

# THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IV.

WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1857.

NO. V.

## 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 square. The following rates will be charged for square. Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

	3 months.	6 months.	12 mo's.
1 Square, (14 lines), -	\$2 50	\$4 50	\$6 00
2 Squares, -	4 00	6 00	8 00
3 columns, -	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 Capture of Joe Bettys.

Although the event of which we are about to speak created no peculiar excitement at the time out of the immediate neighborhood of its occurrence, and has been noticed by but few historians, yet it was one of manifold importance to the inhabitants of a large and thickly settled section of the country, where it occasioned the most intense interest for a time.

Joseph or "Joe" Bettys, as he was commonly called, was a resident of Ballston when the Revolution commenced, and early took sides with the Republicans. A sergeant's warrant was procured for him, and he joined Col. Wyncoop's regiment; but his temper and disposition were so intractable that he was soon reduced to the ranks for some act of insubordination. His friends, however, knowing his character for determined bravery and courage, and unwilling that his services should be lost to the country, procured another warrant for him, and had him transferred to the fleet, under Arnold, on Lake Champlain. In the naval battle which soon afterward occurred he eminently distinguished himself for daring and indomitable gallantry, and all the officers on board his vessel having been killed or wounded, he took the command himself, and fought her with the utmost intrepidity, until General Waterbury—Arnold's second in command—was obliged to order him to repair with the survivors of his crew on board his own vessel. Here he continued to fight with the reckless contempt of danger peculiar to his disposition, until his vessel in turn became crippled, the General wounded, most of the crew killed, and only Bettys and two others left in a fighting condition, when it was surrendered to the enemy.

The prisoners were taken to Canada, and while there Bettys was seduced from his allegiance, and entered the service of the enemies of his country, with the rank of ensign. His intimate knowledge of the country rendered his services as a messenger and a spy—in which capacities he was almost constantly employed—of great value, and his fearful and bloodthirsty disposition made him a formidable enemy. During one of his missions he was captured, and narrowly escaped the gallows. He had been condemned to suffer death, but the entreaties of his aged parents, and the influence of many friends, obtained a pardon at the hands of General Washington. Instead of feeling grateful for this act of generosity, his feelings were very much embittered by the danger he had escaped, and he lost no time in regaining the ranks of the enemy. From this time he seemed to have cast aside all vestige of humanity, and, guided by all the dictates of a fiendish nature, without the slightest compunctions of conscience, or feeling of pity or commiseration, he ranged the neighborhood of his early home, becoming a scourge to his former friends and neighbors. Possessed of an uncommon amount of shrewdness and intelligence for one in his station of life, powerful and athletic, cold, revengeful and cruel, inflexible in his determination, untrusting in his purposes, and knowing no fear, he was well calculated to excite terror among the people of the border settlements. With a desperate boldness seldom equaled, he eschewed all disguises, and made his appearance openly in the midst of the settlers—sometimes alone, at others accompanied by kindred spirits—and never taking his departure without leaving mourning, misery and sorrow in his track. He proclaimed himself an outlaw, and dared any to attempt his capture, saying he was as careless of his own life as he should be of the lives of those who should undertake such a task. He declared that he never would be taken alive, and that his death would be fearfully avenged by his followers upon the heads of those who should cause it. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that his name became as terrific to the settlers as he was to the bold buccanniers of old to the inhabitants of the Spanish Main, or that he should for a time be successful in his murderous forays against the Republicans. He seized the persons of many of the most influential and active Whigs, whom he carried to Canada, subjecting them to the most cruel and inhuman treatment by the way. Such as he entertained a particular resentment against lost their dwellings by fire, and sometimes their lives. His boldness and audacity had so increased by the success of his expeditions that, on one occasion, he made an excursion into the city of Albany, for the purpose of abducting the person of General Schuyler. There were those, however, bold and fearless enough to undertake his capture, and many were the attempts made for that purpose before success crowned the effort. It was successful at last, and occurred in the following manner: Three men, residents of Ballston, hearing that a suspicious stranger had been seen, thoroughly armed, and on snow shoes, making his way toward the house of a well-known loyalist, determined to make a bold and strenuous effort to take him alive. Their names were Corey, Perkins and Fulmer; and, having armed themselves they started in pursuit. The trail led them by a circuitous route to the house of the Tory before mentioned, which they approached with the utmost circumspection; and, upon peering into the windows, they discovered the object of their search seated at the table, discussing a hearty meal. He seemed prepared for an emergency for his pistols lay on either side of him, ready to his hand, while his rifle stood between his knees, the muzzle resting in the hollow of his shoulder. Having arranged their plan, they suddenly burst open the door, and in an instant were upon the miscreant, who did not yield

without a fearful contest. He attempted to discharge his rifle, but having neglected to remove the deerkin covering of the lock, did not succeed in so doing; and before he could seize his pistols he was himself seized in the powerful grasp of two of the intrepid men, while the third presented his bayonet at his breast, threatening him with instant death if he did not surrender. Unarmed as he was, it cost a herculean struggle to overcome him, and bind his limbs beyond the possibility of escape. The three were an overmatch for him, however, and he was at length secured. After a while he requested permission to smoke, and as he was lighting his pipe he was seen to cast something into the fire, which was immediately seized, and proved to be a hollow ball, containing a message in cypher to Sir Henry Clinton, with an order for thirty guineas on its delivery. He plead hard with his captors for permission to burn the papers, and offered one hundred guineas for the privilege. All his offers were refused with scorn, and becoming satisfied of the impossibility of bribing his captors, he exclaimed, "Then I'm a dead man." It was even so. He was not allowed again to escape, but he was taken to Albany, where he was tried, condemned, and executed as a spy.

The captors of Bettys were deserving of the same if not higher honors than those conferred upon the captors of Andre. The latter was unarmed, and his capture was the result of accident; while the former was not taken without the risk of life, and after a fearful struggle. He was known to be thoroughly armed, and a desperado of the worst character and a disposition. Bettys was a far more dangerous man, though, perhaps, not so important as Andre. Both tempted their captors with gold, and the offers of both were spurned with contempt. In this the cases were similar, and in view of ulterior consequences, perhaps, the importance of the capture rests with Paulding, Williams and Van Wert; but, when viewed in the light of the peril of the enterprise, Corey, Perkins and Fulmer are deserving of the warmest praise for their bravery and intrepidity. Yet the only return they received was the arms of their prisoner, while the others received rich rewards, and were honored after death by monuments, upon which, as well as upon the page of history, their patriotism and honesty have been lauded to the skies. With what a partial hand is the meed of praise bestowed!

**EDITORSHIP.**—We have known a very learned gentleman to obligingly bring us a contribution with the remark that as we were continually occupied, it must doubtless be quite an accommodation to receive a good article once in a while—and on examining the "good" article in question, we have found three gross grammatical errors, divers sins of awkwardness, and two words misspelled in the first and second sentences. A lecture which will bear printing as it is delivered, is an exception; and in a word, there are very few men, who have not served a regular apprenticeship to the types, who can sit down, and without "halt or let," express their thoughts readily and fluently in writing. Yet with all this, we daily meet with gentlemen who, because they have made an occasional hit in a letter to a friend, or have elaborated a drawing poem in some incautious paper, talk darily and dashing of journalism, and graciously inform us how they would make things fly round; if they were only editors.

**Singular**—every man no matter how stupid he is, always seems to be morally convinced that if everything else fails, he can either manage a small farm or edit a paper—and experience shows that where there are a hundred educated young men capable of successfully practicing a profession, there is not more than one or two who is really enough a genius, a scholar, and a man of practical sense to make a good editor. In fact, though all the world read papers, there are very few out of the business who have ever taken the pains to acquire much information relative to it—and the natural consequence is that its difficulties are unappreciated.—*Boston Investigator.*

**CONTENTMENT.**—Napoleon when at the height of his power, happened to be at the Amiens, and as he was crossing the public square to leave the city, amidst the acclamations of all its inhabitants, who had run in crowds and almost blocked up the passage, he cast his eyes over the immense multitude, and discovered in one corner of the square, a stone cutter, whose attention had not been one moment drawn from his labor by all the splendor of the spectacle. The singular indifference of this man excited the curiosity of the Emperor; he desired to know something of him, and spurred his horse onward, and stopped directly in front of the man.

"What are you doing there?" asked the Emperor, with the pleasant tones which distinguished him on such occasions.

The workman raised his eyes and recognized the Emperor.

"Sir," answered he, "I am hewing this stone you see."

"You have been in the army have you not?" said the Emperor, who recognized in him an old soldier. "You made the campaign of Egypt—were you not an under officer?"

"It was even so, sir."

"And why did you leave the service?"

"Because I served out my time and obtained my discharge."

"I am sorry for it—you are a fine fellow—I am desirous of doing something for you—speak, what do you wish?"

"Only that your Majesty would allow me to hew this stone. My labor procures me all I want; I have no need of anything."

## The Capitol Extension.

The progress within the last few weeks of the work on the Capitol extension, has been such as to be very palpable even to the ordinary observer. In particular, the removal of the wilderness of scaffolding from the interior of the great halls of the Senate and House of Representatives, makes the advance striking. Of both these spacious and noble halls the ceilings are finished and out of hand, and present a beauty of style, workmanship and completeness superior to anything of the kind on this continent. That of the House is the warmest in style and most elaborate in finish; but there are tastes which, on the whole, may prefer the Senate's. Both however, are akin in their general manner, and only differ as good tastes would have them do. We find the flooring of the committee and other rooms, halls, passages and avenues of both the new wings to be proceeding rapidly. In the northern wing, the workmen are now putting up the newel-posts, railings and fencings of the main passages to the Senate chamber, all of which posts, rails and fencing are of Tennessee marble, and therefore of unsurpassed richness and beauty. To our eye this is the most beautiful marble work we have ever seen. In both the connection wings between the old Capitols and wings, the progress is such as to have arisen to the level of the ground, and on the south connection somewhat above it.

As to the undertaking of raising the new dome on the old or central building, it is proceeding steadily and surely. Of the general plan of the dome it is sufficient to say that its bulk is divided into four sections—the first occupied by thirty-six columns of cast iron twenty feet high, and about three feet in diameter at the top. These columns rest on a foundation consisting of cast iron plate, which again rests on a circular wall, belted, girded, cramped and compacted by every judicious imaginable contrivance, into a mass of solid matter, forming as it were, but a single body. On these columns (which are hollow and about an inch thick) when in position, will be placed a ring to form the foundation for a superimposed section of pilasters, less in size than the columns, but agreeing with them in number, on which will be a strong panel work, constituting a third section or attic.—The fourth section is a dome or cupola proper, and differs from other domes in having an elliptical instead of a circular section. The whole will be surrounded by stout circular plates of iron of considerable thickness, bearing an altar-like structure, girt with faces, all in iron, supporting a globe around which will pass a belt inscribed with the motto, "Pluribus Unum," and on the globe stands a tall figure of the Goddess of Liberty, erect, with a sword and shield and around her forehead a fillet studded with stars, being Crawford's greatest work.—*National Intelligencer.*

**TEA TASTING.**—The New York correspondent gives the following particulars of the effects of "tea tasting" and sampling upon the constitutions of those engaged in the business:—

"The death of a famous tea broker in this city lately, calls to mind the curious nature of this business. I wonder if any of your readers at the West know that their fastidiousness in the choice of the herb which cheers, but not inebriates, is the cause of the establishment of a profession, called 'tea tasting'—which is as certain death to a man as the continued practice of opium eating.—The success of the tea broker or taster depends upon the trained accuracy of his nose and palate, his experience in the want of the American market, and a keen business tact. If he has these qualities in high cultivation he may make from \$20,000 to \$40,000 per annum while he lives, and die of ulceration of the lungs. He overhauls a cargo of tea, classifies it, and determines the value of each sort. In doing this he first looks at the color of the leaf and the general cleanliness of it. He next takes a quantity of the herb in his hand, and breathing his warm breath on it, sniffs up the fragrance. In doing this he draws into his lungs a quantity of irritating and stimulating dust which is by no means wholesome. Then sitting down at the table in his office, on which is a long row of little porcelain cups and a pot of hot water, he 'draws' the tea and tastes the infusion. In this way he classifies the different sorts of the minutest shade, marks the different prices and is then ready to compare his work with the invoice. The skill of these tasters is fairly marvellous, but the effect of the business on their health is, as I have said, ruinous. They grow lean, nervous and consumptive.

**TAKING IT COOLLY.**—The following is the latest joke upon John Bull:—

John was traveling on some Western railroad, when a tremendous explosion took place, the cars at the same time coming to a sudden halt. The passengers sprang up in terror, and rushed out to acquaint themselves with the mischief—all but Mr. Bull, who continued reading his newspaper. In a moment somebody rushed back and informed him that the boiler had burst.

"Awe!" muttered the Englishman.

"Yes," continued his informant, "and sixteen persons have been killed."

"Awe!" grunted the Englishman again.

"And—and" said his interlocutor, with an effort, "your own man—your servant—has been blown into a hundred pieces."

"Awe! bring me the piece that has the key of my portmanteau."

"Mike is it yourself that can be after telling me how they make ice crames?"

"Truth I can; don't they bake them in could ovens, to be sure."

## Oreide.—The New Substitute for Gold.

The manufacture of this new metal, oreide, under the French patent of H. Migeon, granted in this country March 3, 1857, has been commenced on a large scale in Waterbury, Connecticut, and it will undoubtedly soon be in use, as it is already in France for various articles of domestic economy and all sorts of ornamentation, as it bears the same relation to gold as German silver to pure silver; like German silver, it may be used in a pure condition, or as a base of gold plating. It bears so strong a resemblance to gold that when manufactured into fine articles, such as we have been accustomed to see made only of gold, we are at once convinced that the article we are handling is really the pure metal, yet it is made of material that costs only eighty cents a pound as it comes from the furnace where the several metals of its composition are refined into ingots. The oreide is not a new metal—it is only a new compound of old metals, so refined in the process as to have done away with a great part of their disposition to oxidize, as it only tarnishes in about the same degree as silver, and though ebullition takes place, if tested with nitric acid, it does not leave a black spot, so that it may be actually cleaned with acids which would destroy such metals as copper or brass. We have examined the metal in bars and sheets, prepared for the manufacture of various articles, and also in its manufactured state—in spoons, sugar-tongs, napkin rings, goblets, buttons, watch chains, various articles of plain and chased jewelry and cast ornaments, and plates of various thickness from tin foil to the sixteenth of an inch thick, combined with gold, so as to show gold upon one side and the oreide upon the other, and it was certainly very difficult to tell which was gold and which was oreide. That it is an improvement in the arts there can be no doubt, and that it so much resembles gold as to make it necessary for our Legislature at once to require, as in France, that all articles should be stamped "oreide" to prevent great frauds, will probably be found out after a great many people have been pretty severely cheated. This alloy (oreide) is formed of 100 parts by weight of pure copper, 19 of zinc, 6 of magnesia, 3 and three-fifths of sal ammoniac, 1 and four-fifths parts of quicklime, and 9 of unpurified tartar.

**WHISTLING "YANKEE DOODLE" INTO EUROPE.**—Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in his address to the Boston Musical Festival, told the following incident:—

"I have always been a great admirer of the festival or banquet, or it might have been a ball was about to take place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the sovereigns who were either present or represented on the occasion. The sovereign people of the United States—represented there as you remember, by Mr. Adams, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr. Jonathan Russell and Mr. Gallatin—were of course, not to be overlooked; and the musical conductor or band master of the place called upon these commissioners to furnish him with our national air. 'Our national air,' said they, 'is Yankee Doodle.' 'Yankee Doodle,' said the conductor, 'what is that? Where can I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you supply us with the score?' The perplexity of the Commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were fairly at their wit's end. They had never imagined that they would have scores of this sort to settle, and each turned to the other in despair. At length they thought them, in a happy moment, that there was a colored servant of Clay, who, like many of his race, was a first rate whistler, and who was certain to know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was sent for accordingly, and the problem was solved without further delay. The band master jotted down the air as the colored boy whistled it; and before night," said Mr. Adams, "Yankee Doodle was set to so many parts that you would hardly know it, and it came out the next day in all the pride, pomp and circumstance of viol and hautboy, of drum, trumpet and cymbal, to the edification of the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, and to the glorification of the United Sovereigns of the U. S. of America."

**MR. BROWN TREATS ALL HIS CUSTOMERS.**—Some years ago Ben Brown opened a store in Swoptown, and decided to treat every one buying at his store. Money being pretty scarce, there was a good deal of barter going on in those days, so Sam Jones called in to the grocery and dry goods store of Mr. Brown and asked for a darning needle offering in exchange an egg. After receiving the needle, Jones said:—

"Come ain't you a going to treat?"

"What, on that trade?"

"Certainly; a trade's a trade let it be big or little."

"Well, what will you take?"

"A glass of wine," said Jones.

The wine was poured out, when Jones said:—

"Would it be asking too much to request you to put an egg in the wine? I am very fond of wine and egg."

Appalled by the man's meanness, the store-keeper took the identical egg which he had received for the darning needle and handed it to his customer, who on breaking it discovered that it contained a double yolk.

"Look here," said the sponger don't you think you ought to give me another darning needle? This you see is a double yolk."

The great scientific question in Cincinnati at the present time is, "Which is the Old World, and which is the New?" The opinion is evidently gaining ground "out West," that we have long been laboring under an error on this point.

## Our Correspondence.

**FRIEND COBB.**—In my last communication to you I mentioned a proposed journey to the Chippewa River and parts contiguous, and the furnishing to you of "field notes" of the same &c., but like human calculations of future events this one of mine was doomed to fail, and "for reasons too numerous to mention." I didn't go to Chippewa and you will have to do without the "field notes" for the present. I will simply say that having passed through that country last fall I had ocular demonstration of its general character, and taking in addition the description given by those conversant with its advantages, I consider it a desirable point for any who wish to engage either in agriculture or lumbering, and in fact the same thing may be truthfully asserted of the whole district lying between Lake St. Croix and the Chippewa River.—The crops in this upper country are extremely good, better I think on the average than I ever saw in any country before. Hay, oats, potatoes, wheat, rye, barley, and in fact all crops except corn will give an abundant yield. Corn looks finely and bids fair for a good crop, except that it is from ten days to two weeks later than usual owing to the universal late spring, and should the fall season be favorable we will still have a good crop of corn. Our farmers are nearly through with their haying and have commenced harvesting their wheat and oats. We have plenty of new potatoes and all other vegetables incident to this season in Pa.

The weather during the summer has been as fine as the most fastidious could wish, whether viewed with an eye to pleasure or profit. I think I never witnessed so fine a season before; no sudden changes, but one continued succession of warm days and deliciously cool evenings. For the most part we have had a cloudless sky with a gentle breeze from the north-western lakes and plains, and interspersed by just enough refreshing showers to supply the wants of vegetation.

The political parties here are just waking up to new life and marshaling their forces for the coming autumnal battle. The Republicans confident of success are thoroughly organizing and selecting their candidates, while the democracy divided against itself by the so called "forty thief" party's having usurped all the fat offices, is distracted, unorganized and impotent for any good or evil so far as success at the polls is concerned.

The Minnesota Constitutional Convention now the all objects party is almost unanimous in denouncing the border ruffian faction headed by the notorious Gorman, who three months ago was the special mark for the venom of the very men who now fall down and worship him. The charge then was political corruption, and the people here cannot discover that the cause has been removed; but with the border-ruffian cliques the difference is that "the boot is on the other foot." The Republican members met at the time specified in the enabling act and having a working majority organized and proceeded to business and will have a constitution framed and ready to submit to the people in the course of two or three months. On the other hand the secessionists have refused or neglected to present their credentials, and have met daily in a room adjoining to receive a political sermon from the great Gorman and then adjourn to the next day to receive the same thing rehearsed. They have not as yet organized their revolutionary band for the simple reason that they have not members enough to form a quorum, although they have already manufactured enough (some 6 or 7) with the exception of one, and this one they can as easily manufacture as they have the others and probably will ere long do so. The whole thing is an abominable political farce, and the disorganizers avow that if they cannot rule they will prevent Minnesota from coming into the Union at all. They do not even claim that they have a quorum legally elected, and the whole press of the north-west (with the exception of 3 journals in their pay) denounce their revolutionary proceedings. The people of the Territory are indignant and could an election be held to day Minnesota would roll up such a majority for the cause of freedom as was never dreamed of in your philosophy.

There has been a good deal of difficulty on the western frontier of Minnesota during the summer with the Sioux Indians of which you have been advised by the press. But as Government has made arrangements to send a new supply of troops to the Territory it is hoped these troops will keep the red skins in awe until the difficulties between them and government can be so settled as to prevent hostilities for the future. The country here is filling up with emigrants very fast, and the sound of the busy hammer salutes our ears on all sides. Business of all kinds seems to be in a flourishing condition. Money is plenty and labor of all kinds in demand. The people generally eschew visionary speculations and have gone to work; thus becoming producers, and in view of this he can safely predict the "good time coming."

Yours truly, C. V. E.

Hudson Wis, July 31st 1857.

Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October; a man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees at the summit of a neighboring hill a figure, apparently of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear; he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances towards him; the size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually but sensibly diminished; at last they meet, and perhaps what the person had taken for a monster proves to be his brother.

**Terms of Publication.**  
THE TOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of One Dollar per annum, 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.  
Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$4 per year.

**FUN IN COURT.**—A ludicrous item of testimony was squeezed out of a village gallant at Medico, in the course of the Coroner's investigation. Mr. Amidab Doolittle was called on the witness stand, blushing in anticipation of the revelations he might be called upon to make. John W. Graves, Esq., who conducted the case, "put him through," as follows:—

Graves—"Where were you on Sunday evening last?"

Doolittle—"At the Methodist Church sir."

Graves—"Where did you go after church, sir?"

Doolittle—"Well, I went down C—street."

Graves—"What house did you go to on C—street?"

Doolittle—"Well, I went—I went to—well I don't know as I'm obliged to tell where I went."

Graves—"You are obliged to tell—so out with it."

Doolittle—"I went to Mr. Higgins'."

Graves—"How late did you stay?"

Doolittle—"I staid till—well about ten o'clock."

Graves—"Where did you go then?"

Doolittle—"Didn't go anywhere—I staid at Mr. Higgins'."

Graves—"Well, then where did you go?"

Doolittle—"I went to—I don't know, sir, that I'm obliged to tell where I went."

Graves—"You are, obliged to tell, sir—where did you go?"

Doolittle—"I went to—well—I didn't go anywhere. By special request I stayed all night!"

**SHAN'T BITE ME.**—There was a fellow of a certain neighborhood in Arkansas, who was strongly suspected of sheep stealing. There were weekly many cases of the mysterious disappearance of choice mutton from the flocks of the planters which were traced to his door; but being an ingenious chap, he generally succeeded in proving an alibi or some other defence, which reduced the charge to a mere suspicion.

At last, however, a planter riding through the woods perceived the suspected sheep-thief stealing from the woods, and after lankin up to a flock of sheep and deliberately knocked over the largest and fattest. At this moment the planter rode up, and confronting the thief, exclaimed:—

"Now, sir, I have got you! You can't get off; you are caught in the act!"

"What act?" indignantly demanded the thief.

"Sheep-stealing," was the confident reply.

"Sir you had better mind how you charge a respectable American citizen with such a crime as sheep-stealing," replied the gentleman with the penchant for mutton.

"Now will you deny that I saw you kill that sheep?" asked the planter.

"No, sir," was the prompt answer, "I did kill him, and I'd do it again. I'll kill anybody's sheep that bites me as I am going peaceably along the road."

Two young misses, discussing the qualities of some young gentleman, were overheard thus:—

No. 1. "Well, I like Charley, but he is rather girlish, he hasn't got the least bit of a beard."

No. 2. "I say Charley has a beard, but he shaves it off."

No. 1. "No he hasn't either, any more than I have."

No. 2. "I say he has, too, and I know it, for it pricked my cheek."

The Boston Traveller tells of a patriotic poet of Philadelphia, who has written a poem on Mr. Buchanan, in which he invokes him, in settling the Kansas and other difficulties, to—

"Arm! Go forth naked to the fight!"

We hope Mr. Buchanan will not do any such ridiculous thing. Let him at least adopt the Texan costume—shirt collar and spurs.

In Missouri they fight duels on slight provocations; recently two public characters came near introducing lead into each other's systems because one of them spelt rascal with a "k." The party to whom the epithet was applied didn't mind being called a rascal, but to have it written in such a villainous orthography was more than human nature could submit to.

"How do you feel with such a shocking looking coat on?" said a young clerk of more pretensions than brains, one morning.

"I feel," said the old Roger, looking at him steadily, with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at his victim, "I feel, young man, as if I had on a coat which had been paid for—a luxury of feeling I think you will never experience."

A gentleman once conversing in the society of a company of ladies and criticizing rather severely the want of personal beauty in other ladies of their acquaintance, said—

"They are the ugliest women I know," and then with an extraordinary politeness, added, "present company always excepted."

A Harrisburg paper gives the following case of absence of mind: A girl who was one of our first loves, was one night lighting us out, after having passed a delightful evening, and in a bashful trepidation she blew us out, and drew the candle behind the door and kissed it.