

Terms of Publication.

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

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

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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, APRIL 22, 1858.

NO. XXXVIII.

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:—

	3 months	6 months	12 months
Square, (14 lines),	\$2 50	\$4 50	\$8 00
2 Squares,	4 00	6 00	8 00
3 Squares,	6 00	9 00	12 00
4 Squares,	8 00	12 00	16 00
5 Squares,	10 00	15 00	20 00
6 Squares,	12 00	18 00	24 00

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

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me—
 Lov'd ones who've cross'd to the other side;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
 He crosses in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
 We saw not the angel that met him there—
 The gate of the city we could not see;
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother is waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
 Carried another, the household pet,
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
 We know she is safe on the farther side,
 Where all the ransomed angels be;
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me!

For none return from those quiet shores
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
 And lo! they've passed from the yearning heart;
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
 We may not wonder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day;
 We only know that their bark no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me!

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
 I shall watch for a gleam of the fanning sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
 I shall pass from night with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit land.
 I shall know the loved that have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The angel of death shall carry me.

opened a closet, took out a pen and ink, and I spread out the pledge, and he wrote his name.

The children had been listening with eyes, ears and mouths wide open, while we were talking about temperance. They knew what a drunken father was; they knew what the principle of abstinence would do for him; and when he had signed, one said to the other: "Father has signed the pledge!" "Oh, my!" said the other, "now I'll go and tell mother!" and away he ran into the other room. But she had heard of it; and I listened to her calling: "Luke! Luke! come here a moment." He said, "come in here along with me; come in and see my wife."

I went in and stood by her bed side. The face was ghastly pale, the eyes large and deep sunk in their sockets; and with her long, thin and bony fingers she grasped my hand, and with the other took the hand of her husband, and began to tell me what a good husband she had. "Luke," said she, "is a kind husband and a good father; he takes care of the children and is very kind to them; but the drink! Oh! the drink makes terrible difficulty." That difficulty! God only and the crushed wife of the intemperate man know anything about it.

The man shook like a leaf; he snatched the hand from the grasp of his wife; tore down her night dress from the shoulders, and said "Look at that!" and on the white, thin neck, close to the shoulders, was a blue mark. "Look at that, sir!" I did it three days before she was taken down upon the bed, and she has told you that she has a good husband. Am I? Am I a good husband to her? God Almighty forgive me! and he bowed over that woman and wept like a child, gripped the bed clothes in his hands, and hid his face in them. And she laid her thin hand upon his head, and said, "Don't cry, Luke; don't, please don't, you would not have struck me if it had not been for drink. Mr. Gough, don't believe him; he is as good a man as ever lived! Don't cry, Luke!"

Heroism.

Five hundred men on the lost steamer Central America, stood, without flinching—one hundred of them risking their lives and four hundred actually losing them—while every woman and child was passed to the rescuing vessel. They did this when many of them were returning from California laden with wealth, the cabin and deck of the vessel being filled with gold thrown away as useless in the struggle for life. Not an infant even was lost. They stood and watched boat after boat carrying its few women and children— but few could go at a time. They waited with an impatience beyond all words, the time, long in itself, and magnified a hundred times by the circumstances, of the return of the boats, life hanging in imminent suspense at every moment. They could, any dozen of them, have overpowered the feeble women and children, seized the boats and saved their lives. But they did not do it. They stood quietly until every woman and child was saved.

We have no language to describe the impression that this makes upon us. The bravery which fights a battle we consider as nothing compared to it. The very noblest action of human history, the very forlorn hopes of humanity, the Thermopylae themselves of nations, were the only fit parallel. We have always said that chivalry towards women is the brightest gem in the American diadem. We say now that we know not whether any other people in any age could have afforded five hundred such men. But we are proud to believe that these are only samples of Americanism. Five hundred thousand more, we rejoice to believe, would have acted as they did. The Romans gave a civic crown of oak leaves to him who saved the life of a citizen. What reward do these noble men deserve.

It strikes us that enough mention has not been made of this magnificent heroism.—The papers should vie with each other in praising it; the pulpit should thrill with it as likening man in his nobleness to his Maker; the eloquent orator should speak to listening crowds of it, and the poet should pour a tide of melody, to preserve its memory forever fresh. This has hardly been done. This incident is passing away without a suitable glow of enthusiasm. We would fain believe that it is only because every American feels that he would have done the same, and that the risking of life, and death itself, are only the duty of every man when danger awaits women and children. If it be so—and it will be remembered that these were not ladies of special rank, or family, or wealth, or influence—then surely our nation has reached in one respect, a height of nobleness never before attained by man. If every American, the rudest as well as the cultivated, will risk his life freely for any woman or child, and consider that he has done no special act of heroism, surely the nation that produces such men must have within its heart some germ more grand and generous than ever nation had before. We will hope and believe it, and it shall nerve us to any and every effort for our native land.—*Amer. Presbyterian.*

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?" "I rally don't know, sir, but what bothers me most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

Among the "Notices to Correspondents," in a journal not remarkable for its regard to propriety, there appeared the following:—"Decency came too late to have a place in our paper this week."

Taking Things Coolly.

"You're a scoundrel!" said a fierce looking gentleman, the other day, coming up with great wrath to a Yankee who was standing quietly on the sidewalk; "you are a scoundrel!"

"That's news to me," returned the Yankee quietly.

"News, you scoundrel! Do you call that news?"

"Entirely so."

"You needn't think to parry it off so easily; I say you are a scoundrel, and I can prove it!"

"I beg you will not, I shouldn't like to be proved a scoundrel."

"No, I dare say you wouldn't, but answer me immediately—did you, or did you not say in the presence of certain ladies of my acquaintance, that I was a—"

"Calf! Oh, no, sir, the truth is not to be spoken at all times."

"The truth! Do you mean to call me a calf?"

"Oh, no, sir, I call you nothing."

"It's well you do, for had you presumed to call me a—"

"A man, I should have been grossly mistaken."

"Do you mean to say that I am not a man?"

"That depends upon circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"If I should be called as evidence in a court of justice, I should be bound to speak the truth!"

"And would you say I was not a man, hey? do you see that cow skin?"

"Yes I have seen it with surprise ever since you came up."

"What surprise? Why do you suppose I was such a coward I dare not undertake to use the article when it was demanded?"

"Shall I tell you what I thought?"

"Do it, if you dare."

"I thought to myself what use has a calf for a cow's skin?"

"You distinctly call me a calf then."

"If you insist upon it, you may."

"You hear him gentlemen, speaking to the bystanders, you hear the insult. What shall I do with the scoundrel?"

"Dress him I dress him! shouted the crowd with shouts of laughter.

"That'll do at once."

Then turning to the Yankee, he cried out fiercely.

"Come on, step this way, you rascal, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life."

"I've no occasion."

"You're a coward."

"Not on your word, am I?"

"I'm a liar, then, am I?"

"Just as you please."

"Do you hear that gentlemen?"

"Ah!" was the response, "you can't help flogging him now."

"Oh, heavens grant me patience, I'll fly out of my skin."

"It'll be so much the better for your pocket—calf skins are in good demand."

"I shall burst."

"Not here in the street, I beg for you. It would be quite disgusting."

"Gentlemen, can I any longer help flogging him?"

"Not if you are able," was the reply. "Go at him."

Thus provoked, thus stirred up and encouraged, the fierce gentleman went like lightning at the Yankee.

But before he could strike a blow, he found himself disarmed of his cow skin, and lying on his back under the spout of a neighboring pump, while the Yankee had carried him to cool his rage, and before he could recover from his astonishment at such unexpected handling, he was as wet as a drowned rat from the cataract of water which his antagonist had liberally pumped upon him.

His courage had by this time, like that of the valiant Bob Acres, "oozed out at the palms of his hands," and he declared, as he arose and went away dripping from the pump, that he would never trust to appearances again and the old Harry himself might undertake to cow-hide a cool Yankee for all of him.

ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS.—The Bottomless Pit in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, is suspected by many to run through the whole diameter of the earth. The branch terminates in it, and the explorer suddenly finds himself brought upon its brink, standing upon a projecting platform, surrounded on three sides by darkness and terror, a gulf on the right and a gulf on the left, and before him what seemed an interminable void. He looks aloft; but no eye has yet reached the top of the great overreaching dome; nothing is there seen but the flashing of the water dropping from above, smiling as it shoots by in the unwonted gleam of the lamp. He looks below, and nothing there meets his glance save darkness as thick as lamp-black, and he hears a wild, mournful melody of water, the wailing of the brook for the green and sunny channel left in the upper world never more to be revisited.—Down goes a rock, tumbled over the cliff by the guide, who is of the opinion that folks come here to see and hear, not to muse and be melancholy. There it goes—crash! it has reached the bottom. No—hark, it strikes again; once more and again, still falling.—Will it never stop? One's hair begins to bristle as he hears the sound repeated, growing less and less, until the ear can follow it no longer.

A western editor expresses his delight at having been recently called "honey" by the girl he loves, because she saluted him as "old beeswax" at their last meeting.

Human Health.

Few persons think or care much about health while they possess it. No one can ever perfectly regain it when once lost.—Thousands there are who would give a fortune—all they possess of earthly goods—if they could have health for the balance of their lives. Health is the parent of innumerable blessings. Without health, no one can be happy; with it no one can be miserable. Health is the great, the primal necessity of human beings.

Without health in every department of the fearful and wonderful machinery of life, the man-being can never be developed. If he does not acquire it in this life, he must in some other sphere of existence, or remain forever be-dwarfed, imperfect, or deformed. No one can achieve his destiny, no one can perceive correctly his relation to external things, no one can feel, or think or act so as to keep himself in harmony with the laws of universal order, on which his highest welfare depends, without health in every part, structure, and organ. Humanity can never be embodied and individualized, in the form of a complete and perfect man or woman without health.

No problems can possibly be more intelligible in themselves than those which concern human health. Nature has made them all matters of instinct and observation, so that none need err. Health depends on due attention to a few simple conditions. The most important of these relate to air, food, and exercise.

Plain, natural food, pure air, and abundant exercise express the essentials of health, development, vigor, long life, and perfect manhood and womanhood.

With all the tribes of animated nature below us, health is the rule and disease the exception. It requires no learned doctor or profound philosopher to tell us the reason of this. They follow pure instincts instead of perverted appetences. With the human family as a whole, disease is the rule, and health the exception. Nor need we explore the mysteries of science to discover the rationale of this. Our eyes and our ears are all the channels of information we need to fully comprehend the subject. But we must use them. There is such a thing as having eyes and seeing not; having ears and hearing not.—*Life Illustrated.*

What is Silica?

In articles on Agriculture the word *Silica* is often mentioned, and many of our young readers, perhaps, would like to know what it is, and what it has to do with wheat or corn, or the soil. Silica is a mineral substance, commonly known as flint; and it is one of the wonders of the vegetable tribes, although flint is so indestructible that the strongest chemical aid is required for its solution, plants possess the power of dissolving and secreting it. Even so delicate a structure as the wheat straw dissolves silica, and every stock of wheat is covered with a perfect, but inconceivably thin coating of this substance. This is what gives the wheat straw its glazing, which looks so much like glass.

Amid all the wonders of nature which we have had occasion to explain, there is none more startling than that which reveals to our knowledge, the fact that a flint stone consists of masses of mineralized vegetable matter. The animals were believed to have been infusorial animalcules with silicious which compose flint may be brought under microscopic examination. Geologists have some difficulty in determining their opinions respecting the relation which these animalcules bear to the flint stones in which they are found. Whether the animalcules, in dense masses form the flint; or whether the flint merely supplies a sepulchre to the countless millions of creatures that, ages ago, enjoyed each a separate and conscious existence, is a problem that may never be solved. And what a problem! The buried plant being disintegrated, after having lain for ages in the bowels of the earth, gives up light and warmth; and the animalcule, after a sleep of ages, dissolves into the sap of a plant, and wraps the coat it wore probably "in the beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth, and when the earth first brought forth living creatures," around the slender stalk of waving corn!—*The Reason Why.*

Among the many singular anecdotes which Lord Mansfield has been accustomed to repeat of himself, he used to speak of the following with the most unaffected good humor:—A St. Giles' bird as an evidence before him in some trial concerning a quarrel in the street, and so confounded his lordship with slang, that he was obliged to dismiss him without getting anything from him. He was desired to give an account of all he knew.

"My lord," said he, "as I was coming by the corner of the street, I staggered the man."

"Pray," said Lord Mansfield, "what do you mean by staggering a man?"

"Staggering, my lord? why, you see, I was down upon him."

"Well, but I don't understand 'down upon him' any more than 'staggering.' Do speak to be understood."

"Well, an' please your lordship, I speak as well as I can—I was up to all he knew."

"To all he knew? I am just as much in the dark as ever."

"Well, then, my lord, I'll just tell you how it was."

"Do so."

"Why, my lord, seeing as how he was a rum kid, I was one upon his tiddy?"

The fellow was at length sent out of the Court, and was heard in the hall to say to one of his companions, that he had "gloriously queered old Full Bottom."

MARE RUBRUM.

From the Atlantic Monthly.
 BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Flash on a stream of blood-red wine—
 For I would drink to other days;
 And brighter shall their memory shine,
 Seen flaming through its crimson haze.
 The roses die, the summers fade,
 But every ghost of boyhood's dream
 By nature's magic power is laid
 To sleep beneath this blood-red stream.

It filled the purple grapes that lay
 And drank the splendors of the sun
 Where the long summer's cloudless day
 Is mirrored in the broad Garonne;
 It pictures still the beauteous shapes
 That saw their hoarded nightgown shed,—
 The maidens dancing on the grass—
 Their milk-white ankles splashed with red.

Beneath these waves of crimson dye,
 In rocky fetters prisoned fast,
 Those fitting shapes that never die,
 The swift-winged visions of the past.
 Kiss me by the crystal's mystic rim,
 Each shadow rends its flowery chain;
 Springs in a bubble from my brain,
 And walks the chambers of the brain.

Poor Beauty! time and fortune's wrong
 No wreck or feature may withstand—
 Thy recrees are scattered all along,
 Like empty sea shells on the sand;
 Yet, sprinkled with this blushing rain,
 The dust restores each blooming girl,
 As if the sea-shells moved again,
 Their glistening lips of pink and pearl.

Here lies the home of school-boy life,
 With creaking stair and wind-swept hall
 And scared by many a truant knig,
 Our old initials on the wall;
 Here—rest their keen vibrations mute—
 The shout of voices known so well,
 The ringing laugh, the waiting file,
 The chiding of the sharp-tongued bell.

Here, clad in burning robes, are laid
 Life's blossomed joys, untimely shed;
 And here those cherished forms have strayed
 We miss a while and call them dead.
 What wizard fills the maddening glass?
 What soil the enchanted clusters grew,
 That buried passions wake and pass
 In beaded drops of fiery dew?

Nay, take the cup of blood-red wine—
 Our hearts can boast a warmer glow,
 Filled from a vintage more divine—
 Calmed, but not chilled by winter's snow:
 To-night the palest wave we sip,
 Rich as the precious draught shall be
 That wet the bride of Cana's lips—
 The wedding wine of Galilee!

A Kind Act Reciprocated.

Nearly half a century ago, when a coach ran daily between Glasgow and Greenock, by Paisley, one afternoon, when a little past Bishopston, a lady in the Coach noticed a boy walking barefooted, seemingly tired, and struggling with tender feet. She desired the coachman to take him up and give him a seat, and she would pay for it.

When they arrived at the inn in Greenock she inquired of the boy what was his object in coming up there. He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him half a crown, wished him success, and charged him to behave well.

Twenty years after this, the coach was returning to Glasgow, in the afternoon, on the same road. When near Bishopston, a sea captain observed an old lady on the road, walking very slowly, fatigued and weary.—He ordered the coachman to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he should pay for her.

Immediately after, when changing the horses at Bishopston, the passengers were sauntering about, except the captain and the old lady, who remained in the coach. The lady thanked him for his kindly feeling toward her, as she was now unable to pay for her seat. He said: "He always had sympathy for weary pedestrians, since he himself was in that state when a boy, twenty years ago, near this very place, when a tender-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him up, and paid for his seat."

"Well do I remember that incident," said she. "I am that lady, but my lot in life is changed. I was then independent. Now I am reduced to poverty by the doings of a prodigal son."

"How happy I am," said the captain, "that I have been successful in my enterprise, and am returned home to live on my fortune; and from this day I shall bind myself and heirs to supply you with twenty-five pounds per annum, till your death.—*British Workman.*

HONORABLE CONDITIONS.

Many years ago in what is now a flourishing city in this State lived a stalwart blacksmith, fond of his pipe and his joke. He was also fond of his blooming daughter, whose many graces and charms had ensnared the affections of a susceptible young printer. The couple, after a season of usual billing and cooing, "engaged" themselves, and nothing but the consent of the young lady's parent prevented their union. To obtain this, an interview was arranged and Typo prepared a little speech to astonish and convince the old gentleman, who sat enjoying his favorite pipe, in perfect content.

Typo dilated upon the fact of their long friendship, their mutual attachment, their hopes for the future, and like topics, and taking the daughter by the hand, said: "I now, sir, ask your permission to transplant this lovely flower from its parent bed—" but his "phelinks" overcame him, he forgot the remainder of his rhetorical flourish, blushed, stammered, and finally wound up—"from its parent bed, into my own!" The father keenly relished the discomfiture of the suitor, and after removing his pipe and blowing away a cloud, replied: "Well, young man, I don't know as I have any objections, provided you will marry the gal first!"

"Charles, do you know what people are saying about us?"

"No, dear, what is it?"

"Why, that—that—you and I are going to be married!"

"Fudge! let them say so. We know better. We are not so foolish as that, nie we?"

"I say, sonny, where does that right-hand road go to?" "It ain't been anywhere since we've lived here," was the boy's reply.

Little Pitcher with Great Ears.

"Mother," said little Agnes, "what made you marry father? You told aunt Charlotte you had all the money."

"Hush, child! what are you talking about? I did not say so."

"Why, yes, mother, you said he was poor; and had you thought of being burdened with so many 'country cousins,' as you call them, you never would have had him. Don't you like aunt Phebe, and aunt Polly, and aunt Judy? I'm sure I do."

"Why, Agnes, you are crazy, I believe! When did you ever hear your mother talk so? Tell me instantly."

"Yesterday, ma, when I sat in the back parlor, and you and aunt were in the front one. I'm sure you did say so, dear mother, and I pity you very much; for you told aunt there was a time, before I was born, when father drank too much, and then, you know, you spoke of the 'pledge,' and said how glad you were that the temperance reform saved him."

"My dear, I was talking of somebody else, I think. We were speaking of uncle Jethro and his family."

"But they have no Agnes, mother; and you know you told father's failure in business. Uncle Jethro never failed. And you said, too, when you moved in this house, your money paid for every thing, but the world did not know it, and—"

"You have told quite enough, my child. What do you say listening in the back parlor, when I send you up stairs to study? It has come to a pitiful pass, if your aunt and I must have all our privacy retained in this way. I suppose you have already told your father all that you have heard?"

"No, mother, I haven't, because I thought it would hurt his feelings. I love my father and I never told him anything to make him unhappy."

Agnes sat looking at the fire, and asked—

"Mother if people really love others, do they ever talk against them? Didn't you tell me never to speak of any home difficulty; and if Edward and I say wrong words, you tell me never to repeat them, and I never do?"

BENEFITS OF A GOOD HEARTY LAUGH.

If people will believe tough stories with a good moral, we think the following, from an English paper, can be recommended as one of the very best of its class:

"While on a picnic excursion with a party of young people, discerning a crow's nest on a rocky precipice, they started in great glee to see who would reach it first. Their haste being greater than their prudence, some lost their hold, and were seen rolling and tumbling down the hillside, bonnets smashed, clothes torn, postures ridiculous, but no one hurt. Then commenced a scene of most violent and long-continued laughter, which, being all young people, well acquainted with each other, and in the woods, they indulged to a perfect surfeit. They roared out with merry peal on peal of spontaneous laughter; they expressed it by hooting and hallooing when ordinary laughter became insufficient to express the merriment they felt at their own ridiculous situations and those of their mates; and—ever afterwards the bare mention of the crow's nest scene occasioned renewed and irrepressible laughter. Years after one of their number fell sick, became so low that she could not speak, and was about breathing her last. Our informant called to see her, gave his name and tried to make himself recognized, but failed till he mentioned the crow's nest, at which she recognized him and began to laugh, and continued every little while renewing it; from that time she began to mend, recovered, and still lives, a memento of the laugh cure."

A HARD WITNESS.

The following dialogue, which occurred several years ago between a lawyer and a witness, in a justice's court, not a great many thousand miles from this place, is worth relating.

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial, a witness (Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer—(with a bland and confidence invoking smile)—"Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride horses?"

Witness—(with a very merry twinkle in his eye otherwise imperturbable)—"A-straddle, sir."

Lawyer—(with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation, but speaking in his smoothest tones)—"But, sir, what gait does he ride?"

Witness—"He never rides any gait, sir, his boys ride all the gates."

Lawyer—(his bland smile gone and his voice slightly husky)—"But how does he ride when in company with others?"

Witness—"He goes up if his horse is able; if not he goes behind."

Lawyer—(triumphantly and in perfect fury)—"How does he ride when alone, sir?"

Witness—"Don't know—never was with him when he was alone."

Lawyer—"I have done with you."