

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

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TWENTY YEARS AGO.
"Think of it, my brethren of faithful prime, It cometh not again—that golden time."
I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree, Upon the school house play ground, that sheltered you and me; But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know; That played with us upon the grass just twenty years ago.
The grass is just as green, Tom, have footed boys at play, Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay; But the master sleeps upon the hill, which costed o'er with many a bone,
Afforded us a sliding place just twenty years ago.
The old school house is altered some, the benches are replaced By new ones, (very like the same our pan knives had defaced.) But the same old bricks were in the wall, the bell swings to and fro.
It's music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago The boys were playing some old game beneath the same old tree.
I do forget the name just now, (you've played the same with me, On that same spot) 'twas played with knives by throwing so and so.
The loser had a task to do these twenty years ago!
The river running just as still, the willows on its side Are larger than they were, Tom, the stream appears less wide; But the grape vine swing is ruined now where once we played the beam,
And swung our sweethearts, pretty girls, just twenty years ago.
The spring that bubbled near the hill close by the spreading beach, Is very low; 'twas once so high that we could almost reach— And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so, To see how much that I am changed, since twenty years ago.
Near by the spring upon the elm, you know I cut your name; Your sweethearts just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name was cut did twenty years ago!
My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes, I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties, I visited the church yard and took some flowers to strew Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.
Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea, And none are left of our old class excepting you and me, And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go, I hope they'll lay us where we played just twenty years ago!

HEAP COALS OF FIRE.
"Therefore if this enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."—Romans, xii, 20.

"Humph! they needn't think they are so much better than we are!" exclaimed Annie Montague.
"I hate the whole tribe; and I don't care what they do," answered Eliza Montague.
"I suppose they think we shall feel badly because they did not invite us to their grand party."
"They gave the party on purpose to 'cut' us. Who cares for them?"
"Sure enough; I don't for one."
"Yes you do!" interposed Mr. Montague, who sat at the fire reading the evening paper.
"I'm sure I don't, father," replied Annie with a toss of the head.
"Why are you so petulant and angry then?" asked Mr. Montague, with a smile at the manifest inconsistency of his daughter.
"I am not. Why should I be angry with them?"
"I don't know why you should be; only that you are."
"How absurd, father."
"Very absurd, but I am sure the Capulet family do not feel any more hardly towards us than you towards them."
"I think the Capulets are mean, contemptible people; I am sure I do not care a straw about them," answered Annie, rather "worked" to find that she had betrayed the feeling of enmity she was anxious to conceal.
"You know they are the nabobs of the street; that they are the leaders of fashion, and you girls think a great deal of such things."
"I think we are quite as respectable as they are."
"So do I; but you know the Capulets are people who receive the homage of the world, and to be out with them is almost equivalent to being out with society."
"I can't see why they should 'cut' us. We have done nothing to offend."
"Perhaps you have; I met Capulet in the street the other day, and he would not speak to me, though you know; I used to do all his law business."
"I don't understand it, father."
"Haven't you said something about them that you ought not to have said?"
"I am sure I have not."
"Well, we have this consciousness, that we have done nothing to injure them, and if they choose to slight us, or even to ill-treat us, it need not be our fault."
"But it was so mean, after we had been intimate so long, to put such a public insult on us?" replied Eliza, with spirit. "I wish I had the means of paying them off!"
"No, no, child; try to cherish a Christian spirit, Eliza. Love your enemies."
"I am sure I cannot love the Capulets, after what they have done. They have already set the whole neighborhood talking about us."
"No matter for that."
"After we have done so much for them too!"
"What have we done?"
"Didn't mother watch with Mrs. Capulet when she had the typhus fever? Didn't Eliza and I watch with her too?"
"Those are simple neighborly offices, that should not be regarded with too much complacency. I dare say they have rendered us similar offices a hundred times."
"They never watched with us."
"We have had no occasion for their services in that capacity. If we had, I doubt not they would have been kind and neighborly."
"I don't believe it."
"I saw Tom Capulet in the omnibus today—he would hardly nod at me," added Annie.
One might suppose from her downcast look that there was a Romeo and Juliet in the case, and that "the course of true love never did run smooth." It must be confessed that Tom Capulet was exceedingly good-looking, and Annie would not have been much to blame if she had consented to play Juliet to his Romeo.
Mr. Montague was a lawyer residing in

one of the suburban towns, but a few miles from Boston. As may have been inferred from his conversation with his daughters, he was an honest and just man, which may account for his being no better off in the possession of the goods of this world. The income of his profession enabled him to live in good style, and to associate with the first families in B——, which, everybody knows, is rather an aristocratic place.
Holley street was the "West End" of the place, and Montague and Capulet lived in opposite ends of Holley street. It is true, the mansion of the former could not vie in latter-day and elegance with that of the latter; but in addition to this, and in spite of the fact that Capulet was the wealthiest, and in every respect the most distinguished man in B——, the families lived on terms of intimacy amounting to friendship, to within a few weeks of their introduction to the reader.
Then, for some unexplained reason, the "two houses" were estranged. The Capulets firmly and persistently avoided their late friends and companions. The Montagues were astonished and indignant at the change. They were not conscious that they had in any manner injured their neighbors, either by word or deed.
When the great party was given at the Capulets, given apparently for the sole purpose of cutting them, the measure of their chagrin was full. Annie and Eliza were very indignant, but their father was scarcely disconcerted by the slight which had been put upon them. He was a man of good sense, and his experience taught him that these things always correct themselves when either party refrains from aggravating the other.
When Mr. Montague went home the following evening, his daughters had matured a notable plot for bringing the Capulets to their senses.
"We must have a party, father," said Eliza, as soon as he had removed his overcoat.
"Yes, father—a great party."
"But I cannot afford any such extravagance. If you wish to invite your friends and neighbors as we usually do, of course I have no objection."
"I don't mean that, father. We want to have a great party. We want some music, a supper, and four black waiters—the Capulets only had three."
"Pshaw! I shall have nothing of the kind. I cannot afford it."
"But we must have one, father. We are going to invite all the neighbors, every respectable person in the vicinity, except the Capulets! Won't it be grand! We shall pay them off in their own coin, and teach them that they cannot insult us with impunity."
"I have no desire to pay them off in their own coin; so I can permit no such party as you mention," replied Mr. Montague with mild firmness.
"Only think how they have treated us, father."
"That is no reason why you should treat them badly."
Both of the young ladies teased him for the next week to carry out their grand idea; but he persisted in living up to his christian views of the matter.
Week after week and month after month passed away and still there was no indication of a reconciliation. With the single exception of Mr. Montague, who invariably treated the Capulets with courteous respect when he met any of them, none of the parties recognized each other. The Capulets could afford to be exceedingly independent, and they were so to the utmost of their capacity.
"I have got a letter," said Mr. Montague, one day, when he returned home much earlier than usual.
"From Mr. Capulet father?" asked Annie who, for some reason or other, was more desirous than the rest of the family for a reconciliation.
"No, Annie. It is from my uncle's attorney."
"Uncle Ruel?"
"Yes."
"He lives in New Orleans; an ugly old bachelor, I have been told," replied Eliza, who had not much respect for old bachelors.
"He did live in New Orleans; he is dead now."
"Dead?"
"Yes; and this letter informs me that I am his sole heir."
Both of the young ladies uttered an exclamation of delighted surprise. The dead relative was no part of their troubles. They were suddenly made richer than even the Capulets. They had never seen Uncle Ruel, but report said, and their father acknowledged, that he was a mean and parsimonious to the last degree. He had been at variance with his family, especially with Mr. Montague, the lawyer with whom he had quarreled thirty years before, and had never permitted any of them to address him. He was even so morose as to return all letters, declaring that all his friends wanted of him was his money.
"I am so glad, father!" exclaimed Eliza, unable to control her emotions.
"Glad of what? That your uncle is dead?"
"No, father; that we are rich."
"Riches are a snare, my child."
"We can come up with the Capulets, now," added Eliza, heedless of her father's moral reflections.
"Listen to me, girls. Uncle Ruel's attorney has sent me a copy of the will, and a statement of the reasons that induced him to make me his heir."
"Wasn't it strange that he did so? I thought he was always very bitter towards you," said Annie.

"He was, very bitter indeed. More than thirty years ago, when I first began to practise law, he wished me to undertake a case for him. His purpose was to wrong a poor but honest man, and I refused to act for him; but it was of use to remonstrate with him. Shortly afterwards he deprived me of the patronage of my best client, by a false representation, and then boasted to my face of what he had done. I simply told him that I forgave him the wrong he had done me, which only made him the more bitter towards me."
"What a terrible man he was!" exclaimed Annie.
"He was a strange person. Within six months I was appointed Administrator of an estate against which he held a large claim in the form of a promissory note, not secured by mortgage or otherwise. By some neglect on the part of Uncle Ruel, the note was outlawed a day or two before the death of the promisor, which rendered it of no value in law. I knew, however that it was a just debt, though I suppose I had no legal right to pay it. The heirs were all opposed to paying it at first, because they hated Uncle Ruel."
"What did you do, father?" asked Annie, much excited by the narration.
"He would not have got it out of me," added Eliza.
"I advised the heirs to pay it. It required a great deal of persuasion on my part; but they were fair and just men, in the main, and if the claim had been held by any other person than Uncle Ruel, they would have wished it paid. They consented at last. In the meantime, Uncle Ruel was terribly excited. He felt that the money was lost, and that at the time it would have been a large sum for him to lose. He came to my office and demanded payment. I informed him that I had no authority as yet to pay it, but that I would do the best I could for him. He evidently distrusted me. He did not think it was possible for me to do justly by him after the injury he had done me, so he stormed and raved, called me many hard names—a cheat and a swindler. When I went to pay him, some weeks later, he was astonished, for he had given up the money as lost. He stammered an ungracious apology for his ill-treatment of me, received his money, and closed his heart against me as firmly as ever."
"What a monster!"
"I expected that what I had done would conquer him. It did not. He would not speak to me, even then."
"When a man returns good for evil, and though his pride would not let him be just to me, my course produced its proper effect. The letter I have just received, informs me that he expiated his injustice by thirty years of remorse. You can read the letter at your leisure. It was dictated on the death-bed of the deceased. He says he never could banish the affair from his mind; and now he makes me his heir, as a kind of atonement for his coldness and ingratitude. The 'coals of fire' have smoldered for thirty years, and blazed at last on his death-bed."
The papers were read aloud by Annie, who was deeply impressed by their contents.
A few months after, Mr. Montague came into full possession of the estate, and was one of the wealthiest men in B——.
The world delights to honor those upon whom fortune smiles, and Mr. Montague, all at once found himself one of the most distinguished men in the country. People found out that he had abilities of the first order, and that he would become one of the greatest statesmen in the land; so they elected him to Congress.
Just before his departure for Washington, his daughters insisted upon having a great party. The invitation list was made out and Mr. Montague carefully examined it to see that no names were omitted.
"Put down Mr. Capulet and family," said he, as he handed the list back to Eliza.
"Mr. Capulet?"
"Yes, Eliza."
"What! after they have so long and so carefully 'cut' us?" exclaimed Eliza, her cheek reddening with indignation.
"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head," replied Mr. Montague.
Annie came to her father's aid, and thought it would be the best way to invite them; though of course they would not come.
But they did come, and were as cordial as though no break in their intimacy had ever occurred. Tom Capulet flirted with Annie all the evening, and before the small hours had begun to strike, he was playing Romeo, (Capulet though he was) in real earnest. And she was a very complacent Juliet.
The next day, the Capulets called en masse upon the Montagues.
"Sir," said Mr. Capulet, "we feel that some apology is due for the treatment you and your family have received at our hands. We were so astonished and chagrined when we received your unexpected invitation, that we knew not what to do. We all felt exceedingly cheap."
Mr. Montague smiled, and Mr. Capulet proceeded.
"This unhappy difference has certainly existed long enough."
"I should say that it had; though up to the present time, I have been unable to ascertain the cause of it."
"Indeed! I supposed the cause was clear enough. What Miss Annie said concerning Mrs. Capulet."
"I!" exclaimed Annie.
"Did you not declare that she had been guilty of an indiscretion?"

"Never! I never even hinted any such thing."
"Mary, who lived with you, said she heard you say it."
"Is it possible, Mr. Capulet, that you have taken the word of an ignorant and prejudiced girl to such an extent?"
"I came to us like a true story," continued Mr. Capulet, much disturbed.
"We discharged Mary for stealing," added Mrs. Montague.
"Is it possible?"
"Don't you remember, mother, she threatened to be revenged?"
"I do."
"It would have been proper for you to have given us a chance to be heard in our own defence, said Mr. Montague.
"Can you forgive us?"
"Freely, sir."
"We have probably suffered more than you have; for I have all the time had some doubt about the truth of the story; and I confess I never was so worked up as when your invitation came. It was returning good for evil. It was 'coals of fire' to us. You have conquered me."
The Montagues and Capulets have continued on the best terms up to the present writing; and we are happy to inform the reader that the tragic fate of Romeo and Juliet was not in store for our lovers, for in due time they were married.

The Effects of Imagination.

The Philadelphia *North American* relates an amusing instance of the powers of imagination. A salesman employed in a large jobbing house in Market street, like Paul's a special pet, young Timothy, has "often infirmities," and abominable qualms—or perhaps, like a noted clergyman, has a complaint of the throat—which he assuages with a morning dram of Cogniac, a supply of which he kept in a snug place, easy of access. It happened, however, that a porter named Bill was afflicted by the same infirmities, and clandestinely drew upon the clerk's medical beverage to such an extent as to seriously annoy him. The salesman determined to make Bill the victim of a trick, and for this purpose removed the brandy, and substituted in its place about a quart of very weak whiskey and water, which was colored with burnt sugar. This the porter, at two visits, absorbed the whole of, evidently disappointed in its quality. Shortly after this salesman, standing in a doorway, saw the porter, and with a countenance upon which was depicted an expression of the greatest alarm, he inquired, "who has been taking my bottle of rat poison?" "What rat poison?" asked all, the porter Bill among the number. "Why the bottle of whiskey and arsenic under the counter here." "Had that bottle any arsenic in it?" asked Bill, his face turning ghastly pale, and his knees knocking together with mortal fear. "Had it? I should think it had. There was arsenic enough there to kill twenty men." "I don't know—anything—about it—sir," said Bill, in a manner which showed very plainly that he did, as he rushed precipitately down into the cellar. When there he was seized with a fit of vomiting, accompanied by frightful pains, so violent that the clerks were alarmed, and summoned a physician, thinking that the man must have been poisoned in earnest. It was an hour before the doctor came, he found the man as near death, with all the symptoms of poisoning by arsenic, as though he had actually taken poison in an over dose. The truth of the matter was then told to the victimized porter, and of course his recovery was as rapid as the suddenness of the attack; but the doctor confidently expressed his belief that the man would have died, purely from the effects of his imagination, with all the horrible sensations of a death by corrosive poison.
The Faculty may make the most of the above, or only notice it by a very dignified "Homph!"—but we have the documents, and know it to be an authentic case of self-deception.

I'VE WEPT.

Oh, often in the silent night whilst all around me sleep, When thro' came throbbing thick and fast, I've lain awake and wept.
I've wept for hopes once bright and fair, now sunk in end- less night,
And joys that seemed within my grasp, now faded from my sight.
I've wept for friends—fond ones and dear, forever from me gone,
For one, who still is left to me, yet soon must follow on.
How could I brook the thought, that she—my mother loved Should go from hence—our earthly home, and leave me still behind.
Great heaven! I cried, if this must be; if she from hence must go,
O grant that I may follow soon, and end this life of woe! Repeating one a voice repitied, why murmur at my will? Dry up those tears—and to that heart, speak gently—"Peace, be still."
Those hopes you weep—those friends you mourn, I for your good remove; That you may think the less on earth, and more on Heaven above.

A Hoosier Doorkeeper.

Some years since at a time when Ludlow & Smith, the celebrated theatrical managers were traveling with a large company through the western part of Indiana, everything was flat—business was stagnant, canals were frozen up, and as for money no such thing was in circulation. Yet the managers stode on, and every member of the company knowing them to be "good" stuck to them like wax. After a time the managers, almost in despair, reached something of a sizeable town—put out their bill—after roving, secured a magnificent Hall in the shape of an old barn, and calmly awaited the result. The constable of the town was secured as a money taker, (money was taken at the door) and evening arrived. Many an anxious eye from the stage peeped through the little hole in the green curtain—amazement! the temple barn was crowded. The performances came off that night nervously and charmingly. Every actress and actor was greeted with shouts. At last the performances were concluded, and in an ecstasy of delight, one of the managers sought the doorkeeper.
"Rather good house Mr. Doorkeeper."
"O yes, right smart—here's the dockers' ments." Here Mr. Doorkeeper handed the astonished manager one dollar and seventy-five cents exactly.
"But my dear sir, the hall was full; how can you account for so small a return?"
"Dod wash it, do you doubt my honor stranger—that's all I tuk at the door. You see the big break yonder, well, most of the folks bruk in there."
"Yes, but you—"
"Stranger, ther's my coat off, I was put there to keep the door, I have kept it, now if you insinuate as how I ought, without instructions, to have kept the break, here's fight for the whole crowd."
There was no light.
How ALE STRENGTHENED HIM.—We believe we have got hold of an original anecdote that never was printed before. A student of one of our State Colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary of course to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said:
"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."
"Yes, sir."
"Well, what explanation can you make?"
"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."
"Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"
"Ah, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."
We believe the witty student was discharged without special reprimand.

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—"My Dear Friends: There are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs and bricks into fruit trees, to knock down fruit; if they let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if they are let alone, they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."
A few days since, one of our learned counsels deemed it necessary to shake the testimony of Mr. Butterworth, by impugning his veracity. The witness being called to the stand, the lawyer commenced—
"Do you know Mr. Butterworth?"
"Yes."
"What is Butterworth?"
"Two and ten pence a pound, although I have as high as—"
"That will do, sir. You can take your seat."
The *Home Journal* makes the following report of a stanza as pathetically sung by a prima donna at a New York concert. Those familiar with the song of the "Old Arm Chair," as sung by Russell, may discover a slight resemblance:
H! to love it, hi lo-love it
And whoo-sha-ba! de-hare
To-loo chioo-ha-me for lo-loving
That o-ho-ho! de-harm cha-hair.
"Jimmy, are your folks all well?"
"Yes, ma'am, all but Sally Ann."
"What's the matter with her?"
"O, nothin' particular—only she had the hoopin' cough once, and she haint got over it. The cough ain't any account now, but she has the hoop de-prise."

Rates of Advertising.
Advertisements will be charged \$1 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.

Our Correspondence.

Hudson, Wis., June 2d 1857.
FRIEND COBB; For the past few weeks the all-absorbing topic has been the disposal of the Minnesota land grants by an extra session of the Legislature; and so intense has been the public feeling, that it has pervaded all classes of community, and for the time being all other topics have sunk into insignificance. The "comet" was nowhere, and "town sites" and "real estates" were not even dreamed of. But, as I remarked before, "the Rubicon is passed," the battle is over, and Minnesota "is herself again."
By the bye, this same Minnesota deserves to be immortalized in the annals of fame, for her successful resistance to the series of dangers which have beset her during the past few months. First in the list was the diabolical attempt (by a certain ex-Governor, who is a great Gorman-dizer) to inflict "capital punishment by decapitation," and in his idleness to offer up the devoted head to a certain "St. Peter" to whom he is said to "bow down and worship." But the afflicted people (as in times of old) flew to their patron saint (who is called Paul) for protection. Now this St Paul has great influence with the "powers that be," so he stretched forth his politico-aristocratic arms towards Washington, and cried in a loud voice, "Let not this evil come upon my people," and straightway they received absolution.
Scarcely had this danger passed from the seemingly devoted Territory, ere came the dread cry of "Indian war" wherein thirty thousand Sioux Indians were to massacre all the people therein, and, so frighten the "rest of mankind" that none should dare again to set foot within her borders. But, no sooner did this fierce war cry reach the ears of St. Paul, than one of his disciples called "Timothy," issued from the *Time's* office such a peal of military thunder, as to so nearly annihilate the army of the Sioux, that when the U. S. troops marched from fort Snelling to give battle, the enemy could no where be found; so (after driving three or four old squaws out of a sugar bush) the troops were ordered back to quarters, and thus ended the great war—but the country was again saved.
Yet, even while the echo of the "war cry" was still heard in the distance, came the "unkindest cut of all," viz: the disposition of the land grants. Now, these land grants are supposed to be portions of the public carcass, cut off by Congress to feed the political jackals who ever hang in the rear of the Governmental caravan—and to prevent their incessant howling, Congress occasionally throws them a precious morsel from the public stores. These animals are to be found prowling round the camps of all parties, but mostly about the party to whom for the time being belong the spoils. And, when something like a year ago, Congress cut a piece from Wisconsin to feed them, there was a great scabber, snarling and fighting, to the serious annoyance and permanent injury to the vital interests of said State. The morsel was not of sufficient magnitude to satisfy the cravings of the whole pack, so they set up a howl more hideous than before, and pressed hard on the heels of the keepers of the public crib, showing their white, long rows of chattering teeth yet reeking with the juicy morsel they had been devouring. Congress saw the danger and to avert it cut hastily from the tender carcass of Minnesota an enormous piece, and threw in their midst. Then came the mighty scabble of the voracious and half-starved legion. All of the species were in motion. They came from the east, west, north and south, and even the "old Keystone" was here represented. But Minnesota saw her danger, and fearing in the general melee, total destruction, rallied to the rescue. She gathered her mighty warriors and strong men and entrenched them in her Legislative Halls, within the precincts of her ancient patron, St Paul. Soon they were surrounded by the mighty hosts of their besiegers, who sought to intimidate by threatening to devour all who should stand between them and the promised repast. But the brave little band still kept to their post and after many days being short of supplies they were constrained to take rations from the stores they were guarding from the enemy. This was a fatal mistake (for outsiders) for they rolled it as a sweet morsel under their tongues, and when they had feasted long, resolved to appropriate what was left to their own exclusive use now and forever, not allowing even the crumbs to be picked from under their table by the famished multitude. When this edict was proclaimed in the land there was great wailing, and soon the besieging hosts began to leave; first by ones and twos and soon by legions, till ere long the city was nearly deserted and peace was again proclaimed in the land.
The election of delegates for a convention to form a State Constitution for Minnesota preparatory to her admission into the Union, is to take place soon. Each party claims to be sure of success, but what the result will be I am not prepared to predict.
The weather has been delightful for a few weeks past, and all kinds of vegetation may be said to be in a flourishing condition, and the coming harvest from present indications will undoubtedly be a good one. But lest I weary the patience of yourself and readers I will close. I expect to start on the 4th inst on an exploring expedition some 100 miles in the interior, and should anything present itself worthy of note you may hear from me again. In the mean time I remain
Yours truly, O. V. E.
A man had a sign up, "Cheap ladies' shoes for sale here. He found that not a lady entered his store. No wonder—the ladies don't like to be called cheap, but dear."