Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pub-THE HOGA COUNTE ACHATOR is pub-shed every Thursday Morning, and mailed to sub-eribers at the very reasonable price, of Our Dor-is per annum, innariably in advance. It is intend-

cribers at the very reasonable provided to be an anomy invariably in advance. It is intend-is per annum, invariably in advance. It is intend-d 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 re-nittance be received. By this arrangement no man an be brought in debt to the printer. The Astraron is the Official Paper of the Count y, with a large and steadily increasing circulation eaching into nearly every. neighborhood in the county. It is sent free of postage to any Post-office within the county limits, and tothose living within he limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may is in an adjoining County. in an adjoining County. Basiness Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper in

ded. \$4 per year.

The following lines were addressed by a young lady, to a The following lines were addressed by a young lady, to a entleman, who, on being requested to write in her album ad instead, designed a human heart, and subdivided it by various passions, the most predominant of which, wer And who art thou, can thus portray, The female heart?

I pity thee, unhappy youth, Whoe'er thou art.

For thee, no pleasant mem'ries paint Domestic bowers;

No tender mother could have watched Thy childhood's hours. Ah, no! thou never couldst forget

Her midnight watch, her caseless care All praise above.

No gentle sister can have raised, Her trusting eyes,

Fraught with the love, that says, Tis thee, I prize,

Alas! it never has been thine

Thro' life to tend That gaze of love, or win the smile

Of dearer friend, Of woman, thou hast only known,

Or woman, then hast only known, The weaker part; Or then could'st never thus have drawn, The female heart. Have Love and Friendship such small share

In woman's heart ?--

Have Fortitude and Truth and Hope, No little part? Have heavenly Charity and Faith,

No resting place ? Alas! poor youth, if these are lost, Heaven help thy race!

Is woman vain? 'tis man that lights The spark of sin— To praise the gilded case, nor care For gens within.

Farewell! forgiveness kindly prompts, The fervent prayer.

That e'en thy life may yet be blessed By woman's care.

Escape from Gallows Hill.

The strip of ground in New York, from Broadway to Centre street, along Chambers, commencing at the new store of Stewart, in Broadway, seventy years ago was a burying place. The part nearest Broadway was de voted to the negroes for the last resting place for their dead, and the moiety extending to Centre street was a bend of Potter's Field, and during the Revolution the spot where most of the private soldiers of the British Army whordied in the city were interred. Gallows Hil, (the spot where the Manhattan reservoir is how placed,) was decorated with a gallows, where all deserters and prisoners suffered death, who came under the control of the infamous provost marshal Cunning-

ham. It was customary to execute most of the deserters who were uative born, at night. There was a policy in this. Public executions of the Americans by the Royalists would have been noised abroad ; and the injury created thereby, though the manner in which the continentals themselves would have made use of it, must have resulted in injury to the king's cause. These executions generally took place after midnight. The prisoners condemned to death were always confined in the old jail, within a musket shot of the place of execution, and a sergeants guard of eight men, accompanied by the provost marshal and his deputy, generally accompanied the prisoners to the gallows.

It was near two o'clock of a night in October, in the year 1780, that a young man



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 24, 1857. NO. IX.

rectly to the gallows, under which they to seizing his victim. Scoundrel you have halted. Forming a circle, the black fellow no victum this time. Just as the negro got with the lantern, Cunningham and the pris- within arm's length of the prisoner, the latter oner in the centre, preparations were made felt that the thongs were cut that bound his to go through with the awful ceremony—that arms. He was free !"

of depriving a fellow creature of life. The black fellow looked up to the gallows, rom which the bodies were hanging, and fore him? The halter drops from his hands;

down observing-"Dese chaps hab hung long anuff, and I guess dey aint much better dan dead niggas now."

The prisoner looked on with a glance of True, he may meet death with manliness and fortitude, and display to no human eye any I nebber hang another sojer !" and he rolled of the physical shrinkings by which we are over the graves, shivering as if struck with apt to measure the outward courage of man ; an ague fit. but within, there is a feeling which the Creaor not the man is prepared to die.

The negro passed a rope through the beam, innate clods that now encumbered, as it were, where Canal street ends.

very coolly into the grave where lay the they were. man-and the dead rested upon the living ! A brief explanation perhaps is necessary. A shudder ran through the frame of the It always surprised the English commanders

halter I suppose, is more agreeable than never compromised the commander. good treatment and a soldier's pay."

Thus spoke Cunningham to the prisoner. "I entered into the refugee corps for my own reasons. They have proved satisfactory the prisoner said, looking at Cunningham

with a bold countenance. "Yes, infernally satisfactory, you' rebel. A spy I s'pose ! De Lancy's refugees would be a pretty set if they were all like you; rogue. No, no; I had my eyes on you Colonel De Lancy what I believed ye wasnot a royal refugee, but a rebel scoundrel. I was right rogue, ah ?"

"Yes, you was right as to my enlisting. it to reflection, and still we love to call im-As to being a rebel scoundrel, why there is pressions of him and his works to memory. an offset-you are a royal knave and blood Poor Hoffman! the fruits of his pen will be thirsty villain. All the information I wanted read forever-they are among the sweet gems to send to the great Washington, he has got before this-so hang away! But I would like five minutes communion with my God in his present situation. We were then an first; if you have the manliness to grant it." Astonished as Cunningham was by the

October, in the year 1780, that a young man boldness of the man's speech, he knew full productions. The day after we had finished was reclining among the recently made well he himself was detested by the English it, our surprise and sorrow may be imagined soldiery for his tyranny, and that a refusal of such a request to a man on the point of pen had previously given us so much pleas execution, would only make him still more odious among them. With an ill grace he said-"Pray, rascal-pray ! I don't wonder that a knave like you fears death. A man that betrays his king, betrays his God; and it is full time that you try to make peace with him. Three minutes, rescal, three minutes ! That's all the time you have from me. Go on your knees at once then. Sambo, have the halter ready. Three minutes only." The negro had placed the lantern on the ground directly under the gallows. Its faint ight gleamed upward, showing a dim outline of the gallows, faces and forms of the soldiers grouped, with their muskets to an order, in a semi-circle around the scene of execu-The prisoner bent down, resting his knees upon the earth thrown up around the newly dug grave. He had no hope of escape; and he looked upwards, towards the heavens, although all was black with night, yet his eyes pierced through the gloom, and he saw in the future, redemption for the past! The quivering of his lips showed his sincerity; he was prepared to die. Of a sudden he benthis head. Ah! his prayer was heard-rescue was at hand. His life-the glorious thought-was not set in blood through the hands of man! "Harry," said a voice in a whisper, proceeding from the grave where the prisoner had seen a dead body tossed but a few minutes before; "make no alarm; 'tis your old comrade, Dick Martin, of Washington's Life Guard, come to save you. Make some excuse to turn your back towards the hole where I have hidden myself, and I will cut the rope where you are tied, When that is done, and you hear me groan, kick over the lantern and make for the east corner of the grave yard. will come. Things are ready for escape. Remember, make no alarm !" The prisoner felt as if he had won empires upon empires! His life was then safe. "Come, rogue your three minutes are up. Sambo, the rope there !" The prisoner, without getting off his knees, turned round so that he faced the lantern, his back towards the grave. The negro advanced with the halter to place it around his neck. The scene was striking. In the foreground stood the soldiers, gazing with no very pleas. man in the grave " and he stretched at full length in the "narrow house" that he knew one day or other he should fill. They entered the burial and harsh features lighted up with entered the burial ground and presented to the burial and harsh features lighted up with entered the burial ground and presented to the features lighted up with entered the burial ground and presented and harsh features lighted up with entered the burial ground and presented and harsh features lighted up with entered the burial ground and presented and harsh features lighted up with entered the burial ground and presented and harsh features lighted up with entered the burial ground and presented and presented and harsh features lighted up with entered the burial ground and presented and presented and harsh features lighted up with entered the burial ground and presented and presented and presented to the contract of the discoventered the burial ground and proceeded di- the expression almost of a devil, preparatory take a wife and two children.

But why starts the black, his eyes protruding from their sockets, as if death was bethen proceeded very deliberately to cut them he is paralyzed with fear. Slowly from the grave rises the dead body of the soldier he had himself rolled into it.

"Gor 'amighty, the dead hab riz !" said the

negro solemnly. Cunningham beheld the sight and so did no common interest, for he felt that his soul the soldiers. The vision was awful- so apwas fluttering on the confines of eternity. It parently contrary to human reason-that with is useless to talk of bravery when a man in the full vigor of health beholds preparations prisoner. The former rolled on the ground, making to deprive him of his existence. exclaiming:

"Spar me, massa ghost ! spar me dis time.

In the meantime, the prisoner and his comtor alone perceives, and He judges whether | rade, who had so opportunely rescued him from an ignominious death, hurried from the grave yard and made for Lispenard's woods, when but a few moments before hung the which then skirted the North river near about

"Dar, Massa Cunninghim, is a rope day six hours before to save his comrade. Reach-will hold de prisoner long anufi? I reckon ing the Jersey side, just below Bull's Ferry Guinea Sambo no stop aboard a man of was in an hour, they struck into the woods and for nuffin I guess. I have to reeve dat not with a hitch dat de debbil could not break." Point, about night the next day. The morn-As he finished this classical speech he ing after, in general orders, two new Lieuvery deliberately kicked the body of one of tenants were commissioned in Washington's the dead soldiers aside, and rolled the other Life Guard, and the reader can imagine who

youth as he felt pressing above him the frame how Washington knew so well the move-of one who, but a day before had been as ment's made in their lines. Washington, in full of life as he now was; but not a sound had escaped him; for he knew that silence was his only preservation. The knew that silence was his only preservation. "Well rascal, you see what you are coming confidence betrayed. Death upon the gal-to for deserting his majesty's service. A lows followed the poor private often, but he

Hoffmann the Poet---His Insane Fancies.

The last number of Putnam's Magazine calls attention to the fact that this gentleman, now an inmate of the Pennsylvania State Hospital, is the author of the far famed song, "Sparkling and Bright" one of our countrymen's favorite melodies. There is scmething so strikingly sorrowful in the thought that a when you 'listed a month ago, and told | man of such powerful mind as Charles Fenno Hoffman should fritter out the days of his life among madmen, that the heart can scarce. ly repress a sigh when the recollection brings

it to reflection, and still we love to call imof American Literature.

We well recollect when the poet was placed apprentice in the office of this paper, and had been engaged in reading one of his thrilling

The Quaker's Corn Crib. A man had been in the habit of stealing corn of his neighbor, who was a Quaker. Every night he would go sofuly to the crib,

and fill his bag with the ears which the good old Quaker's toil had placed there. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn pile. This was very annoying, and must be stopped-but how? Many a one would have said, "Take a gun, conceal yourself, and wait till he comes, and fire !" Others would have said, "Catch the a friend in London, and it is old enough to

villain and have him sent to jail." But the Quaker was not prepared to enter into any such measures. He wanted to punish the offender and at the same time bring about his reformation if possible. So he fixed a sort of a trap close to the hole through which the man would thrust his arm in getting the corn.

The wicked neighbor proceeded on his unhand into the crib to seize an ear, when, lo ! tol in the other.

he found himself unable to withdraw it ! In vain he tugged, and pulled and sweated, and alternately cried and cursed. His hand was over his useless struggles, and began to look around him. All was silence and repose. Good men were sleeping comfortably in their beds, while he was compelled to keep a long, dreary, and disgraceful watch through the

was no rest, no sleep for him. There he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and at once desire and dread the return of morning. Morning came at last, and the Quaker looked out of the

window, and found that he had at last "caught the man." What was to be done? Some would say

'Go out and give him a good cowhiding just as he stands, and then release him ; that'll cure him." . But not so with the Quaker. Such a course would have sent the man

way embittered, and muttering curses of revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes, and started at once to the relief and punishment of his prisoner. "Good morning, friend," said he, as he came in speaking distance. "How does thee

The poor culprit made no answer but

burst into tears. "O, fie !" said the Quaker, as he proceeded to release him. "I am sorry that thee has got thy hand fast. Thee put it in the wrong place, or it would not have been so." The man looked crest fallen, and begging for forgiveness, hastily turned to make his

retreat. "Stay," said the persecutor, for he could have received a blow with much better grace than the kind words that were falling from the Quaker's lips. "Stay, friend, thy bag is not filled. Thee needs corn, or thee would

A Drove of Irish Bulls. The following piece of "composition" says the Philadelphia Sunday Transcript, may be "backed" against anything ever produced. It was written half a century ago by Sir Boyle Royche, a member of the Irish Parliament in the troubled times of "ninety-eight," when a handful of men, from the county of Wexford, struck terror into the hearts of many gallant sons of Mars, as well as the worthy writer himself. The letter was addressed to be new to nine out of ten of our readers a

"My dear Sir, Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in are, thank God, killed and dispersed. We

when we sit down to dinner we are obliged holy errand at the hour of midnight, with to keep both hands armed.-While I write bag in hand. Unsuspectingly he thrust his this, I hold a sword in each hand, and a pis-

I concluded from the begining that this would be the end of it, and I see that I was right; for it is not half over yet. At present fast, and every effort to release it only made there are such goings on that everything is it more secure. After a time the tumult in at a stand still. I should have answered your his breast measurably subsided. He gave letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it until this morning. Indeed scarce a mail ar-rives without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mail from Dublin was robbed near this town. The bags had been judiciously left behind, for fear of remainder of that long and tedious night, accident, and by good luck there was nobody, think he's just like I was once when a boy bis hand in constant pain from the pressure in it but two odiside pastengers, who had have such a boy have down in Alabamma. Father had been of the cramp which held it. His tired limbs, nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thurs, shear had he been the been the shears. compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sunk beneath him, and his eyes was advancing here under the French stand. fain have sunk beneath him, and his eyes to the better and the present of the stand. would have closed in slumber, but no ! there and, but they had no colors, nor any drums except bag pipes.

Immediately every man in the place, including men, women and children ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little; we were too near to think of re-Death was in every face, but to it treating. we went, and began to feel alive again. For-tunately, the rebels had no guns except pistols and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in the adjacent bogs, and in a very short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all of different colors, but mostly green. After the action, we went to rummage a sort of camp which they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all around the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. have only time to add that I am in great haste.

P. S. If you do not receive this, of course t must have been miscarried, therefore I beg you will write and let me know.

GETTING USED TO IT BY DEGREES-Some. where about here, writes a Southern correspondent, lives a small farmer of such social habits, that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge. "Why, you see," he would say, "I'll sign it after awhile, but I dont like to break off at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way is to get used to a thing by degrees, you know.' "Very well, old man," his helpmeet would rejoin, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to help you out."

Rates of Advertising.

executed nearly and promptly. Justices, Consta-bles' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and pripted to order.

A B'HOY AT SCHOOL .- One of the juvena

iles, though considerably advanced, presented himself not long-since for admission to a public school near the Dry Dock. He was shown to a seat, and in the course of the morning the master resolved to enter into a little examination of the youth's capacities and knowledge, prior to assigning him to a class; Calling to the b boy to stand up, he asked ;

"Do you know anything of grammar?" "I don't know anything else."

"Very well | Now attend-In the beginning God made the world; parse world.

All the b'hoy knew of Grammar was what he had heard that very morning from the different classes reciting around him-but that from the blood-thirsty rebels most of whom he had been taught that when he was fighting in the dark he must strike straight out from are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, the shoulder right and left, and it would be and no wine to drink, except whiskey; and all right. "Parse world?" he drawled out inquiringly so as to gain time.

"Yes! In the beginning God made the world-parse world."

"Wall, world is the biggest kind of a noun, masculine gender, all sorts of tenses, past, present and future, and-slapping his hands down on the desk with a force that shook the building-"It's governed by Gop! Now fotch your Sunday School scholars, old hoss, and see if they can beat that .- N. Y. Pick.

A CAROLINIAN'S COMPARISON .- "What is "Gov. Walker a going to do?" asked a Caro. linian of a Free State man.

"I'll tell you what I think," he added. "I think he's just like I was once when a boy neighbor's to borrow his'n.

Well, I started mighty pert and determin-ed, but when I got there I fell in with the boys and got to playin, and forgot all about the sheep shears. Well, the boys, father suspected I had been sent after something; and he came to me and said :

"Well, Bub; didn't yer father send ye arter suthin ?"

suthin ?", "Well, I gov up and sof to thinkin', but never thought o' sheep shears once; an' says I: "I kem atter suthin', but I'll be shot ef f haint forgot what it was, an' father 'll lam me, too, when I go back." It's just so with

Gov. Walker, stranger. "He's forgot what he come for.' TRUE PITH .- The force of language is

apt to be much injured by the multitude of words. 🦽

A respectable farmer in Berkshire county has the singular happy talent of not saying a word too much. A young man wishing to obtain his consent to marry his daughter, called upon him once when he happened to be in the field ploughing with his oxen. It was, past doubt, a fearful matter for a diffident man to broach, and the hesitating lover, after running a parallel to the furrows several times round the field, and essaying with all his courage to utter the important question at last stammered out : "I-I-l've been thinking, Mr.——, that—that as how—I—I—I should be gl—glad to—to—m—marry your daughter."

graves that raised their mounds in the vicinity of Gallows Hill. The hour and the place were singular for a lone individual like the man in question to be reposing. I say alone, yet he was not exactly so, if human bodies divested of their mortality can be considered companions; for nearly above his head swayed to and fro by the night breeze, hung the remains of two soldiers of the 5th regiment, who had been executed that morning for desertion.

The sky was obscured with dark murky clouds, and the moaning of the wind as it swept around the gallows and through the trees that here and there reached their branches amid the darkness of the night, gave a desolate and disagreeable, sound well benefitted the place itself.

The man scarcely moved, with the exception of now and then raising his head and tion. peering cautiously above the mound of earth behind which he lay, towards the jail, dimly visible with its high massy walls in the field beyond.

At length a light glimmered, the tread of men was faintly heard and the young man, raising himself from the spot where he lay, glided along the rude fence which skirted the burial ground, until he stood within a few feet of the execution place. Here he paused and looked in the direction of the approaching sight; faintly through the haze appeared three or four files of soldiers, preceded by a black man who carried a lantern, the only light which seemed to be in the party. Then walked a prisoner with his arms tightly bound behind him, and directly after, Cunningham, the provost marshal, and five or six soldiers with muskets on their shoulders.

"One, two, three," repeated the young man to himself, as if counting the numbers of men approaching ; "twelve in all. 'Tis a desperate undertaking, but my comrade shall not oie if I can save him. Now for skill and courage. Be cool, Dick Martin. You have been on still more desperate occasions, if your commanding officers speak the truth,"

He glided back again on his old resting place, when he stumbled in a grave that he had not noticed before, just in the rear of the gallows. His first impulse was to leap out, for the depth of the grave did not exceed three feet; but a second thought altered his determination, and he murmured-

"This is the best place for me, they certainly will not think of looking for a living

not have taken so much pains to get, it. ure, had been placed in the Lunatic Asylum. This was about four years ago. The local column of the Herald was then under the

charge of Mr. Adam Baum-a man who loved Hoffman's works as much as ourselfand on the day after his incarceration he published one of the most beautiful articles on the subject we have ever read from his pen, which was extensively copied by other papers. Since then we have seen Hoffman on two

or three different occasions at the asylum .--The editor of Putnam describes him as being once, a large, ruddy man, but he is not so now. His face is shrivelled up, and his whole body shows the effects of time and discase. He still retains the fine military bearing however, which he gained in the army, and for hours will pace up and down the long aisle

of his "division," giving orders to his fellows, whom he imagines his soldiers, and "prepares them for the march." Then again, at times he will become in a sort of pensive mood, seeming to appreciate his position and mourn over it; but this is seldom. He is generally vigorous and jovial, as he was in days gone by.

Every visitor of intelligence who visits the asylum calls to see Hoffman. He receives them all with a hearty greeting, will ask them to sup and drink with him, and when they leave invite them to "call often." On the last occasion that we saw him, after sitting in his cell and indulging in a pleasant chatno, not pleasant, for the feeling of his condition prevented this he ordered at several times some of his fallows to fetch wine and glasses. They would just stare at him, and he would seem to forget it, until suddenly the order would be repeated and again forgotten. He generally labors under the idea that his place of confinement is a garrison, of which

he is the commander, and is only prevented from enjoying the outside by advice of his physicians. He will frequently endeavor to prevail on the superintendent to grant him liberty to roam through the country for a while, and when this is refused will submit quietly. Hoffman wears a cocked hat continually, and walks with a cane. His appearance bears the marks of eccentricity and genius; but the former may not have been the case before his insanity. His voice is clear, commanding, but still cheerful.-Harrisburg Herald.

Come let us fill it," and the poor fellow was obliged to stand and hold the bag while the old man filled it, interspersing the exercises with the pleasantest cenversation imaginable. all of which were like daggers in the heart ot his chagrined and mortified victim.

The bag was filled and the string tied, and the sufferer hoped to be soon out of the presence of his tormentor, but again his pur-

pose was thwarted. "Stay," said the Quaker, as the man was about to hurry off, having once more uttered his apologies and thanks. Stay, Ruth has breakfast ere this; thee must not think of going without breakfast; come Ruth is cal-

ling." This was almost unendurable. This was "heaping coals" with a vengeance. In vain the mortified neighbor begged to be excused. In vain he pleaded to be released from what would be to him a punishment ten times more severe than stripes and imprisonment. The quaker was inexorable, and he was obliged to yield. Breakfast over, "Now," said the old farmer, as he helped the victim shoulder the bag, "If thee needs any more corn, come in day time and thee shall have

With what shame and remorse did that guilty man turn from the dwelling of the pious Quaker ! Everybody is ready to say. that he never again troubled the Quaker's corn crib. I have something still better than that to tell you. He at once repented and reformed, and my informant tells me that he afterwards heard him relate, in an experience meeting, the substance of the story I have related, and he attributed his conversion, under God's blessing, to the course the Quaker had pursued, to arrest him in his downward course.

A man came to the window office 'tother day and says he to Emerson, the clerk ; "Anything for me?" The name T' "Well, what's the name?" continued the affable clerk," "Name?" "Name," "Oh, ah yes, why hang it, in the multiplicity of my affairs, if I havn't really forgotten my own name!" said the gent, and he moved on to let others in. Pondering the matter over, the oblivious man passed down the avenue, when he ran afoul of a friend, "Ah! good morning, Mr. Potter !" "Potter ! that's it thank you,

for I'm hanged if I hadn't forgotten my own -John Potter !

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy. as he returned home drunk one day, he fell into a shallow well, and after much useless scrampling, he shouted for the "light of his eyes" to come and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so ?" said the good soul, showing her cap frill over the edge of the parapet; "you've got into a hole at last and its only lucky that I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned. Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold."

And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious.

"Look here," he screamed in a fury, at the last splash, youre doing that on purpose -I know you are !"

"Well now, I am," responded his old woman tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember telling me its. best to get used to it by degrees ? I'm alraid if I bring you right up of a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome ?"

" The old fellow could not help chuckling at the application of his principle, and protested and packed him off to sign the pledge, wet as he was.

"For you see," she added very emphati-I'll leave you there-I will !

A ludicrous incident took place at the Junction Hotel, Lafayette, Ia., upon the arrival of a train from Indianapolis; A gentleman and lady inspired with sudden recognition were observed to rush frantically into each other's arms; and the fun of it was, that after a hearty embrace, they discovered that both "had the advantage." They were strangers, but the lady mistaking him for her "dear cousin Charlie," had embraced him, while he ery can well be finagined.

"Farmer -Take her and use her well-Whoa haw Buck,"

BEECHER ON BOXS .- Henry Ward Beecher is said to be a patron saint of boys. The boys of Brooklyn, it is said, would make him the President of the United States to-morrow, if it depended upon their vote. He saves them from the police, he pays their fines when they break windows-tells them he used to like to do it himself. The evening before the 4th of July, the usual Plymouth Church prayer meeting was somewhat disturbed by the firing of crackers in the entry and under the windows. Most ministers would have put on a solemn face and given

peremptory orders to seize or drive away the boys; but Beecher smiled and said, "That's somewhat annoying to us, but I presume the boys enjoy it; indeed, I remember a time when I used to enjoy such things myself."

THE YEARS .- They do not go from us, but we from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage, no longer serviceable on the march. Look back along the way we have trodden; there they stand, every one in his place, holding fast all that was left in trust with them. So we keep our childhood, so our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give up for neither bribe nor prayer-the opinions cast away, the hopes that went with us no farther, the cares that have had successors, and the follies outgrown to be reviewed by memory, and called up for evidence some day.

A western editor. thus sums up the peculiarities of a cotemporary ; He is too lazy he would sign the pledge on the instant, if to earn a meal, and too mean to enjoy one. she would let him fairfy out. This she did, He never was generous but once, and that was when he gave the itch to an apprentice boy. So much for his goodness of heart !" Of his industry, he says, "The only time he cally, "if you ever fall into the ditch again, ever worked was when he took castor oil for honey."

> 'An old gentleman of sixty-four having taken to the altar a young damsel of sixteen, the clergyman said to him : "You will find the font at the opposite end of the church." "What do I want with the font?" asked the old gontleman. "I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought the child to be christened.'

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life .--They appear so when they are passing-they seem to be so when we look back to themand they take up more room in our memory than all the years which succeed them.