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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:—

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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 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, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1857.

NO. VI.

From the Massachusetts Gazette, Aug. 9, 1770.

To the Printer &c.

CAMBRIDGE, August 8, 1770.

The modern discoveries in Electricity have opened a new scene in nature, and a much more extensive one than could have been imagined. They have showed us a near relation between Electricity and Lightning, of which former ages had not the least suspicion. It is now incontestably proved, that the matter in both these cases is the same; that it is governed in its operation by the same laws, and that it is productive of effects, the same in kind, and differing only in degree. Electricity then is artificial Lightning. By this discovery we are enabled to make experiments upon Lightning, and to examine the manner of its acting, as often as we please, and without any danger. And we now assert for truth, that twenty years ago would have been perfectly incredible, that this tremendous meteor, which has been the terror of all ages, is in a great measure subjected to human power. Its violence cannot, indeed, be resisted, but its course may be averted. From numerous experiments made upon the electrical fire, or artificial lightning, compared with observations of the effects of natural lightning, it appears that different bodies are more or less perfect conductors of it. It is well known, that trees are frequently shivered by lightning, and that wooden buildings are shattered, and sometimes set on fire, by it; and the higher these are, that is the nearer the clouds, so much the more are they exposed to these injuries. The masts of vessels, and steeples are most frequently struck. The bricks of chimneys, and the stones in our buildings are often driven out of their places. Animals are stunned, or killed, according to the force of the stroke. But metals are not hurt by it, unless they are thin or slender, and then are sometimes melted a little. And it is observable, that when buildings have been struck, wherever there has been a quantity of metal to conduct the lightning, there the contiguous parts of the buildings remained unharmed; but where the metal ended, there the other materials were torn and shattered. Accidents of these kinds are so frequent, that not a summer passes without some or other of them; and we have had two recent instances, in the steeples of Hampton and Waltham, of which the News-papers have given an account.

From the foregoing particulars it appears, that metals are the best conductors of the electric fire; and that wood, bricks, stones and animal bodies are ill qualified to be conductors of it. And all this is fully confirmed by the experiments of Electricity, which show, that the electric fire is most strongly attracted by metals;—that it seeks them in preference to all other bodies;—that when it can find a sufficient quantity of metal to conduct or convey it, it passes along without doing any injury to that or the neighboring bodies; and that its destructive force is only perceived, when there is a failure of metal to conduct it.

These observations have suggested a method of preserving our persons and properties from the fatal effects of this violent meteor; for which the world is indebted to the happy genius of our illustrious Countryman, Dr. FRANKLIN. Agreeable to the foregoing principles, if a continued line of any metal (iron, for instance) of a sufficient thickness, be formed, reaching from above the highest part of a building, down to the ground, the lightning which might fall on that building will flow in a silent innocuous stream through the body of the metal, without injury to the building or the persons in it. And it will flow the more readily, if the metal end at the top is in sharp points, rather than in a flat surface or a knob.

"'Tis a great pity that this admirable invention, so simple in its preparation, so beneficial in its consequences, and approved now by the experience of several years, and in different countries, should not be universally adopted. No objections of a philosophic kind have been made to it, that are worth mentioning. What has hindered its being brought into common use, has rather been religious scruples. Many persons have considered Thunder and Lightning as tokens of the divine justice; and in consequence look upon it as a degree of impiety to endeavor to prevent them from doing their full execution. But these scruples, I humbly conceive, are founded on misapprehensions of the method in which Divine Providence has thought fit to govern the material world; which is, not by immediate, extraordinary interpositions of power, but by steady, general laws. Rain, snow, hail, stormy winds, heat and cold, are as truly instruments in the hand of GOD for carrying on the purposes of his providence, as thunder and lightning are; and these latter are as salutary and as necessary to the well-being of the world as the former; and if it be not only allowable but a duty to make use of the means that GOD has put into our hands, to secure ourselves from the hurtful or dangerous effects of any of the former, it must for the same reason be equally so in respect of the latter. If a stream of lightning fall on a building furnished with pointed iron rods as above described, it is as much the Will of GOD that it should follow the course of the iron without injuring the rest of the building, as that, when it falls on a common wooden building, it should tear and split the boards, or set them on fire. And how consistently persons can have scruples of conscience about preventing a building being set on fire by lightning, and yet can exert their utmost endeavors to extinguish a fire kindled, as they suppose by the immediate hand of GOD, I leave them to explain as they are able.

J. WINTHROP.

A Yankee in Missouri.

A writer in the Missouri Democrat, strikingly illustrates in the following interesting sketch, the difference between Yankee enterprise and the indolent habits of men raised in slave States:

"I was half a hundred miles from St. Louis, I traveled through Missouri, I could but mark the tame and quiet aspect of the country, exhibiting a sad want of enterprise among the people in that particular neighborhood; fences almost concealed in the thick brush, grown up inside as well as outside the fields, houses of most somber appearance, wanting even in the cleanly show a peck of lime and an hours work would impart. Looking at the rich soil and pondering the unliking appearance of the country, I rode along in the stillness of the morning, no sound disturbing the quiet, save the occasional report of the gun of some hunter of petty game far up or down the valley; in the sounds themselves I thought I found to some extent the solution of the question of why it was that land so rich and fertile was so badly tilled; farmers were out squirrel hunting while the spring time was upon them and the fences not yet repaired.

While I was meditating on the change a few years will produce in that region of country, a sudden turn in the road brought me to one of those beautiful streams of water found curved among the hills every few miles along my route, and the sound of a waterfall mingled with the rattle, clatter and buzzing sounds of a mill saluted my ears, while a scene presented itself so highly contrasting with everything in the surrounding country, that the very contrast seemed to invest it with new beauties. There stood a fine flouring mill, with numerous wagons being loaded and unloaded, horses receiving and being relieved of their burdens, numerous small boys perch'd on the top of bags of meal or flour, turning their horses' heads homeward; dozens of men were piling and handling lumber; the whole scene in fact, wearing an unmistakable look of bustle and business, as though the energy of a whole neighborhood had been centered in that particular spot.

A little further on, crowning the summit of an eminence overlooking the scene I have attempted to describe, was a handsome residence built in modern style, neat and tasteful in every part, while up and down the stream, large fields of wheat and green meadows were spread out so picturesquely that with my admiration there arose a desire to know the possessor of such fine property. He was pointed out to me by one of the laborers; on approaching him I was received with an affable and courteous manner, and was soon in possession of all the information I desired. He was a native of Massachusetts, had not yet reached middle age, came to Missouri six years ago, went to work to start a manufacturing establishment in the neighborhood where he now lives, found no encouragement but met with every opposition, was denounced as a Yankee and an abolitionist, threats were made to drive him from the country, influential men deliberately went to work to organize a system to foment opposition to him; he soon found himself without a dollar, but within him there was that which is worth more than money—there was a will, a determined energy which laughs at poverty. Friends, for he had some friends even there, came to his assistance with a few hundred dollars, and on three acres of land, there in the undisturbed forest, he began the erection of his mill, soon had it up and going, paid off all his liabilities, now owned eight hundred acres of the fine land around him, he has been offered \$20,000 for his property, though it is not half it is worth, was improving it all the time, hired all his labor.

In answer to a question as to his political opinion, he answered freely, "I am a free soiler, sir," and pointing around him over his fields, he added, "here is eight hundred acres of free soil in Missouri, and it shall grow to eight thousand acres."

NARROW ESCAPE FROM WEALTH.—The venerable and revered Dr. Humphrey, of Pittsburg, writing from Chicago to the N. Y. Evangelist, thus dilates on an instance of his life:

"How marvellous has been the rise of property in Chicago! Happening to be there in the summer of 1839, when the Dearborn reservation was brought into market, I bought two small lots, and sold them about seven or eight years ago for \$2,500, which was tho't to be a fair price. Now the new Richmond Hotel, one of the finest in Chicago, stands on the same ground, which I am assured would, if I had kept it to this time, have brought me eighty thousand dollars!"

So you see how narrowly I have escaped being a rich man, and rearing my boys, had they been young, to rely upon my fortune, and not their own industry, economy and good behavior.

I slept upon the premises last night at a fair hotel charge, and without being kept awake one moment in thinking of what I had lost. I had excellent accommodations, and what could I ask for more? If the children of the proprietor who bought the land of me (if he has any) escape with the great fortune, as safely as mine have done without it, they will be an exception to the general experience of wealthy families.

"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a fashionably dressed lady. "Perhaps so; a load of hay went through this morning," was the horrid reply.

"I'll take your part" as the dog said when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

Adventure of an Auburn Editor.

The editor of the Auburn American recently attended a trial of Mowers and Reapers, and while examining an orchard adjoining the meadow in which the trial took place, experienced a trial of quite another description. His description of the affair is too good to be lost:

"That bull was one of them. He was monarch of all he could eat, chase or gore. Being deeply interested in the apple crop, he wandered out of the field in which the mowing was going on, into friend Shotwell's orchard. Fat and handsome blooded cows were lying about, chewing their cud, and utterly indifferent to what was going on. We wandered on from tree to tree in the large orchard, and while critically examining some very fine looking fruit, was suddenly and, rather unpleasantly startled from our train of thought by the bellowing of Mr. Taurus, whose majesty had been reclining, and of whose august presence we were unaware. He elevated his tail and made the earth fly with his "awful paw," and having thus manifested his hostility and given tone, if not color, to his idea, that we were an interloper, made a plunge towards us. A moment's view of our antagonist was just about enough. He had a tremendous front. His eyes flashed fire. He roared like a "Bull of Bashan." We did not at all fancy the style of his horns. They were straight as needles, and about as sharp. He exhibited an unmistakable desire to employ them upon us.

Knowing that it was expected of us to report the test trial going on in another field, we remembered the prior and pressing interests of our friends, and set up a smart run. So did Mr. Bull! We scampered. He scampered. He made better time than we could "bottom out." He gained on us rapidly. We could almost feel his hot breath on the back of our neck. It was neck or nothing. Rail fences twenty rods off! Tight race! No bets! Bull in high spirits! Gave up for a "tiger!" No such thing! Friendly apple tree with low branches! Clutched two of them and lifted our precious body into the tree!

Taurus arrived just as we cleared the ground! Paved and roared horribly. Taurus did! We attempted to reason with him. No sort of use! He was obstinate and hard of heart. Evidently a great scamp. We eyed him. He eyed us. Good sight for both of us. Being in the newspaper line, we are in favor of the earliest publication of important news, but we confess that the Bull-let-in contemplated on this occasion shocked our sense of propriety. And the fact that we were treed, illustrated our antipathy in practicing the popular feat of "taking the bull by the horns." In this case it would assuredly have been "a horn too much." So, Mr. Editor he did climb the apple tree The bull to see.

Our enemy pawed around the tree, bellowing after the manner of "Boaerges the son of thunder," glared at us, and finally walked off the distance of three trees. Thinking all was right, we slid down heroically, and "put" for the crazy old fence. The distance from tree to bull, and from bull to fence, was just about an even thing. But our assailant saw the movement, and once more the chase was a hot one. But this time we distanced the "horned critter", and scaling the fence, landed in a field of rye at about the same moment that our pursuer's horns struck the top rails of the fence, and sent them flying. Separated by the fence, we read the scoundrel a lecture that we hope he will remember to his last moments. We made all due allowances in his case for the excitement caused by the hubbub of the mowing and reaping affair, but nevertheless, concluded that he was a great scamp.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—The most curious mistakes are made by printers, which are often overlooked by the proof-reader. Generally speaking the good sense of printers and readers make a bad manuscript perfectly clear. An exchange presents the following specimens of some amusing errors which its Editor has noted:

During the Mexican war one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that Gen. Pillow and thirty-seven of his men had been lost in a bottle (bottle). Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man in a brown suit out on charge of having stolen the police court on a lady's work bag. The stolen property was found in his waist-coat pocket. A rat (rat) snags another paper, descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat; and, so serious was the injury to the boat, that great exertions were necessary to save it. An English paper once stated that the Russian General, Backinoff kowsy was found dead with a long word (sword) in his mouth. It was, perhaps, the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between Poles, said that the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with great laughter (laughter). Again—a Gentleman was yesterday brought up to answer the charge of having eaten (beaten) a stage driver, for demanding more than his fare. At the late fourth of July dinner in the town of Charleston, none of the poultry were eatable except the owls (owls).

CONCLUSIONS LOGIC.—A very celebrated Scotch Divine in one of his sermons crowded the following mass of argument into a single sentence: "The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been supreme; and that which always was and is Supreme, we know by the name of God."

A Scared African.

The big Flora, Capt. Yates, of Newcaste, Maine, arrived at the port of New York on Monday from Dix Cove, West Coast of Africa, May 26, bringing among her crew a native Krooman, who had been taken on board at Dix Cove, as a foremost hand. The fears of this native African had been excited on the passage by the sailors, who gave him to understand that he would be sold as a slave when he reached the white man's country. When the vessel hauled into the Atlantic dock, a monkey on board attracted a curious crowd, but was forgotten soon by the superior attractions of the African, with a pair of huge bracelets on his wrists. Seizing so many white and strange faces he became alarmed, and running into the forecastle threw off all his clothing except a blue jumper, and then sprang into the rigging, and with the agility of a monkey, ran up to the fore royal yard, where he perched himself, and by his manner bid defiance to all white folks.

A naked African in such a position soon drew a large throng of spectators; the mate tried every means to induce him to come down, but without effect;—to the mates commands he would make but one reply, "me dies, me dies," and by his gestures intimating that he would cut his throat before he would be taken. He remained on the yard for about three hours, the excited crowd hooting, yelling and throwing stones at the poor creature, to increase his alarm of course. He finally told the mate he would come down if "white man go away," or, "Cap'n come." The vessel was hauled away from the dock to get rid of the mob, but at length three "bumbers," or longshoremen, went on board, and in defiance of the mate's remonstrances, climbed the rigging to force the Krooman down. Their efforts to catch him, however, were wholly in vain; he ran from one yard arm to another, and sprang about the life and braces like a cat, defying all attempts to reach him. At one time he dropped from the outer end of the royal yard arm and caught the topgallant list alighting safely upon the yard below.

These wretches, finding he was too spy for them aloft, then descended to the deck, and pushing the mate aside, seized the top gallant braces and began to surge, to pull and slack up and swing the yard back and forth in the most violent manner, the negro clenching with might and main to the yard and lift, the crowd on the dock the meantime yelling like fiends, and awaiting to see him thrown from the yard. The police were called, but could not enter the deck, perse the rogues. At last, worn out by his exertions to save his life, as a sudden jerk of the braces was given by the scoundrels on deck, the poor fellow was thrown from the yard, and striking the braces fell into the water a distance of seventy or eighty feet. He barely escaped the rail of the vessel in his descent; had he struck it, or fallen on the deck, he would have been killed instantly. Some boatmen now attempted to rescue him from the water, but he dove as quick as a flash, and swimming under water came up a long distance off.

They pursued him, however, and seizing him by the ivory rings on his wrists, endeavored to get him into the boat; but he resisted with all his might, and cried out "Me die! Me die!" He was finally got on board, and to satisfy him that their motives were friendly, one of the boatmen pulled off his own shirt and pantaloons and put them upon him. This immediately quieted his fears, and he surrendered himself to his new friends, who to escape the mob, rowed him to the cutter Washington, where he was received and cared for by Lieut. Lettlem. He is called John Davis, and made our reporter understand that he came from Gleanacotaboo, that he had not been paid his wages. Capt. Faunce will enquire into his case, and see that the poor African has justice done him.—Times.

THE GIANT OF THE WORLD.—The Jackson, (Tenn.) Whig has the following additional particulars, furnished by the Rev. John Brooks, concerning the late Miles Darden of Tennessee:

He was twice married. His children are very large, but probably none of them will ever be more than half the weight of their father. He was quite active and lively, and labored until about four years ago, when he became so fleshy that he was compelled to stay at home, or be hauled about in a two horse wagon.

In 1849 he made a contract with a tailor to furnish him a suit of clothes for \$50—the cloth was to cost five dollars per yard. Upon measurement, it took twelve yards of cloth. So the tailor lost ten dollars and the making. The tailor states that three men, each weighing over two hundred pounds, put the coat on, buttoned it around them, and walked across the square at Lexington. In 1850 it took 13 1/2 yards of flax cloth, yard wide, to make him a coat. It took 16 yards of cambrie for his shroud; twenty four yards wide of black velvet to cover the sides and lid of his coffin; one hundred and twenty-five feet of plank to make his coffin.

His coffin was eight feet long; across the breast thirty-two inches; across the head, eighteen inches; across the foot, fourteen inches; its depth thirty-five inches. He weighed, in 1835 eight hundred and seventy-one pounds. His height was seven feet six inches. His weight, when he died, as nearly as could be ascertained, was a fraction over 1,000 pounds.

A little boy hearing his father say that "There was time for all things," asked "when is the proper time, father, for hooking sugar out of the sugar bowl?"

Communications.

To the Ladies of Wellsboro.

It saddens me, dear ladies, to look around our congregations and see your pale and sorrow faces—and to convince you that this is not owing to my jaundiced eye, let me mention that several strangers who have visited the place, have remarked the same; one even went so far as to say that he saw "but one healthy looking woman in Wellsboro."

We boast of the pure, fresh air of our hills, and 'tis a pity that the looks of our people do not make good our boast. Allow me from an earnest wish to do you good to make a few suggestions:

Our climate is probably not favorable to any great increase of flesh, but if we rightly improved the means "which God and nature have put into our hands," robust health would not be so rare among us. Is it not, in part, slavery to the needle that pales the faces of our women, and causes premature old age? I would say to that young mother, do less unnecessary needlework. Let the garments of your little treasures be plainly hemmed. Let the embroidery which now occupies many an hour that might be spent in the open air, be laid aside; and let me urge upon you that the cheerful temper, and buoyant spirit which springs from health and vigor, is of more consequence to the well being of your darlings, and the happiness of your home, than the ornamented dress in which you take so much pride and pleasure.

If you are feeble, ride when you can—but it is far better to walk—walk miles; but better still, go into your gardens, your yards, and do not disdain the use of the hoe and trowel, or even the spade; take the trimming knife or saw, and by active exercise in the open air, you will gain health and strength, happiness and beauty, and at the same time send nerves and medicine to the dogs.

It is not all owing to climate that the American nation is so unlike the English or German women of the same age. It is more I truly believe to their habits of living so much in-doors. In our long winters it is difficult to avoid this as much as could be desired; but let me beg you now, to be laying in strength and vigor for coming days, by enjoying as much as possible the free air of heaven.

In English families of cultivation and intelligence, daily exercise is considered as much a matter of course, as the daily meals, and an English woman of rank and station is not ashamed to plant, to weed, and to work among her flowers and shrubs in a manner perfectly shocking! dreadfully vulgar!

Hannah More, that noblest and most useful of women, speaking of her home at Bailey Wood, said it was much exposed to them from the circumstance that every tree and shrub was planted by their own hands. How many women in Wellsboro have ever planted one tree? And then such walks as these English women take. Prof. Humphrey writes, "I was spending the day with an interesting family, and it was proposed to visit some fine ruins, five miles distant. After exploring them to our satisfaction we returned by a different road, a mile farther round. I must confess that this walk of eleven miles, was rather too much for me. But to my anxious inquiries, next morning, Mr. W. said his sisters were accustomed to such walks and did not mind them!

In these remarks I have particularly addressed those who have passed the first bloom of youth. To the younger ladies it is only necessary to say, that the means suggested restore the roses of the mothers, will infallibly preserve those of the daughters.

PHILO.

Too "Precise."—Twenty or twenty-five years ago old Phleg up in Madison county, was telling his friend Jones, consarin' of a fight. Phleg had very little education, but Jones was a man of right smart readin'. So old Phleg went on tellin', "and," says he, "they fit and fit and fit!"

"And" says Jones, with a knowin' look, "did they keep a-fittin'?"

Old Phleg drawed himself up and looked as sour as buttermilk into Jones' face, and says he—

"You're cursed precise about langwidge—foul! then blast you!"

Phleg was a man of natural parts, but warn't, to say, a book learn' man.

BUSHES AND TEARS.—Goethe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter, being reproved for some fault, blushed and burst into tears. He said: How beautiful your reproof has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her better than any ornament of gold and pearls. Those may be hung on the neck of a wanton, but these are never seen disconnected with moral piety. A full blown rose, sprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell.

A certain judge observing much titillering in Court one day, and fancying that he was the object, whispered to Curran who stood near the bench:

"Curran do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?"

"Nothing but the head, my lord," was the witty barrister's reply.

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA 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.

A Rather Tough Story.

The following story was told in Sandusky, Ohio, and appears in the Massillon News, which says:

A party of young men in that ancient city amuse their leisure moments at the hotels in drawing a long bow, or telling wonderful yarns for the benefit of those, apparently verging, who may happen to come in from other parts. They tried the effect of a few extraordinary wolf stories upon a venerable and sedate customer not long since who had come to spend the night at the best hotel, and he listened to them with much surprise and interest until their stock appeared to have run out and the conversation flagged, when he remarked that he had been much interested in the news they had given him, relative to the "primeval inhabitants of that country; and that regarded an event in his early life as more peculiar than any they had named. Said he:

"When a young man, I was travelling in western New York, and late of a stormy night applied at a log cabin for lodging. The occupant, a woman refused it, saying her husband and sons were out hunting, and if they found me there, would murder me.

I preferred the chance of the storm, and she consented that I might lie down before the fire. In the night I heard them coming and scrambled up the chimney.

"Thinking I was safe when at the top, I stepped over the roof, and, jumping down at the back of the cabin, jumped plump into a wolf trap. A scream of pain brought the men and boys out, and they declared I deserved a more severe punishment than death, so they kept me both in a trap and in suspense until morning, and then, heading me up in a hoghead, with no air or light but through the bung-hole, they put me on a sled and drove me some four miles up a hill, and then rolled me off to starve. This I undoubtedly should have done but for a very singular occurrence. The wolves smelled me out and gathered around my prison, when one of them, in turning around happened to thrust his tail into the bung hole. It was my only chance. I caught a firm hold and held on like death to a negro, which frightened the wolf, of course, and he started down the hill, followed by the hoghead and me. It was a very uneasy ride, over the stones and stumps; but I had no idea how long it was until the hoghead striking a stone fairly, the staves worn by long travel, were broken in, and I jumped out to find myself away down in the lower end of Cataugaus county, some thirty miles from the scene of my misadventure. I expressed my regret in not expressing any doubt of the verity of your stories, and I hope you will not of mine."

It is currently reported that the "sell cloth" of Sandusky has not had a full meeting since that occurred.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

Some years ago, during the heat of a coffee speculation in Boston, when everybody was holding on, waiting for the article to advance, an old merchant, keen as a razor, whose store was packed from the first to the fourth floor with prime green Rio, concluded, from signs he well understood, that prices had reached their acme. He was too old a hand at the bellows not to know, that the moment he, with his immense stock, began to sell, an alarm would be taken, and down would go the prices. Quietly sending off a pretty stiff invoice of the article to auction, and giving the auctioneer a good humored hint to mind his own business, he attended the sale, and bid readily at prevailing prices for the coffee. Other holders, that knew he had twice as much on hand as they had, concluded that it was safe to buy when he did, and so stood up manfully and bought. While old Mr.'s carmen were tumbling his purchases in at the front door of his warehouse, five times as many were carrying away coffee from the back door. On the next day of sale he bid as freely as ever, and this continued for two or three weeks. One day he failed to appear at a coffee sale, and most of the dealers took the alarm and prices declined a little. During the afternoon a pretty large holder, who had always been ready to buy when he saw Mr. willing, met him in the street, and asked the rate of coffee.

"I don't know what it is going for to day," replied the old fellow, as cool and pleasant as ice cream.

"It declined this morning."

"Did it?" respond Mr., with what seemed to his fellow tradesman a strange manifestation of indifference.

"Yes, certainly! Haven't you heard it before?"

"No—but I expected as much."

"Why, we shall all be ruined, if prices go down!"

"Not all, I presume," replied Mr.—with an unmoved countenance.

"Why, you're in it deeper than any of us."

"Me?" exclaimed Mr.—in well feigned astonishment, "I haven't got a bag in my store!"

At an association dinner, a debate arose as to the benefit of whipping in bringing up children. Old Dr. Morse took the affirmative. His opponent, a young minister whose reputation for veracity was not very high, affirmed that parents often did harm to their children by punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you, didn't it?" The doctor beat.