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The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post-office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.

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A STRANGE STORY.

In the year 1854, while residing in Boston, I became acquainted with George Braybough, a young English gentleman, then travelling in this country. He was of an eminently insular nature, and possessed all the reserve and stiffness so characteristic of our cousin, John Bull; and our first intercourse seemed unlikely to result in anything like intimacy. His bluff, phlegmatic ways were little assimilated to the mercurial temperament of a young American, nor did we have many things in common. In his veins ran some of the best blood of England. He was rich, and as I said before, had all the hauteur of his race; while I was a student in the office of the eminent jurist, the late Judge Gray, with little else to depend upon for a livelihood than the labor of my brains in articles for the weekly newspapers. Braybough had brought letters of introduction to Judge Gray, who had shown him the usual minor attention of dinner-invitations, and the like; and had introduced him to me, with the request that I would show him the lions of the town and its environs; which attention I performed rather as a task than otherwise, for I did not then possess a very warm regard for our transatlantic relatives. I had shown him all the objects of historical interest about Boston, with a malicious pleasure, however, as there is nothing about them very flattering to British pride. He viewed everything after the manner of the race, with a calm stolidity; I taking care to enlarge upon the victories of America, and the reverse of British arms, endeavoring to provoke him out of his national reserve; but to no purpose; I could not vex him into any warmth of expression, and I was fairly disgusted with him. One afternoon, having exhausted most of the objects of interest about Boston, I proposed a sail down the harbor. He readily assented, and we drove down to Long Wharf, and engaged one of Mahan's boats. Hoisting the sail, we stood down the bay as far as Fort Independence; I, of course, descending upon the wonderful strength of the structure, for the benefit of my companion, and pronouncing it impregnable, at the same time inquiring if the English had any such fortifications: to which he replied that he thought not; the one at Gibraltar perhaps approached it as nearly as any in strength. I winced a little at this home-thrust; but rallied enough to say that I believed Gibraltar was designed by an American engineer; to which veritable remark he deigned no reply, but proposed we should land and examine the post more closely. This we did, spending perhaps an half-hour; when, as we were returning on board, Braybough's foot slipped, and he fell into the water; the tide was running rapidly, and I knew he could not swim; but being tolerably expert in the art myself, I plunged in, and after some little trouble succeeded in saving him. On being brought to the shore, he simply said, "Thank you, Castlemaine," in so indifferent a tone, as if I had just passed him the salt, that I felt half a mind to throw him in again. But from that time his manner toward me changed, and I could see pulsating beneath his English surface a warm heart; and as I knew him better, I became much attached to him.

Shortly after this, as we were sitting in his room at the "Albion," looking out upon the Bay—one of the Cunard steamers coming in, a train just going, shrieking and puffing, out over the Eastern Railroad, its long streamer of smoke trailing behind it, and curling gracefully up over the Maverick hills; the whole city instinct with life and motion—I said:—"George! suppose Dr. Franklin could have had the wish gratified that he expressed upon seeing a fly taken from a bottle of old wine become revived, and crawl about the table; and, as he desired, when he had seen the end of the Revolution, and the firm establishment of our government, had been placed in a puncheon of New England rum, and could come to life again, and look upon this, his native village, this afternoon, wouldn't he stare?"

Suddenly the whole manner of Braybough changed. He seemed to fairly emerge from his English shell into a different being. So complete was his transformation, that I said:—"Why, my boy, what is the matter? You seem so much interested in my very original remark, that one would think you were the lightning-catching philosopher, himself."

Said he:—"Castlemaine! I am going to tell you a story, so strange that it passes belief; one which I never breathed since its events transpired: I can hardly expect you to give it credence, I can only tell it to you."

"You know I am an officer in Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards: we are quartered, when in London, in the Tower; that is, our messroom is there, and the officers of the day remain there during the night. On the twenty-second of May, 1851, Harry Lacy and I were doing 'guard duty.' Dinner was over, the other officers had gone and left Harry and me to solitude alone in the Tower. We lit our cigars, and began conversation, which turned naturally enough upon the building in which we were; its wonderful history, the deeds of blood its grim walls had witnessed. We got so engaged in the conversation, and the oaken walls were lit up by the coal-fire burning in the grate (we had not lighted candles) with such weird and fanciful shapes, that I now it seemed as if I could trace upon the ceiling, among its carvings, childish shapes which grim shadows were smothering, and murdered kings struggling with mail-clad assassins. Out of the gloom seemed to stalk in majesty the dignified and grave figure of the Sixth Henry; while behind him crouched, with sinister face, and drawn dagger, the Third Richard. From before the pointed oval windows seemed to stretch a

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. IV. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 25, 1858. NO. XXX.

black-draped scaffold, and upon it a line of weeping queens bowed their heads to the block. Distinct among them was the sad face of the mournful Anne Boleyn, measuring with white and jeweled fingers her slender neck, and smiling upon her masked executioner. All these I thought of, and many more things, while Lacy was rattling away, till he suddenly asked, "George! did you ever see the place where the young princes were buried under the Tower stairs?" I said:—"No!" Said he, "It is just the dismal place you would imagine: let's go and see it!" Being in the humor to "sup full of horrors," I acceded to his proposal, and, lighting our guard-lantern, we left the apartment. The glimmering light fell strangely upon the low and narrow passage by which we proceeded, and our shadows upon the wall seemed to take the shapes of men in armor, while every puff of wind waiving through the crannies and loop-holes of the massive walls, seemed to rise into a sigh or a groan. We descended the great stone staircase, and under its huge arches of solid masonry, looked upon the spot where were laid "those twin roses on a single stalk," as Shakespeare calls them—the infant Princes of England, smothered by command of Richard the Third. We viewed the place mournfully for a moment and turned to retrace our steps, when a fancy seized us to extend our exploration, and beneath an arch, and through an oaken door, studded thick with massive nails, we passed on into the Tower vaults. Through the apartment we groped along, now stumbling against a fragment of rusty chain which, fastened to a ring bolt had dragged out a life worse than death, deprived of air and sunlight, in these living tombs, until our way ended in what seemed a sort of lumber-room; in it were stored pieces of rusty and broken armor, shattered spears, huge battle-axes, broad-swords, and maces, that in their strange and terrible shapes seemed to bring back the days of the Crusades, and the strong arms that had wielded, and the strong hearts that had prompted, the blows of these weapons of another age. At the extremity of the apartments lay upon its side a huge cask or butt of an antique and singular shape, something like the casks in which Bordeaux brandy is imported, but longer, and with more swell to the bilge or middle of the cask. It had strange old fashioned fastenings to its hoops, which were of the willow of the South of France. Approaching it, and striking upon it lightly with our fingers, we discovered that it was filled with some sort of liquid. Harry shouted, making the damp walls reverberate strangely with the echoes of his merry voice. "Huzza! a prize! who knows but it is wine, rare old Burgundy, and may serve yet to enliven many a diner for the Coldstreamers! This is a good night's work for the mess, if we can only manage to have it quietly bottled off down here, and taken to the wine-cellar we'll taste it at all events!"

"By the light of our lantern, scraping away the gathered mould of years, we discovered the bung of the cask, covered with sheet lead, and sealed in yellow wax, as nearly as we could make out by the dim light, with the broad seal of England; we scraped it away, crumbling beneath our fingers.

"And now," said Harry, "how to start the bung? Oh! I have it! I've seen the conopers do it in the docks;" and drawing his sword, for we had not removed our side arms at dinner, he said "God grant it may never shed more generous blood than that of the grape!" and struck violently upon the staves.

At the second or third blow, the willow hoops, weakened with age, gave way, and the oaken staves fell in, while the blood red wine, gushing out in torrents, deluged us completely. As soon as I could recover my breath, for the surprise and laughter, I said, "Well, Harry! a pretty mess we are in, and all our clothes at our lodgings;" when on looking at the debris of the cask, we saw lying the body of a man dressed in the costume of the fifteenth century, and with features as placid and fresh as if in a quiet sleep. We both started back in surprise and terror, and it was some moments before we recovered ourselves sufficiently to examine still farther the body. The garments though now soaked and stained to a deep crimson hue, seemed of rich fabric, and were adorned with gold lace and jewels, which untarnished by the wine shone in strange contrast to the sanguine tint of the cloth upon which they were embroidered; by his side was a diamond-hilted sword, and upon his finger a massive ruby ring, upon which, as I looked, I made out the well known crest of the Dukes of Clarence. By George! Castlemaine, the whole thing flashed upon me in an instant. Who else could it be but George Duke of Clarence, drowned in a butt of Malmsey, in 1483, by his brother, Richard the Third? I said as much to Harry, and for a few minutes we cogitated upon our best course to pursue. Leaving the body there was out of the question, and roaming about the vaults and crypts of the Tower might be thought a rather serious matter by the Colonel of our regiment; so finally we concluded all we could do, would be to remove the body to the mess room, dispose it quietly and decently, and in the morning take Colonel Harcourt's advice in the matter. Accordingly I supported the head and shoulders while Lacy preceded me, carrying the lantern and bearing the feet, and we crept along toward the mess room; arriving there not without difficulty, for the body was that of a stalwart man, we laid it upon the rug before the grate, while we spread a cloak upon a couch, which we prepared for its reception: these preparations occupied some moments, and while

about them I fancied I heard a gasp, but supposed it was only fancy, until on returning to remove the body, and stooping to lift the shoulders, I felt upon my hand the faintest possible breath. I looked again, and the chest heaved with the faint and struggling motion of a dying child. I rushed to the side board, and pouring out a glass of brandy, while I raised the head, held it to the lips, to which color had come; as I turned the glass, with a gasp, a portion of its contents was swallowed. Lacy and I immediately set at work, rubbing the hands and chafing the temples; respiration grew more regular, color came to the face, and as I felt anxiously the artery of the wrist, I felt the pulse coming with a thread-like beat. We continued our exertions with increasing success; finally the eyes unclosed, and looked wildly around. I held the brandy again to the lips, and he spoke, gasping out: "Richard! Richard! I am thy brother, and by thee I die!"

He gazed anxiously around the room seeming to take in with the eyes you would imagine a man would look upon another world, its contents. Around, hung pictures of British victories: Waterloo, Gibraltar, the Nile, Trafalgar, all won during his long sleep.—Just over his head, in companion niches, stood busts of Nelson and Wellington; at the end of the room was a portrait of her Majesty in her coronation robes; upon all these he looked with wondering eyes, till, endeavoring to speak he fell back in my arms, with a rattle in his throat, and all efforts to rouse him proved unavailing. He was dead! O Castlemaine! if he could have lived! Lacy and I laid him mournfully upon the couch, and I passed to the window. Over the masses of rolling clouds was coming the pomp of May day down, spires of gorgeous red shooting athwart the murky gloom of the flying night like the banners of an advancing army; and as I looked, the sun rose in full beauty, and his beams fell upon the roof of the Crystal Palace, illumining its pinnacles and turrets with unearthly beauty, as it stood, the glorious monument of the progress of the ages, glittering like a vast diamond in the sunlight within Hyde Park. Upon my ear fell the sound of the morning gun, and from the peak of your ship "Nightingale" lying in the Thames, ran up the Stars and Stripes: the gun was echoed by one from your frigate, the "St. Lawrence," as her ensign floated on the morning breeze. All the panorama told of the present; and as I turned to the silent, clay cold figure of a past age, that had tottered so strangely for an instant at the open door of the present, before falling back again into its long sleep. I felt that I would have willingly laid down my own life, could George Duke of Clarence have looked for one hour with me upon the prospect from that Tower-window. As I turned and spoke to Harry, there were tears in his eyes; and as we looked upon the body, as it lay there in quiet dignity, we felt an awe for the remains of such august mortality that revolted at the impertinent curiosity its strange discovery must excite; and so mournfully and heavily bearing it away, we deposited it beneath the flag stones of the vault from which it had been taken and have since, until to day, never spoken of this strange episode in our idle talk save to one another.

Modern Female Education.

"I wonder where this world will turn up?" said old uncle Solomon, as he threw a fresh backlog on the kitchen fire. When I was young folks didn't spend their precious time in studying dancing and music; they used to learn to read, write and spell. There's our David, he thinks he is going to make smart women of his girls, so he sends them to boarding school ten months out of the year, and keeps them drumming the piano the other two. Yesterday I asked Maria—she's almost woman grown—how she'd spell coffee, and as sure as my name is Solomon Tubbs, she spelt it thus: Kaffee.

"Is that the way you spell at school, Maria," says I.

"Oh, I don't spell at school, grandpa, I'm too big. It's only the little girls who are in the spelling class."

She told the truth if ever a girl did. She's too big to learn common things, and that's just the case with all young folks now a days.

"Well, Maria," says I again, "can you tell me where the Mississippi river is?"

She pretended to think desperately for a minute or so and then said:

"Really, grandpa, I have forgotten whether it is in Europe or England. I am reading Caesar now grandpa."

"Oh, learning to read are you?" Well I am real glad to hear it."

She laughed outright. What a funny grandpa you are! Caesar is Latin, didn't you know that?"

"Latin is it? says I. Well, Maria, if you are studying the big studies that ministers and lawyers and doctors know—you go right home and tell your father how you spell coffee, and where the Mississippi river is and ask him if that is the way he was brought up."

She started home and I haint seen or heard from her since. Now David is sure his girls will be smart women, and they will be smart in their line, very smart. They'll know how to work their toes in a dance, their tongues on Latin and French, but when it comes to working their brains on common things, the poor girls will need all the pitty sensible grandpas and grand mammas can give them.

An exchange notices the marriage of Miss Anna Abraham, a daughter of the great vocalist, and adds:—"We congratulate the bridegroom upon his privilege of reposing every on earth, upon A. Abraham's bosom."

Mrs. Snow's Literary Husband.

Yes, I'm Mrs. Peter Snow, an editor's wife. I well remember the day when Mr. Snow asked me to become his. I confess I liked Mr. Snow, and thinking it would be a very fine thing to be the wife of an editor, I said "Yes" as pretty as I knew how, and became Mrs. Snow.

I have seen ten years of married life, and find my husband to be an amiable, good natured man. He always spends his evenings at home, and is in that respect a very model man, but he always brings with him a pile of exchanges, which are limited only by the length of his arm; and reads while I patch the knees and elbows of our boy's pantaloons. After we have had a Quaker meeting of an hour's length I break the silence by asking, "Mr. Snow, did you order the coal I spoke to you about?"

"What do you say, my dear?" he asks after a few moments' silence.

"Did you order that coal I spoke to you about?"

"Indeed, my dear, I'm very sorry, but I forgot all about it. It shall come to-morrow."

Another hour's silence, which is relieved by the baby's crying, and rather liking to hear a noise of some sort, I made no effort to quiet him.

"My dear," said Mr. Snow, after he had cried a minute or so, "hadn't you better give the baby some catnip tea to quiet him. He troubles me."

The baby is still, and another hour passes without a breath of noise. Becoming tired of silence, I take a lamp and retire for the night, leaving Mr. S. so engaged with his papers that he does not even see me leave the room.

Towards midnight he comes to bed, and just as he has fallen asleep the baby takes a notion to cry again. I rise as quietly as possible, and try to still him. While I am walking the room with the small Snow in my arms, our next—a boy of three years—begins to scream at the top of his lungs. What can I do? There is no other course but to call Mr. Snow, so I call out, "Mr. Snow! Mr. Snow!"

The second time he starts up and replies: "What, Tim—more copy?"

As though I was Tim—that little devil running about his office! I reply, rather tartly:

"No, I don't want any more copy—I've had enough of that to last my life time; I want you to see what Tommy is crying about."

Mr. Snow makes a desperate effort to rouse himself; as Tommy stops to take breath he falls asleep again, leaving me pacing the room in as much vexation as I can comfortably contain.

The next morning at breakfast, when I give Mr. Snow an account of my last night's adventure, he replies, "indeed, my dear, I am sorry!" but should the very same thing occur the subsequent night, directly before his eyes, very likely he would not see or know anything about it, unless it happened to interrupt the train of his ideas. Then he would propose catnip tea; but before I can get it into the infant's stomach he will be far away in the realms of thought, leaving me not a little vexed at his apparent stupidity.

Mr. Snow knows the name of every paper published in England, France and Germany; but he can't for the life of him tell the names of his own children. He knows just the age of every American journal, but he does not know the age of his own baby. He knows just how every one of his contributors look, but I don't believe he can tell whether my eyes are black or blue.

The world says Mr. Snow is getting rich. All I know about it is, he gives me money to clothe and feed our boys, and that too without a complaint of poverty. I hope the world is right in opinion; and when I am fully satisfied that it is, I shall advise him to resign his editorial honors, and spend a few months in becoming acquainted with his wife and children. The little ones will feel much flattered at making the acquaintance of so literary a gentleman.

How DANIEL SAVED A QUARTER.—With in a stone-throw of my father's house in old Ashabula, lived a queer old Puritan, yclept Deacon Daniel B., a worthy man and a Christian (as the times went) although his style of worship was peculiar to himself, and unlike anything laid down in the books.—The Deacon never missed a prayer-meeting, conference or anything of that sort, when there might be an opportunity for him to lift up his stentorian voice in hymn or exhortation. In storm or sunshine, the Deacon was always at his post. At a protracted meeting held in the middle of the township, (the old chap being present as usual) the good people were much scandalized to find that a messenger had encamped in the same neighborhood, and was drawing "big audiences" from the worshippers, and among the delinquents several members of the Deacon's family.

Amid the general lamentation of the saints, the Deacon arose and confronted them as follows:

"Brethren, you must have faith! There is Abraham, he had faith—got a knife out to kill his son Isaac with—but the Lord didn't dew it. And there is my namesake Daniel, he had faith too. They cast him into the lion's den, but the lions never touched him—and there he sat all night and looked at the show for nothing—didn't cost him a cent, either."

Communications.

NELSON, FEB. 15, 1858.

MR. EDITOR: As the columns of the Agitator are open "for goose quill castigations" as was said, please accept a few steel pen castigations from the old sober town, Nelson, on the same subject; or the use of intoxicating drinks.

Commencing with the era of the Maine Liquor Law, propagated by the Hon. Neal Dow down to the year eighteen hundred and fifty six, there has been a great amount of good done, a great amount of labor lost, and a great amount of money expended for this reform. When this cause as it were, had almost gained the ascendancy, and gladdened the hearts of thousands of widows and orphans, then by the interposition of judges—men who were skilled in the municipal laws, it was buried in utter oblivion for a time.—We, as a nation, when a foreign foe invades our soil, are ready at a moment's warning to repel that invasion. Scarce an argument is necessary to arouse the highest feeling for liberty. It is then that our legislatures act and adopt proper measures to protect our lives, our liberty and our sacred honor; it is then that our judges and best men of talent suggest the best methods of procedure.—These are the natural consequences in contemplation of war. These were the consequences that arose in contemplation of the revolutionary war. After the great struggle of seven years with the great John Bull was ended, and we had settled quietly upon our farms we began to believe that our struggle with him and his ancestors were forever at an end. But, sir, our rights have been invaded. King Alcohol (the great calf of John Bull) has introduced himself among us. You can see him pawing, kicking, and tearing around in almost every village up and down the Cowanesque. A greater usurper of the rights of man never invaded our land. He is swallowing up thirty thousand fellow mortals annually in the United States. We humbly ourselves beneath his angry look, and willingly submit to his ravages, his murders, and his midnight revels. He goes through our land filling our asylums and mad-houses with the wrecks of the most noble minds of our country; visits the widow in her palace of peace and happiness, perhaps through the medium of a son to whom she is looking for support; tears down the doors of dwellings and leaves the inmates exposed to the cold blasts of winter; snatches the last morsel of bread from the famishing children; wrings with a willing hand the last affectionate hope—no more to be kindled—no more to buoy up her sad spirit—no more to let her virtue shine as nature formed it; and then deprive her of the last source of appeal for the redress of her grievances. In vain she entreats the wretched monster to stay his guilty hand. In vain she exhibits the tearful eye and withered form, but is scourged and mocked by the accursed foe. Why are these petitions slighted? Why are they looked upon with contempt? Is this liberty which we boast of so great? Is this just? Reader, I leave this for you to answer.

Oh! cowards that we are; to boast of our courage and liberty, over all the kings of the earth, and dare not lift our voice against king Alcohol! Dare not rescue our own children from the huge monster's ruin! Dare not tear down the strong hold of the enemy and expel him from the land! Are we afraid to secure a tract of land from Mexico! No! our bosoms could brave the ball or bayonet of the enemy.

But when the King (Alcohol) of terror reigns, They bow beneath his galling chains And dare not lift their heads.

Sons of Temperance! We call upon you to rebuild your temples of fame and goodness, and fight the good fight of faith. You have fought bravely, and won laurels which will be handed down to posterity. Where is the equality of a law that will charter one man to deal out death and desolation to a thousand, and let the destroyer go unpunished. Let the Mr. Rumsellers of this and other vicinities reflect, and cast one candid thought upon the subject. Let them remember that many of those, who are in the habit of taking their daily drams, have families as dear as the bonds of nature can make them, who are suffering for the want of food and necessary clothing. When this is done, and not till then (if men's hearts are not as hard as steel) will our villages hold out better inducements for settlers than they now do. If we are wrong, please inform us.

A French engineer was traveling upon an old Ohio steamboat. He observed to the Captain: "But, this engine is in very poor condition." "That's so," was the reply. "And how long do you expect to run it?" "Till it bursts," was the cool reply. After the next landing place there was one Frenchman less on board that boat.

"I love to look upon a young man. There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me."

The daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript, as he had left his study, sat down and added: "Them's my sentiments, exactly, papa—all but the pains."

"Call that a kind man!" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance—"a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! I call that kindness?" "Unremitting kindness," Douglas Jerrold chuckled.

Can a man driving a wagon full of clocks, be said to be in advance of time?

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one of 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:—

Table with 4 columns: Rate, 3 months, 6 months, 12 months. Rows include Square (14 lines), 2 Squares, 1 column, and 1/2 column.

All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

Commerce is King.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his nervous style, thus shows how much more powerful a commercial panic now affects the world than a war does: "A bank explodes in Ohio; then a line of banks give way in Pennsylvania. It shook the continent more than all the canons of Sevastopol. Next, the banks of New York suspended. All business stopped. Society was tremulous from top to bottom. The tidings are borne across the ocean. That wonderful island, whose top narrow, but whose base is broad as the whole earth, began to quiver, and that silent panic brought her down quicker than an axe brings the ox!—War could not make her plumes quiver; but Commerce, by a look cast upon the ground. And it stands apparent to the world, by the greatest demonstration, that Commerce has supplanted War, and is its master. The General's sword, the Marshal's truncheon, the King's crown, are not the strongest things. The world's strength lies in the million hands of producers and exchanges. Power has shifted. No matter who reigns—the Merchant rules. No matter what the form of government is, the power of the world is in the hands of the people. The King's hand is weaker than the Bankers. War cannot convulse the world—Capital can.

These are undoubted evidences of the advance of the world in true civilization. Within the last ten years the most extraordinary wars and revolutions have taken place on the globe. Once such a combination and movement as we have but lately beheld, would have affected the whole globe with terror.—Since the French Emperor put his bloody foot upon the steps of the throne, there have been set on foot the most wide spread combinations of governments, the most prodigious armies and navies, such as turn the historic Armada into a mere affair of yachts. Once the globe would have trembled to the footsteps of such an unparalleled war! So much did the spirit of the past dwell in military things, that a hundred or two hundred years ago, such a thing would have drawn with it the world's nerve and blood, and vitality.—But now all West Europe rose up, and the world did not tremble. All Russia gathered together, and the Orient did not feel it. And the pounding of war in that gigantic conflict disturbed the world as little as a thrasher's frail upon the barn-floor disturbed the firm earth beneath it. Not even the nations that carried such battle in their hands thought it heavy. Great Britain took but her left hand. Not a wheel stopped in her manufactures.—Not an acre less was tilled in France and the world upon this side read the account simply as news. It produced no more effect than the last serial story that drags its long and tedious tail through cheap and studied magazines.

The "Sands of Life" Run Out.

Dr. Hall of the Journal of Health, who has investigated the matter and analyzed the drugs finds that the mixture for which Old Sands of Life charges two dollars when made from the very purest and most expensive materials used, costs exactly sixteen cents—bottle and all. And he further charges as do many others, that it is a deleterious article at best. The following from the Gleaner is a very severe rap:

Messrs. Editors—Permit me through your columns to bear testimony to a valuable medicine. My great aunt has been striving to reach heaven for twenty years. Having a cough, she finally fell into the hands of the "retired physician," whose "sands of life" have nearly run out." She purchased a bottle of his Cannabis Indica, from which she gained strength, judging from the violence of her cough. On taking the second bottle her strength so increased that she was able to cough day and night without interruption; the third bottle landed her in heaven. Thus in a brief space of time, the fond hopes and anticipations of more than a quarter of a century are realized for the sum of seven dollars twelve and a half cents.

In view of this and other facts that are almost daily coming to light, it is no more than an act of justice to that pious, conscientious, old, "retired physician," whose sands of life continue to run from him, to recommend his wonderful medicines to all who are afflicted with coughs, colds, asthma, brown creatures, loneliness of the gall bladder, inflammation of the florax, refusal of the kidneys to respond to the jerks of the mucous membrane, vacant feelings in the head, &c. To those persons who are desirous of changing worlds, or changing husbands and wives, and all who are anxious to visit "other side of Jordan, this medicine is confidently recommended. To those persons who take a lively interest in natural history, I would advise them to throw themselves into the arms of the "retired physician," and they may be assured they will see the elephant and rhinoceros.

A farmer who recently had his butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight, gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to the cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

"I don't like to patronize this line," said a culprit to a hangman.

"Oh never mind this once," was the reply, "it will soon suspend its operations."

Thirsty Traveler—"My dear, can I procure a glass of milk here?" Little Girl—"No, thir, thir ith a temper-anth houth."

Never confide in a young man; new pairs leak. Never tell your secret to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.