Terms of Publication.

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THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation.

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The Young Soldier of Seventy-Six.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Among the youthful, but bold and fearless asserters of American rights during this period (the American Revolution) was a young man, or rather we should call him a boy, by the name of Arthur Stewart. He had entered the army of the Revolution at the early age of fifteen.

He was born and reared in the good old Bay State (a State worthy to claim such a boy). He had manifested very early in life a fearless and warlike disposition. He accordingly joined a company of yolunteers, during the disastrous period of 1775-776, and during a greater part of the Beyontton ary war, was a soldier of that division of the American army which was indeprihe command of Gen Panan. Cape Waitherbee commanded the company to which he belonged. The Cantain well universited the belonged. The Captain well understood the warlike merits of the stripling, but he was vain.

not personally known to General Putnam, as "Boy," said he, "do you know me? I'm indeed it would have been mere luck and Gen Putnam."

The British army was lying encamped within two miles of the Americans. The night's rest, expecting on the morrow to try this, if we mistake not, would have formed the precarious fortunes of a general fight. a fine subject for a painter's pencil. The captains of the several American companies were busily employed in choosing sen- earnest, for he had alarming proof of it, tinels, who were to stand guard during the durst not for his life proceed a step further. night. Capt. Wetherbee bad already select- He waited until Stewart was relieved, who ed from his own company (we think by lot) finding that he was in truth Gen. Putnam, all his quota of men except one. He was allowed him to pass without the countersign. anxiously engaged in making out the full But the General's feelings were terribly exnumber, when, as good fortune or bad would cited. He knew in his inmost soul that the have it, we don't know which, Gen. Putnam boy had done nothing but his duty, still he passed that way. As he approached, the felt he had been most egregiously insulted. ranks, Arthur Stewart, a beardless boy, to the countersign, and he had proved to be a act the part of a sentinel that night. The British officer, the boy, according to the rules and contempt, stepped up to the captain, and Putnam's intellect reasoned, but his feelings taking him a little aside, said, "Captain by no means coincided with his reason. Wetherbee, what is the meaning of this? Are you so thoughtless and imprudent as to ings thus come to an open rupture with his take this stripling for a sentinel ?-a boy who has just lest his leading strings, to discharge means rare. the responsible duties of a soldier? You know that the British army is almost within gunshot of the American lines! Are we not after a night's rest over the subject, he felt in imminent danger of being surprised this somewhat different about it. A sense of British spies sent here to reconnoitre us in boy to him on the morrrow he said: our sleep? I beg you to look a little to this." "Your sears are entirely groundless," said Captain Wetherbe: "I know the boy.

would be willing to sleep under the very guns of a British fort with Arthur Stewart for a sentinel! There's not another soldier in my company that I would sooner trust than him, either for a sentinel or anything else. I warrant you he will do good duty to-night." "Do as you please, then," said the Gene-

ral, "I have confidence in you; and he turned upon his heel and left the captain. It heard by the company, and particularly by Stewart. We don't know how it is, but there is an unaccountable sensibility in the ourselves the subject of remark, especially animadversion. "I'll come up to you for this, old Gene-

ral," said Stewart, as he listened with breathless anxiety and anger to hear what was coming next, "You'll find that I am not tered Arthur to himself, his eyes all the while

Stewart had taken his post as sentinel durng the former part of the night. It so happened that Gen. Putnam had occasion to pass outside the lines. On his way out he did not encounter Arthur Stewart, but another sentinel, who, ascertaining it was the General, immediately allowed him to pass without the countersign. After being absent a short time he made towards the lines, as though he ntended to return. In coming in he unforunately encountered Arthur Stewart.

"Who goes there?" says the sentinel. "Gen. Putnam," was the reply.

"We know no Gen. Putnam here," says

ne sentinel.

"But I am Gen. Putnam," said he by this

me growing somewhat carnest.

"Give me the countersign?" says Stewart. "It so happened that the officers of the rmy had only a day or two previous adopt-

d a new countersign, and the General had omewhat unaccountably forgot what it was, or at least could not at this moment of his xtremity call it to mind. "I have forgotten it," was the reply.

"This is a pretty story from the lips of en. Putnam. You are a British officer sent ver here as a spy," returned Stewart, well nowing who he was, for the moon was shinng in her full strength, and revealed to him the features of Gen. Putnam; but he had the staff in his own hand, and he meant to

"I warrant you I am not," said the General, and he made a motion as though he children are happier than ever. would pass on.

"Pass that line, sir, and you are a dead

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.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1857. VOL. IV.

NO. XXII.

his gun. "Stop where you are, or I'll make you stop," said the sentinel. The General isregarded him as before.

Hastily drawing up his gun, and taking a somewhat deliberate aim, he snapped; but the gun, from some unaccountable reason or ther, refused to discharge its contents.

"Hold! hold!" said the General. "I do hold," says Stewart. "The gun holds its charge better than I meant to have it," immediately priming his gun for another encounter.

"You are not priming that gun for me?" said the General.

"That depends entirely on circumstances; I warn you note more not to pass those lines."
"But I am your General," said Putnam. 'I deny it unless you can give me the countersign," said the young man.

Here the General was balked. He strove with all his might to recall the word, but in

clined to question it!

At all this the General finding further parley useless, desisted, and the boy deliberately two armies had been watching each other's shouldering his gun, began with a great dea movements for several days, without coming to a general engagement. At length, on the eve of the 22d of—, the Americans and British were making preparations for the kept at bay by a stripling of seventeen.

Gen. Putnam, finding that the boy was in captain was in the act of calling from the Had Stewart permitted him to pass without General, with mingled emotions of surprise of war, would have been shot for his pains.

> It is a terrible warfare when a man's feelsound judgment, and such cases are by no

Gen. Putnam threatened, on returning to his quarters, to severely punish the boy! but night in our camp, or at least of having honor and justice returned, and calling the

> "You are the young man who stood sentinel at ____," naming the place.
> "I was," replied Stewart.

> "Did you know the man who encountered

you there last night?" "I suspected who he might be," returned

"Why did you not let him pass?" "I should have forfeited the character of a

sentinel had I done it," said the boy. "That's right," said the General "you did just as I would have done myself had I been happened that this conversation, though in in your place. We have nothing to fear tended to be carried on one side, was over- from the British or the enemies with such a sentinel as you are," and taking a piece of gold from his pocket he presented it to the boy, at the same time charging him never to organ of hearing, when we suspect we are forfeit the character which he had already acquired. Shortly after he was promoted to the rank of ensign.

SHINGLING A HOUSE.—James Hwas a young man who commenced life with every flattering prospect, and a wife and chilthe cabbage stump you take me to be," mut- dren soon blessed him. Unhappily, by slow degrees he became-to make a long matter snapping with scorn and fury. "I'm a boy short—a drunkard. One evening he left his it is true, but old Put may know before he wife in tears, as was too common, repaired central fires of the planet. They moved siwife in tears, as was too common, repaired dies that boys don't always work at boy's to the house of a man who sold him the poison, and drank so much that he sank down in a kind of stupefaction easily mistaken for sleep. All his companions had deserted him. Near midnight the landlord's wife came into

the bar-room and said to him : "I wish that man would go home, if he has one to go to."

"Hush! hush!" says the landlord, "he will call for something else directly." "I wish he would make haste about it then, for it is time every honest person was

abed," said his wife. "He's taking the shingles off his house and putting them on ours," said the land-

lord. At this time James began to come to his senses and commenced rubbing his eyes, and stretched himself as if he had just awoke,

and said he thought he would go home. "Don't be in a hurry, James,' said the landlord.

"O, yes, I must go," said James, and off he started.

After an absence of some weeks, the land lord one day met and accosted him. " Halloo, Jim, why haven't you been to

see us ?" "Why," said James, "I had taken shingles enough off my house, and it begun to leak, so I thought it was time to stop the leak

and I have done it.' The tavern-keeper, astonished, went home to tell his wife about it, and James ever since has let rum alone and attended his business.

Honesty-a term formerly used when man," uttered Stewart, at the time cocking man paid for his newspaper.

From Emerson's and Putnam's Magazine. The Story of Death.

Reader, have you ever been dead? I have been. I will tell you the story of death.— Dr. Benajah W. Somers, of Essex county, New Jersey, was my physician. I shall not curse him now. Time has taught me that it is better to bless than to curse. And I feel, bitter as my malison might be, that a mere miserable condition were not possible to him than the consciousness of his murderous wantonness must bring upon himself, hardened as I fear his nature is. But let that pass.

I will tell you the story of my death. I died at the age of twenty-three. A stalwart man, who on my father's farm mowed my swath or hoed my row with the best, in an unfortunate hour I became the victim of the practice of medicine which then prevailed, but which now, happily, is nearly disused .-I had some sort of fever. No doubt I was ill enough. From my right arm one day the physician took ounces of blood-how many I knew not; certainly, in liquid measure, a chance if he had been. He had already signalized himself in one or two hard-fought bent each the time of which we are about to speak, have been promoted to the rank of ensign or lieutenant. The incidents of the following story occurred just on the eve of the battle frame. With me the shudders were in the shape of cold sweats. There were three of them. By the clock—so some one at my bed whispered—the chill and sweat lasted six hours. Six dim, dark centuries they were to me. The third-its commencement its fierce chill, its dead cold compared with which ice were a pleasing warmth-its dread slow march, I remember, but nothing more. In the midst of it, I lost all sense of life and its pains. The great gates of the valley of

> shut me in, I do not recollect the circumstances of funeral and interment. In fact, I do not deem that I was buried. The weight I felt above me I knew was no more than ten feet of earth, in a quiet nook, with daises springing from it. The mountains were resting on me. I realized their weight. Straight up to the light-if light existed-as under the centre of the central mountain I lay, it was many miles through solid rock. I was not imbedded in the rock, like a cold toad, caught in during the formative era of the geologists.-It lay upon me. I selt all its weight. Sense had gone, but consciousness was with me. -Oh, how I suffocated and smothered! But dead as I was, consciousness cruelly clung to me. I had died-why could I not cease to Time had passed away; there was no day, no night. But if mortal measure could indicate the period I lay alone, and dark, and suffocated, beneath that weight, centuries

> death rolled on their ponderous hinges and

might have flown above my head. The silence was as dread as the suffocation was terrible. There was no sound. All was still, dark and hopeless. Had the mountain roared as it crushed, it would have been an alleviation. But it did its work without sound, without remorse, like Fate, grim and

. I have said there was no measure of time to tell how long this measureless weight pressed me down. There came a relief. A sense of hearing came to me, or, the internal fires of earth had rolled nearer to me. I heard their voice, distant as yet, like the wind in the leaves of ten thousand forests-like the surge of a thousand unseen oceans- I felt its heat. But it was far away. A new sense of suffocation came upon me. This suffocating force now surrounded me, came within me, and pressed me out. The suffocation within me was like some vast expanding force, but it did not lift the weight of the mountain that was upon me. That still held its awful pressure. But I heard the Titans breathing as they fed the fires. This state lasted-who

shall say how long? Then came-was it true ?-could I believe it?-a dim sense of sight. I saw, dimly and central fires of the planet. They moved si-lent and grim, watching their work and when a rill of molten rock glided apart from the mass, they staid it with their ponderous feet, and scooped it back to its place with vast

Then the mountain began to lift and swell. It seemed slowly to rise-the hundreth part of an inch. Then, part of the way back it sank. It might have been a year in rising that little space. But at the time I could feel that it was rising. Into the chinks it made as it rose, pressed, hot and fierce, vapors of sulphur from the fires. These enveloped me more closely than even the mountain's weight. I prayed that the mountain would again shut down and press them out. Its black, lead suffocation, with all its eternal weight, was better.

But the vapors thinned as the mountain slightly, almost imperceptibly, lifted. Great God! I felt the touch of a human fingera live finger. It lay beneath my arm, in the arm pit. I felt it plainly—the artery throbbed against it. Was there life? Was it life? No, no. The touch died away. I'had no arteries-no human sensation. It was a dream of the sleep of death. I awoke from it-awoke to eternal 'death, the mountain's weight, and the hot fiery vapors. Unvielding, they pressed me still within and without.

Again-was it again a dread dream? I had a sense of light, veiled and clouded light, as through a sleeper's unopened lids. The ued. I watched it long-long! Ages were He is now a happy man, and his wife and the only measure, if measure beyond the grave there could be. But so dim it was that me; and I fell back into the old, desolate suf-

of the mountain's weight. More ages went

Then all at once was light, and a voice, and a human hand. Light, sound, touch, flashed at once upon me. How they mingled and throbbed with the dead suffocation. It was too much. Now, on the eve of relief. I had my former prayer answered. Sensation passed away. I was not. Annihilation had now come.

From annihilation-or from the utter blank of consciousness-I awoke, with pain and fatigue, and still the sense of weight unutterable, to find that there was indeed light and hearing. The touch-it was a live handa human hand. God! the merciful and kind! it was my own father's hand. It was his finger beneath my armpit. Now I feel it meet the artery; I myself felt, in sympathy resume my pen, and now "to the result." with him, the throb. I had come back to life. Death was over.

Though it was no dream, this awakening -I knew it to be real, yet for hours I held but a state of semi-consciousnes. But I knew that death was over-I knew I lived. I recognized the various members of my family in my room. I heard my father's voice, subdued, but joyful, proclaiming his unwavering faith, during all, that I was alive.

Then the doctor came. He entered the room where I lay. "The boy is alive, doctor!" exclaimed my father.

"Nonsense!" was the heartless knave's reply—this devil of a doctor. At times I feel I must hate him, this doctor who had coilege warrant on parchment to murder and bury beneath mountains.

"He does live, doctor ?" persisted my fath-"Feel beneath his arm!"

The doctor put his hand-his faithless, cold skilless hand, beneath my arm. The little life there was to me recoiled

from the contact, fled back to its sources, and gave no response to his murderous touch. "There is no beat there," said he, con-temptuously, turning to my father. "It was

ill your fancy. My father put his hand beneath my own again. Trembling, faith shaken, wavering-

his touch told all that, as he pressed the artery long, and no throb responded. The little rill of life was too faint and weak to flow. Long he held his finger there, and through it I could feel his hope die away. He withdrew it at last, and he gazed on the face of

his dead son. He looked long. He was a kind, good father. I know where the grass grows above his grave. He gazed long, and turned away as one who bade farewell. An hour passed. He came back resolute, hope dauntless in his eye, as if some inspired frenzy made him hope against hope, and bear

his taith into the presence of despair. He touched again the artery beneath my arm. He felt the throb. It was fuller and faster, as hope seized and animated me and him together, The pulse was clear, small, and weak, as it might be, it was still marked and clear. He felt it, and knew it was no

He brought wine, and put a teaspoon filled with it to my lips. The palate and nostrils felt the sensation. They slightly moved.— The shadow of a color came into my face. He knew I lived.

My recovery was slow. For three days my sustenance was a half teaspoonful of wine passed to my lips every two hours. After that they gave me a whole teaspoonful at the same intervals. I gained strength slowly .-At length I was able to get up.

But I was a cripple forever. From that hour I have not been able to lift my right arm from my side. Below the elbow the limb is powerless. My lest hand I cannot raise above my head. I was bledhin both of my arms.

Sometimes, without thought, I make an effort to raise one arm or the other beyond the line which the paralysis has fixed. Then on a sudden all grows dark before me; my head swims, and for an instant I feel the awful mountain's weight upon me. The spasm passes away, and I live again.

I commenced no action for damages against the doctor. Aside from the fact that he did not then possess means to respond to the possible verdict, my friends with the prejudices of time, would have dissuaded me from suing him at the law. Courts and the "faculty," in those days believed in blood, and the latter took it when it would.

Do not deem, reader, that the foregoing is any tale of imagination. It is a story of the baldest fact. I live in New Jersey, between Plainfield and Westfield, in Union (formerly Essex) county. My name I am free to impart-it is John R. Miller. Thirty-four years have passed; but the memory of every hue and circumstance of those dread ages of death is distinct and vivid still. For often even now, a thoughtless movement of either crippled limb brings their terrors bodily back and once again, thank God it is but for a moment-I lie suffocated and pressed beneath the mountain's breast.

"Common taters," said Mrs. Partington to herself, as she waked out of a little nap in which she had been thrown on Sunday by a soporific preacher. "What has common taters to do with the gospel? The preacher had alluded to some commentators, the odd sound of which tickled her ear and awakened her. "Common taters" she continued, "Well all sort of taters are bad enough, and many of them are rotten clean through, and if he is light, dim as it was, was steady and contin- calling his hearers such names heaven knows where he will stop. Common taters, indeed ! I'll send him up a peck of uncommon ones to-morrow and show him that all of them hope grew sick, and died, and rotted within ain't alike." She lest the house with a very indefinite idea of what he meant but deterfocation—the eternal, the varying pressure | mined to set him right on the potato question.

Our Correspondence.

Hudson, Wis., Dec. 1857. Friend Conn: It has been a long time ince I have encroached upon either your valuable columns, or upon the patience of your readers. This seeming delinquency may, or may not require an explanation; be that as it may, I shall take the liberty of saying that my remissness has been caused by my having been for the last three months engaged in personally experimenting on the therapeutical effects of various medical agents in an abnormal condition of the physical sysattention to the exclusion of other and less scientific pursuits; but having completed my experiments, at least for the present, I again

In the matter of general news I can give ere we do here-at least during the winter months-owing to the almost total want of proper facilities for receiving our malls from the South and East. True, Government has contracted with one M. O. Walker, of Chie-&c., but it is notoriously as true that said quantities of mail matter for this vicinity in store at Prairie Du Chien, but that in addition to this, mail bags are frequently thrown umphant gesture to the subject of this extravoff by his drivers for the purpose of taking agant eulogium, a scrubby, knotted, runted, on an extra passenger, which is said to pay better than carrying the mail. These bags we sometime may get, but I fear not. I have not had an Agitator for the past four from the crowd. or five weeks, as we have had no through paper mail during that time. But the worst have full knowledge of this delinquency, yet make no effort for our relief.

we average now. Complaints are useless. Government must sustain Douglas and Dou-Walker must be suffered to take his time. concluded "nigger's head too pop'lar" rows, for what with the constitutional climax policy, the rotation in the Patent Office and paint off'r my parlor floor. No wants dis a multitude of minor grievances, the day of nigger! Yah! Hyah! Yah! Yah! Yah! the campaign of 1860.

discover that Colonel Forney denounces the tory sale!" Lecompton fraud in appropriate terms. Can this be a ray of light in the political horizon of the East? or is it to blind the masses of ten-ten." the party in Pennsylvania, who have been mistakable terms. Douglas is between Scyl- en?" la and Charybdis, politically, for should he endorse that fraud he cannot be elected Sensar! and bit—one bit—bit—goin' goin' ator next fall, while he must lose caste in the won't nobody sas 'leben for dis. A 1, war-South should be denounce it. In either case ranted, &c., boy goin' at one bit—goin' goin' his prospects for 1860 will suffer. I hope he gone at ten cent! Yours, sar, and dog sight will stand by Justice and thus earn the re- more dan he's worf!" spect of right-minded men of all parties.

er with a portion of the Republican State of

States, but not to such an extent as it has af- ever we saw. fected you. We have still plenty of employment for our laborers and plenty of commodities to pay with except cash. As the poor can neither eat nor wear money, they do not particularly need it. There is enough to do and provisions plenty and cheap in propor- salute of an admirer more ardent than distion to the wages paid. Common laborers creet. Our exchanges from Europe now get \$1 per day, while flour is from \$2 to \$2,50 per cwt., potatoes 35 to 40 cents per with an abundant supply in the country, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. A few isolated settlements far back in the interior will need supplies, but the older settlements have enough and to spare, and the needy will be supplied. The principal sufferers will be those who are in debt and must have money even at ruinous rates, and this class, I am sorry to say, is quite numerous. Hundreds who were in reality well off, have bought largely beyond their means to pay during the present stringency, and hence must be nearly or quite ruined. There is al-so another class thrown entirely out of employment, to wit-fancy paper town speculators. There is positively no sale for such property, and it is hoped, for the good of the other causes combined. The intrinsic value now receive an equivalent for his money. Farms will be improved as also town property in good locations. The spirit of reckless speculation is checked, and in spite of the general stagnation that must ensue for a season, the great financial panic will in the end prove a blessing to the real interests of the West.

There was never so good a time for capitalists to invest in Western property as now. With the panic has come a reaction of prices, and property is now nearly as far below its intrinsic value as it was above that point when the crash came. So many must sell, mean 'Shell' said the old lady, "I do think its intrinsic value as it was above that point when the crash came, be purchased for well, it was something about clams that improved farms can be purchased that wy, it; it was something about clams little more than cost of improvements, and that wy, and you know I like clams so well! unimproved land for less than half its value any you are unimproved land for less than half its value any you like it?" four months ago. From all I can learn the

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:—

1 column, - - - 18 00 30 00 40 00
All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all

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

immigration hither will be greater next spring than ever, and many of these lands will command double their present valuation before next winter. The time to buy cheap is now, before navigation opens. C. V. E. before navigation opens.

A Negro Mock Auction.

If Mat Peel, (says the New Orleans True Delta,) had been upon the levee yesterday, he might have got a happy wrinkle in his line from the performances of the genuine colored gentry. The carte for this entertainment was a burlesque auction sale. One of the darkey men, selected for his tonguey qualitem; and the occupation has engrossed my ties mounted a box, and in good set auction. eer phrase announced to a large assembly of idle negro laborers, that he was now about to offer them, for cash, "to de highis bidder in dis crowd, a fus rate boy. A I, soun and healthy, and warranted not to cut in de eye, you nothing, inasmuch as you receive such balk in the step, not steal chickens that don't long to him; also 'ditional, boy wars only one par shoes a year, 'an deys good at the eend of it; takes keer on his close partick. ler, an' neber goes corting; don't go to sleep ober his work, is 'pectful an' 'bedient; is six ago, for a daily mail by 4 horse stagecoach feet tree inches high, weighs two hundred and from Prairie Du Chien to this place, St. Paul, twenty pouns, an can do more work in the house or fiel dan any oder nigger. Step up Walker, in all essential points fails to fulfil hyar, Sam, an' show yourself to dese gem-such contract; and that not only are large men!—Libely now! Dare he is, gemmen! 'Mire him for yourselves!"

And the sable auctioneer pointed with trigray headed specimen of a field hand, about four feet and a half high, who mounted the box beside him, amid vast roars of laughter

"Dar he is, gemmen! 'xamine him an' start him at suffin, for he must be sole !feature of the case is, that the authorities What does you say !" Several colored gemmon mounted the stand and proceeded to "xamine" him. One violently pulled his It is but two days' staging to Prairie Du mouth open and reported—"dis nigger not Schien, and from daily service we should get at least a weekly mail, which is more than "don't dis h'r kink too much-nigger lazy?" Another pretended to discover something beglas must sustain his satellites; hence, said sides ideas running through his wool, and This is but a drop in the bucket of our sor- other said "nigger's foot too long and slimlong foot nigger will steal and run away; of injustice in Kapsas, the attempted frauds long foot nigger ain't worth jail fees." Anin Minnesota, the blind and ruinous Mormon other "nigger's toe nails too long-scratch

retribution is at hand—the judgment of an outraged people must redress our wrongs in that nigger! Is you satisfy? He is a prime he campaign of 1860. | lot! What do you say for de boy? Start
In looking over our late eastern papers, I him at suffin! He's got to be sole—prump-

"Ten cent!" came from the laughing crowd. Ten cent-ten cent! Going at ten cent-

"One dime," from the crowd. "Tank you, told that Kansas was to be free in any event? sar! One dime, one dime—goin' at one We shall see. The Chicago Times, Douglas's dime—d-i-m-e! Too bad, gemmen, make home organ, also denounces the fraud in un- me sacrifize dis artikel dat way! Say 'leb-

"One bit," from the crowd. "Much 'bliged

And he "knocked down" the property to We have elected RANDALL, Rep., Govern- the quasi purchaser with a tremendous blow or of this State, by a small majority, togeth- on the head with the barrel stave he used as a hammer, which broke it in the middle, and ficers and we have a majority in the Legisla- "knocked down" the sold property off the box without apparently feeling the blow, so The affliction of the East, "Hard Times" massive was the conformation of his cranihas also reached this remote corner of the um. That was the greatest auction sale that

AN END TO KISSING .- A short while since the affectionate public was astonished by the story of a young lady whose neck was dislocated in consequence of the ill advised rematch this tale with another of an inquest held at Leeds on the body of a young man bushel, oats 75 cents, corn 80 cents to \$1, of 21, who felt down stairs and killed himself in the course of an attempt to snatch a kiss from the unwilling lips of a girl of fifteen. Some of our cotemporaries deduced from the first of these occurrences the wholesome moral that young ladies should never oppose the advances of their admirers. In common fairness we are now bound to infer from the second accident that no man should ever attempt to take a kiss until it is offered to him. Between the two lessons there is reason to fear that an ancient and not altogether disagreeable custom may be summarily abolished.

A FAMILY NOT ACQUAINTED .- The Journal of Commerce tells the following reply of a boy to his mother:-"The father was of community and the country that there will the keep your children at a distance class, never be again. These men have done more and the boy wanting a new suit, very natuto destroy the credit of the West than all rally asked the mother to intercede for him. "Why don't you ask your father yourself, of property will now rule and the buyer will my son?" said the mother. "Why, mother, I would ask him, only I don't feel well enough acquainted with him was the reply

The above reminds us of a bov who is intimately acquainted with his father, that he calls him Bill." This is going to ite opposite extreme...

"How did you like that Jam song?" asked an old lady of her nighter, as they asked with the crowd of into the open air stepped with the crowd c. Into the open air stepped with the crowd c. "Clam song!" exafter a popular concer ady in astonishment. claimed the young and refer to, mother?"
"Why, what do no he sung!" "Oh! you