Terms of Publication.

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

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The Agitator is the Official Paper of the Coun ty, 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 the limits, out whose diess contemporaries be in an adjoining County.

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LIFE'S LESSON.

She is gone! alas no longer May we wander side by side. Every day my love grew stronger, For my fair and gentle bride— Memories of one year ago, Only deeper make my woe.

Oh! how fast that summer faded, Flowers and music came with spring;
Soon the glowing sky was shaded,
Every bird was on the wing,
When the Automa breezes blew,
My heart's rose was withering too.

Daily growing dear and dearer, Heart in heart, and hand in hand, Daily growing near and nearer,
'To the happy spirit-land.
When the snow-flakes coldly fell
My sweet wife was slumbering well. But for me the lonely-hearted My one earthly joy departed,
A life leason I must learn.
Standing by this early grave
Learn to suffer, and be brave.

Lean to smooth the way for others, Raise the fallen, and the weak Learn to love my erring brothers,
Words of cheer to all to speak—
And till faith is changed to sight
To do battle for the right. VIRGINIA.

Gen. Hardun's Resignation.

BY B. P. SHILLABAR.

The General had been many years in commission, and it seemed to the anxious ones who were waiting either for death or resignation, in order to advance, that neither of those desirable events would ever take place. The old man was tough and clung to life and office with all the tenacity of a dog to a bone. He was a rare specimen of the "good old fellow," and not a voice would have been heard among the youngly ambitious to move for his removal.

Their patience at last became exhausted and after consulting together they agreed upon a ruse by which the General would be driven into a resignation. Having laid their plans, they prepared to carry them into exe-

One of them meeting the General the next day shook hands with him very cordially and told him that he had just heard of his resignation, which he hoped was not true, and, before the General had a chance to reply, begged the old man to partake of supper with a party of his fellow-officers the next evening, as a parting tribute.

The General was much surprised, and in formed his friend that he hadn't any intention of resigning, and couldn't think, for the life of him, where the report came from. After a few remarks more on both sides they

The General plodded along by himsell, thinking over what he had said, and muttering-"What does it mean? Have I said anything about resigning when I have had too much wine on? Perhaps I have."

"Good morning, General," said another officer, meeting him; "how are you this

morning, sir ?' "Very well, very well, thank'ee," replied

the General. "So," continued the other, "you are going

to resign, General; well, you have served the State long and faithfully, and I should think you would like to rest."

"Where did you hear about my resign-" said the General, more surprised than before.

up a little supper, in honor of your resig-

"Thank you," said the General, "I'll be there."

The General turned away with the impression that he had, the night previous, while under the influence of the Colonel's wine, given the intimation that he was going to resign. "Hang my tongue at both ends," said he: "this is a queer state of things. I never thought of resigning. But-

"Ah, General, good morning; glad to see you," said Col. Jones, coming abruptly upon his superior. "Well, your intended resignation gives the boys a chance to manifest their regard for you. They are having a fine supper preparing to come off to morrow night, in your honor, and you must reserve your

The General laughed, slapped his friend, the Colonel on the back and said, "Certainly, Jones, the \ fire of the flint is here yet. Good for twenty years."

He did not dare to ask Jones for an explanation because it would be an admission that he was weak headed and approaching toward dotage to acknowledge that he had been overcome by wine, and that was the only way by which he could account for the resignation which they spoke about. He had rather actually resign than labor under such a stigma as this, and accordingly, he said:

"Well, Jones, you know I've been in the service a good while, and want a little quiet; so you see I think it best to resign. The poetry of dying in the harness is very well, but hang me if I fancy it."

They shook hands and parted; the Generel in a whirl of excitement and the Colonel

in a fever of fun at the success of the ruse. The next night a splendid supper was prepared and a large number of military guests invited, who attended in the tallest figure. The General was there in full regimentals, his face was glowing with the excitement of the moment and from other causes; and the whole affair, as the village paper said the next morning was splendidly gotten up; happiness waved her illumined wing over the in genial content on every heart and beamed be a gal!"

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. IV. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 10, 1857.

NO. XIX.

upon every countenance. The Colonel to quote the same authority, "presides with the usual dignity," and when the cloth was removed he called upon all to fill their glasses to respond to a sentiment which he had to offer, which he would preface by a few remarks.

"We have," said he as our honored guest this evening, our beloved General Hardun, whose long service has been fully appreciated by us in common with the whole community. We rejoice to meet with him on this occasion aithough our meeting is not one of unalloyed festivity. There is one bitter ingredient in Gen. Hardun has signified his intention of resigning! This announcement, need not say was unexpected as it was painful. Our connection has been so long and intimate, that parting seemed impossible, yet such is the decree of fate. But while your flag floats in triumph over your head we will remember the undying glory shed upon it by the illustrious man who now withdraws from its support. I pledge you the health and long continuance of our gallant friend, Gen. Hardun."

The speech was received with nine cheers, "Tiger," perhaps, but whether the growl which resounds from all sorts of jungles was then known is a matter of doubt. The greatest enthusiasm was displayed and his health was drank in three brimming glasses, one after another. As soon as silence was restored the General rose to respond.

"Friends," said he-holding to the table, for his emotion made him unsteady, and his voice was husky from the same cause-Friends, your kindness overpowers me. I never till this moment dreamed that I was half so much regarded by you. Gentlemen, fellow soldiers, brethren in arms-it gives me pleasure to meet with such good fellows. My association with you has been of the most pleasant, I may say glorious character. We have long served on the tented field, and fought and bled and died, so to speak, or would have done so at duty's call, cemented together like bricks in the deadly imminent breaches of war. With a full remembrance of this I will, that in view of all your regard and of the feeling you display about losing me, I should be an ingrate if I allow a selfish consideration to inspire me. Therefore, whatever I may have said about resigning, hereby retract, and declare that I'll stick to you to the last. It will be impossible for me to leave such a glorious set of boys."

A shout of laughter responded to the speech and Col. Jones gave an extended wink around the board very expressive of the belief which he had that moment entertained that they were all especially humbugged, and that the Court Ame. The impression continued till the next day, when the ones who ordered the supper had to pay the bill .-Boston Gazette.

Curiosities of the Census.

Among the curiosities of the Census, says the Albany Evening Journal, "The ages of all those forty-three thousand brides and grooms, in this State, will of course be interesting to our readers. Mr. Hough has sought it all out, and his co-adjutor in this statistical gossip, has printed it in his plainest type.-Among the husbands, who were not chickens, were two who took the vows at the age each 85 years. One of them joined unto a damsel of 66, and the other with more vernal tastes, sought felicity in the society of "I was in there after you had gone last night. a girl of 40. Of young wives (could their Why can't you meet us to-morrow night at mothers have known that these goslings were the tavern, General? We think of getting out?) there were thirteen who were only 13 years old! Seventy were only 14 years old. Two hundred and forty-nine were 15 years old, and of "sweet sixteen" wives, there were 676. Of the baby husbands who also escaped maternal watchfulness that year, four were 15 years old! One of these was picked up by another baby—a girl of 14—another was entangled by a 15 year old female-another was entrapped by a tough young lady of 22, and the fourth was kindly taken in and done for by an experienced woman of 23. There were twelve husbands who were only 16 years old each. There were thirty-eight who were only 17 years old. There were (their impatience increases) one hundred and fifty-nine husbands, who were only 18 years old, when they undertook to solve that connubial paradox that two are one. It will not at all surprise our readers to learn that sixtythree of these infants married women older than themselves. The tastes of two of them, led them to select wives 40 years old-rather, they got selected, poor chickens, by these old hawks, who had unquestionably been watching for them ever since they were out of the

> The age amongst the men at which there vas the most marriage, was 23. The age at which most women married in that year was 20. The oldest bride had reached the maturity of 77. The groom in this case was a year younger.

The three favorite hymenial periods of life among the girls of New York, in 1855, were at the ages of 19, 20 and 21. Corresponding to these, among "the boys" were the ages 21, 22 and 23."

Boys are sometimes endowed with remarkable memories. We know a family in the one with a violin, the other with a tambourine, city, consisting of one girl and one boy-the latter about several years old. They were of lolling, smoking, jesting, laughing men sitting one evening around the table engaged and women. in telling each other, how far back they could recollect. The little girl recollected when she was a "doll that cried." The boy here spoke up and said that he recollected

worse than that,
"How worse," chimed in half a dozen

voices in a breath.

"Why, I recollect four weaks afore I was scene, and the genius of cheerfulness rested born, and I cried all the time for fear I'd.

Features of New York Life.

Our pages have still to depict dark scenes and dark localities; for crimes and poverty are rampant in the great metropolis of America. Yet though we shall conduct our read. ers into the gloomy Tartarean regions of the city, where want, suffering, vice and murder mingle and blend in horrid association, there will not be all that is dreadful-not all darkness; for even in these fearful precincts, some choice, sacrificing spirits, animated by a love for the Giver of all good, and charity for their neighbor, are endeavoring to do the work of regeneration; trying to diffuse the lights of knowledge and the practice of virtue, lending a moral radiance to the murky scenes. in which they labor.

Go two squares directly east of the Tombs, and you will find yourself in the very centre of the Five Points, that noted locality, where the demon of wickedness appears to exercise in such full power his dominion. There are grocery stores, clothing stores, bakeries, milk stands-yet so wretched in aspect, that they correspond pari passu to the poverty and filthiness which surround them.

In the evening the visitor is surprised at the crowded appearance of the place. The streets are almost impassible. You are jammed and jostled on all sides, and every groggery seems to be full, and doing a swimming business. Poverty and crime appear to level all, for their is no caste, no classes, but allare on an equality, and carouse, drink, and swear together, without fear of being affected morally or mentally by low associations.-Nor is this all. Even color ceases to exert its privileges, for white and black, long hair and woolly head are on familiar terms.

In speaking to a police officer of the immense throngs rushing to and fro in these streets, he informed me that almost every room contained a family, and nine-tenths of the whole population were thieves and pros-

On every side are indications of abandoned humanity. Ragged children, reeking with filth, are playing neglected in the streets, using the most profane language, committing petty thefts, and doing other things significant of the penitentiary, or the gallows, in maturer years. Poor, forlorn, degraded prostitutes, festering with disease, and broken by dissipation, stand at the door to invite the curious traveler to enter their miserable domicile. On some of the corners are congregated four or five youths, from fifteen to twenty years of age, with so much peculation in their countenances, that the passer by instinctively claps his hand on his pocket, and breathes freer as he leaves them in the diswhole locality smells of corruption—even the meat on the butcher's stalls looks black, suspicious and diseased. An effluvia pervades the whole atmosphere, and though people live in that sink of corruption, there is no indication of healthfulness in their countenances, which are sallow, wan and downcast.

About eleven o'clock at night the revelry the Five Points commences, and is in full

blast at twelve. The dance houses are numerous, each furnished with a bar where liquor is sold at three cents per glass, collects the little money possessed by the thieves, prostitutes and murderers, and supply them continually with poisoned fluid in the shape of drink, incre tenfold degree their debased animal instincts. One of these, a subterranean place of revelry, once kept by the notorious negro, Pete Williams, is thus described by the Rev. L. M. Pease, Superintendent of the Five Points House of Industry, in his monthly record of the Institution, from the proof sheets of which we are permitted to make this extract.

"The toll was paid and pocketed, the door opened, when, passing down four steps more, we stood aghast in the assembly room of the far-famed Pete Williams, familiarly called 'Uncle Pete.'

Doctors, lawyers, ministers, statesmen, officials, high and low, and even foreign dignitaries, have all paid their tribute to this

mysterious personage. In his presence the distinctions of wealth. position and character, die as by enchantment. The white-gloved aristocrat, the buckram pimp of fashionable life, so far loses his drawing room tastes, as to join harmonious hands with the greasy fingered negress. In his presence, too, all social and political antagonisms are forgotten, and northern and southern demagogues in 'glorious union,' forsooth, take the floor with Five Point wenches. (superior to themselves, as sinning from necessity, they from choice,) leaning on their

arms. The room was some twenty feet square. and ten feet from floor to ceiling. When I had regained my self-possession, I commenced looking about me. At my left stood a score of beings of both sexes, some well and some ill dressed, and some scarcely dressed at all, grouped together at a counter, on which stood a basket of cigars, tumblers, and a number of half-emptied decanters, which were in a few moments thoroughly drained and replaced by others.

On the same side, midway the room, and elevated some three feet, sat two colored men, while all around the sides was a mongrel row

Among them sat a sharp featured, dark whiskered, black-eyed and gentlemanly dressed Saxon, with his arm clasping the waist of a low necked, short-sleeved, flat-nosed, widenostrilled, thick-lipped slouched Ethiopian. while above them hung a picture of our country's father. Shall that arm ever again clasp mother, sister, daughter, or wife?

nius on the low desk before him was the sig. lost his situation.

nal for another 'breakdown,' A dozen couples were on the floor in as many seconds, and the dance commenced. 'Up, down, forward, backward, right, left, cross,' in quick succession was heard, followed by many and as rapid evolutions. The spirit of the dance is fully aroused; on flies the fiddle bow faster and faster; on jingles tambourine, 'gainst head and heels, knee and elbow, and on smash the dancers. The excitement becomes general. Every foot, leg, arm, head, lip and body are all in motion. Sweat, swear, fiddle, dance, shout and stamp, underground, in smoke and dust, and putrid air! (O thou Christ! in this image didst thou make man,

and for such as these did thou die!"

Such is the graphic description of a dance house, given by this intelligent and self sacrificing divine, and even this picture, thus masterly drawn, is not dark enough for the dark original; for these midnight orgies of the most depraved of both sexes, seldom end without bloody noses, black eyes and swollen lips, and often murder. It is to such haunts that thieves who have lived the expiration of their sentence to Blackwell's Island or the State Prison, return, to run the same coreer of crime, and meet the same penalty when detected. The Five Points are fatal to all good; and as well might the mariner of yore attempt to steer through Charbydis and Scylla, as a resident of that locality escape being swallowed up in the vortex of corruption.-A criminal man cannot there reform: there is not a small saving plank, he must wreck

It is in this pandemonium that parents, forgetting the strongest instinct of the human bosom, parental affection, which is the last divine attribute that leaves them, train their sons in all the wily ways of the adept thief, and the young daughter, just flowering and blossoming into womanhood, to forget the promptings of innocence, and tread the paths of shame and prostitution. How horrible it is to reflect on such deprayity, and how dreadful is the punishment visited even by nature herself on the victims of transgression!— The young girls who commence a dissolute life never ripen into womanhood. Directly they commence to sin, like flowers with the worm in the bud," they commence to fade, and in a few short years, poor, wan, and blasted things, 'unannealed' and unpitied, they are gathered like rubbish, and thrown into Potter's Field .- Life Illustrated.

A Battle Incident.

At the battle of the Thames a laughable incident occurred, which is thus related by one who was in the engagement:

open order, with the cannon pointing dothe road, by which the Americans were advancing. General Harrison immediately took advantage of this and ordered Colonel Johnson's mounted regiment to charge at speed by heads of companies, (so as to expose the least possible front,) pass through the open intervals and form in the rear of the British forces. This movement was brilliantly executed by the battation under the command of Lieut. Col. James Johnson, his brother, Col. Richard M. Johnson, at the same time char-

ging the Indians with the other battalion. It happened that in one of the companies under James Johnson's command, there was a huge, brawny sellow, named Lamb; he weighed about two hundred and forty pounds as good humored as big, brave men proverbially are. Lamb had broken down his Kentucky horse by his great weight and was mounted instead upon a short, stout wild Canadian pony, from whose sides his long limbs depended almost to the ground, while his bulky frame rose high above the beast, looking not unlike an overgrown boy astride of a rough sheep.

When the charge was made Lamb's pony took fright and broke into a run. Lamb pulled until the bit broke in the animal's mouth, and all command of him was lost. The little pony stretched himself to the work, dashed out of the ranks, soon out stripped all the file leaders and rushed on in advance of the company. Lamb was no longer master of his horse or himself, and he was in a quandry. If he rolled off he would be trampled to death by his friends; if the horse rushed upon the British lines with him, so far ahead of the rest he must be killed.\ Either way seemed inevitable, and, to use his expression, he thought "he'd jist say something hey could tell his friends in old Kentucky when they went home."

He stuck both heels in the pony's flanks and urged him to his utmost speed. On they drove, some fifty yards in front of the leading file, Lamb's gigantic person swaying from side to side, and his legs swinging in a most portentious manner—the little Canadian "pulling foot" all he knew how, his tail straight, his postrils distended, his ears pinned back and his eyes flashing from under their shaggy foretop, with all the spleen of a born devil Just as he got within a stride or two of the British. Lamb flourished his rifle and roared out in a voice of thunder, "clear out of the way, for I am coming!"

To his surprise the line opened right and left, and he passed through unhurt. So great was their astonishment at the strange apparition of such a rider, and such a horse-moving upon them, with furious velocity, that they opened mechanically at his word of command and let him pass. As soon as he gained the rear of their position, Lamb rolled on the grass and suffered his pony to go-on-his own road. A few minutes more and he was with his comrades securing the prisoners.

An English writer says, in his advice to young married woman, that their mother, Eve, 'married a gardner.' It might be added A blow from the fist of the presiding ge- that the gardner in consequence of his match,

A Sad Story.

The Cincinnutti Gazette relates the followng incident which occurred at Xenia on the 4th inst:

"Among the passengers in the train from Cleveland was a young man perhaps 20, and a lady some few years his senior. The gentleman was plainly clad, but the girl was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and rouged beyond brazen wantonness. It was frequently observed by the passengers that the young man appeared to be earnestly remonstrating with the girl, and seemed to be deeply affected. At Xenia both left the cars, and it was apparent that the course of each lay in different directions-the man to this city, and the girl to the West. As the cars were about starting, the young man kissed her a hasty good bye, and both burst into tears. The conductor, seeing that there was some deep grief at heart, invited the gentleman to a seat in the baggage car, as more secluded from the gaze of the crowd. 'Anywhere,' said he, only come with me. I must speak to some one, or my heart will break.'

After becoming a little calmed, he said with moss for carpets, acorns for cups and saucers, and pebbles for walks, we played in city, to drawn in the wanton's life the rememing to the sympathizing conductor, for weeping as I do over one so loved and fallen?"

How THEY CATCH HUSBANDS OUT WEST. -Unthinking gentleman, Mr. Green, has lady put under his charge by anybody, perhaps by gentlemanly stranger, who, in confidence style, asks him to see her ashore, when they arive at Snagville. Mr. Green, rather fascinated by his young protege, more or less. Very dull on board steamboat, passengers tired to death. Mr. Green prosecutes intimacy, and meets with bewildering success. Passengers continue to be very Passengers Wouldn't ming a fittle scangal just to pass the time. Green's, young lady is observed by other ladies-kind, good, sweet ladies—to cry a great deal in very conspicuous parts of the vessel, and suddenly muffle up her face and sob, or else run. Lady passengers, full of pity, conclude at once that Green is a wretch. Ask girl if he isn't; girl "boo-hoos." Grand indignation scene; gentlemen passengers hold a meeting; noble, impulsive hearts, let out their fine manly feelings; high-toned moral captain looks grimly and virtuously sagacious; winks to passengers. Takes Mr. Green aside, and bullies him about the girl; Green turns blue. Captain calls him a vi lain before the folks, and orders a marriage forthwith. Green declines. Captain produces two revolvers, a bowie-knife, and a clergyman. Green "caves in" and consents. Young lady overwhelmed, ladies overwhelmed, everybody overwhelmed, especially the captain's clerk, who exchanges winks with the bride when unobserved by the rest of the party. All cheerful; captain stands champaigne; gentlemen joke Green; ladies all sympathy to bride; dinner and report in newspapers. Green turns up a widower three days after among the Policans. Bride has run away with port-monnaie and shirtstuds !"

INCIDENTS OF THE LATE DISASTER.-In the recent railroad disaster to a freight train on the New York Central, a tall, slab-sided, lank-haired Yankee drover was along with six horses in a car that was precipitated down the embankment. It rolled over and over until it reached the bottom of the hollow below, and rested upon its side. In a minute or two, the terrible sublimity of the scene was broken, and the consternation of the spectators changed to mirth upon seeing the door of the upset car thrown open and the head and body of the Vermont drover projecting out of it; his elongated physiognomy expressing the most unmitigated astonish-

"What on airth," he exclaimed, "ere ye

spectators had to laugh, in spite of the calamity. 1

APROPOS RETORT .- The Democratic papers, quite generally, both North and South, take occasion to use the financial panic and the resulting misery among the working timber, I allowed that you were riding my men of the free States to point a contrast between the systems of slave and free labor very much in favor of the former. The Mobile Mercury and the Post of our own city are jubilant over the condition of the slave under the patriarchal distribution of hog and hominy at the South. The former paper exclaims:--

"Show us a single slave south of the Potomac who has not as much to eat as usual" --

fodder."

that lady and myself were raised together childhood. She was a few years older than myself, but we were inseperable. She grew up to womanhood, was married, then separated from her husband, and sought the city and became a wanton-a heartless disgraced courtezan. Steeped in sin as she is, shameless as she may be, I could not but kiss her good-bye, for she is my sister! She has already hurried a loving mother to the grave, and brought disgrace upon her brothers and sisters. But while she acknowledges it all, and sheds tears of apparent contrition and regret, no remonstrances can change her course. She has just been home to make us a visit, but has left again for her residence in the orance of what she was, and what she might have been. 'Do you blame me then?" turn-

doin' on /" The effect was irresistibly comic, and the

retorts :---

· Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:-

kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

Tit for Tat.

The Rev. John Johnson, D. D., late of Newburgh, New York, was full of anecdotes respecting his own adventures among the people whom he was in the habit of visiting on very familiar terms. Indeed, he was pretty well known by every man, woman and child in the town, where he lived and preached for half a century. A correspondent tells us one of the many pleasant incidents in which the good man's life abounded:

Walking out back of his house, where a new street was opening, he saw an Irishman, hard at work with a crowdar, striving to dislodge a huge stone from the ground where it was held fast by the roots of a tree. His patience was fairly exhausted by the vain struggles he made and at last, he exclaimed, in a passion:

"The devil take it! The devil take it!" The old pastor approached him, and, quietly remarked that he ought not to make such free use of the name of the Evil One, and certainly not wish to throw such a big stone as that at him. The Irishman was quiet in a minute, and striking his/crowbar into the ground, and leaning leisurely on it, he turned up his face at once to the Doctor and the sunlight, while roguishly played those indescribable forerunners of genuine Irish

wit, he replied: "Och, then, and it is yourself that's findin' a fault wid me for sayin' that same, when its yees and the like of yees that's paid by the years for abusin' the ould gintleman all the time !"

The old pastor turned away to smile, and enjoy the retort.

THE PISTOL.—An Irishman driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market, and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveler, he stopped him with,

'Your money or your life!"
Sesing that Pat was green, he said: "I'll give you all my money for that pistol."

"Agreed," Pat received the money and handed over

"Now," said the traveler, "hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out!" "Blizzard away, me hearthy," said Pat, "divil the dhrop of powther there's in it, shure!''

Two Irishmen who were traveling together got out of money, and being in want of a drink of whiskey, devised the following ways and means:

Patrick catching a frog out of the brook went ahead, and at the very first tavern he

"Why it is a frog," said the landlord.

"No sir," said Pat, "it is a mouse." "It is a frog," replied the landlord.

"It is a mouse," and I will leave it to the first traveler that comes this way for a pint of whiskey.
"Agreed," said the landlord.

Murphy soon arrived, and to him was the appeal made. After much examination and deliberation, he declared it to be a mouse; and the landlord, in spite of the evidence of his senses, paid the bet.

Wo copy the following queer anecdote from the Gateshead (Eng.) Observer:

"An American minister called upon Mr. Spurgeon, and said, in the conversation, that he had a congregation in the States of over three thousand people. Spurgeon: And have you blacks in your congregation? Jonathan: Oh, yes. And do you all worship together, or do you have partitions and curtains? Oh, the blacks are behind a curtain. And do you take the Lord's supper with the blacks behind a curtain? Oh, yes. Now, sir, do you know what a monomaniac is? Oh, yes. Well, sir, I am a monomaniac-a monomaniac on the subject of slavery. (And Spurgeon dashed his hand into his pocket, and, bringing out his penknife opened it.) Yes, sir, I am a perfect monomaniac. I've no control over myself, sir; and if you stay here ten minutes longer, I may put this knife into you hypocritical bosom. So I warn you. Be off! I feel it rising on me! be off, I say. (And he hustled Jonathan to the door, nervously handling the knife all the while.) "And did you really mean to stick the tellow!" said the friend to whom he related the story. "Why, no," said he "perhaps not quite that; but I am going to America before long, and I wanted them to know before I go, that they won't humbug me about

Slavery.' LIFE IN ARKANSAS .- A stranger was quietly riding along the wood, when a rifle cracked and a ball tore through his hat. He pulled up and discovered an old settler 'dodging under the smoke to see whether he had 'brought the varmint.'" The following

talk ensued: "What in h---- I did you shoot at me

for ?" "Excuse me, stranger; I'm considered powerful quick on the trigger, I am, stranger, and as I just noticed you comin' through the horse Bill. But now, I look closer and see my Bill ar whiter about the legs. It's a mighty fine day stranger. 'Won't you step to my cabin, just on the far edge of the next clearing,' and take a horn? I've got a gourd of as powerful fine whisky as you ever

To give brilliancy To the eyes, shut them early at night, and open early in the mornto which the New York Times very aptly ing; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of human knowledge, or the ex-"Show us a single cart horse north of the ercise of benevolent feelings. This will Potomac which the crisis has deprived of his acarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

sol to.