Of the fisheries, which appear to be chiefly inland, he gives the following account:
 It has been supposed that nearly a tenth of the population derive their means of support from fisheries. Hundreds and thousands of boats crowd the whole coast of China—sometimes acting in communities, sometimes independent and isolated. There is no piece of craft by which a fish can be inveigled which is not practiced with success in China; every variety of net, from vast seines, embracing miles, to the smallest handnet to the care of a child. Fishing by night and fishing by day—fishing in moonlight, by torch light, and in utter darkness; fishing in boats of all sizes; fishing by those who are stationary on the rock; by the sea side; and by those who are absent for weeks on the wildest of seas; fishing by cormorants; fishing by divers; fishing with lines, with baskets; by every imaginable decoy and device. There is no river which is not staked to assist the fisherman in his craft. There is no lake, no pond, which is not crowded with fish. A piece of water is nearly as valuable as a field of fertile land. At daybreak, every city is crowded with sellers of live fish, who carry their commodity in buckets of water, saving all they do not sell to be returned to the pond or kept for another day's service.
 To this he adds the following account of the residences of the amphibious class of the population.
 The enormous river population of China, who live only in boats, who are born and educated, who marry, rear their families and die—who, in a word, begin and end their existence on the water, and never have or dream of any other shelter than the roof, and who seldom tread except on the deck or boards of their sampans, show to what an extent the land is crowded, and how inadequate it is to maintain the lumberers of the soil. In the city of Canton alone it is estimated that 300,000 persons dwell upon the surface of the river; the boats, sometimes 20 or 30 deep, cover some miles, and have their wants supplied by ambulatory salesmen, who wend their way throughout every accessible passage. Of this vast population some dwell in decorated boats, used for every purpose of license and festivity—for theatres—for concerts—for gambling—for lust—for solitary and social recreation; some crafts are employed in conveying goods and passengers, and are in a state of constant activity; others are moored, and their owners are engaged as servants or laborers on shore.—indeed, their pursuits are probably nearly as various as those of the land population.
 Some of these boats are called centipedes, from being supposed to be rowed by one hundred oars. They carry passengers and light cargoes with extraordinary rapidity from inland warehouses to shipping ports. There are also artificial islands; with gardens and houses, so constructed as to float on the lakes, on which vegetables for food and ornament are cultivated, and poultry is raised. The writer states that every available rod of land throughout the empire is cultivated, and everything capable of being used as a manure is carefully preserved for that purpose. The cultivation is rather that of gardeners, than of husbandmen. The Chinese are not a dyspeptic people. Dogs, rats, mice, monkeys and snakes are esteemed articles of diet; and unhatched ducks and chickens, in the early stages of pitefaction, are luxuries upon which an epicure feasts. They drink little or no fermented liquors, tea being their staple beverage. They are not a voracious people, and the food which an Englishman would dispose of in a single day would satisfy a Chinaman for a week. But notwithstanding the simplicity of their style of living, so dense is the population of the country that the produce of the soil are inadequate to their support, and thousands perish of want. Not unfrequently, whole towns and villages are swept away by inundations, civil war leads to the loss of thousands upon thousands of lives, the sacrifice of life by execution is frightful, infanticide is very generally practiced, the emigration is very large, and yet the population is, according to Sir John Bowring, constantly increasing.—Ulrica Observer.

President Buchanan has been presented with a pair of mittens by Mrs. Webber, of Wayne county, Indiana. He has sent the lady a letter acknowledging the reception, enclosing a likeness of himself and \$25. Mrs. Webber is a "wigger."
 A man displays his weakness when he allows himself to get into a passion.