### Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pub send every Thursday Morning, and mailed to sub scribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp

which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp which he has paid shall have expired, by the last paper.

"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, can be brought in debt to the printer, the horizontal paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation ty, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post-office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County. in an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper in-

[From Harper's Weekly. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

# HOR. GALUSHA A. GROW, of Pa.

In preparing biographical sketches of prominent statesmen in the thirty-fifth Congress, we are constantly reminded of the advantages which a Republic confers upon energetic and gifted men, who, born in comparative obscurity, might, under other forms of government, never rise above the daily strife for bread, and, accomplishing no grander purpose than wresting by fierce struggle a bare subsistence for themselves and families, would pass on into the silence of nameless obscurity "unwept, unhonored and unsung." If Congress may be taken as a criterion, the Republic has not so greatly degenerated after all; for many of the most prominent legislators in both branches are indomitable will and unswerving rectitude have enabled them to rise from the shoebench, the factory, the forge and the farm to the solid dignity which, after all croaking, still appertains to American Senators and Representatives. Among those, who, in elevating themselves

have illustrated the true worth of our institutions, we must award a very high place to the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, whose likeness our artist has so admirably presented herewith. Mr. Grow was born in Ashford, Windham County, Connecticut, on the 31st of August, 1823. His father, Joseph Grow, died when the subject of this memoir was only three years of age; leaving the mother to provide for a family of six children, of whom four were sons. The youngest child was only three months old at the time of this sad bereavement, and on settling up the afbarely enough of property to pay up all indebtedness. Fortunately Mrs. Grow was a woman of remarkable energy and decision all courage and bemoaning her lot, she gathered her little flock about her and removed to the residence of her father, Captain Samuel Robbins, who lived in Voluntown, in the same county. Here she engaged in trade and farming; and, to her honor be it said, succeeded not only in providing for her young family, but also accumulated a surplus, which afterward laid the foundation for the present prosperous circumstances of her children. The best answer to the inquiry "What can woman do?" might be given in the history of what this brave and good woman did. Unfortunately we are not writing her history, and must therefore content ourselves with this meagre outline of the accomplishments of one woman, who, we are happy to believe, is but a representative of a great many others, that in the lowly cares, and patient endurances, and holy sacrifices of maternal love are quite content to have inscribed upon their tombstones, "she hath done what she could," but of whom history and God will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

When Mr. Grow was eleven years of age, his mother found that her industry and enterprise had enabled her to save a sufficient um to delray the expense of removal to the West, and for the sake of her children she of his political opponents. dermined to make that great sacrifice.— Twenty-five years ago the tide of emigration was setting westward; the Northeastern States had commenced to push out advance parties of settlers, who, knowing nothing of that they should encounter, struck boldly into the forests and laid the foundation of our Western prosperity. There were no railroads then to carry the emigrants in a few hours, and for a few dollars, from the valley of the Connecticut to the valley of the Mississippi, bu painfully and slowly the caravans moved like snails toward the setting sun; and when the last good-by was said to relatives, and the last view had been taken of the old homestead, the emigrant felt that and had faint hope of returning at all.

part of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, Glenwood;" and there is still the residence of the subject of this sketch. For the next rightness and private integrity. ew years Galusha led the ordinary life of farmers' boys, attending school when there was opportunity, and undergoing the noble discipline which is afforded by wild mountain cenery to a quick perceptive nature which has also something of cultivation. It is told him in those early years that he was often the woods for a week or ten days, sleeping n hemlock boughs, and trusting to his own kill to provide his food. Living in a region of country in which lumber was abundant and good, the winter occupation of all the seillers was the cutting of timber, to be floated in the spring down the stream on which plain." they lived to the Susquehanna (of which it was a tributary,) and on to find a market at Baltimore, or other towns lying along Ches-Peake Bay. The great event to which Gasha, in common with the other boys, looked tward, was to be permitted to accompany e lumbering parties down the river. When was about fourteen years of age the delted opportunity came, and he accompanied brother Frederick to Port Deposit, in Maryland. While here an incident occurred thich furnishes very decided testimony to confidence which his neighbors felt in Grow's integrity, and the high estimaon in which the innate shrewdness of the lalives of the well-abused State of Connectcut was held twenty years ago. A friend of the Grows was anxious to send a cargo of amber to Annapolis to be sold, and intrusted our hero with the business. On arriving at his port he sought out a Mr. Claud, who

# THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Bealthy 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, MAY 13, 1858.

asking his age, residence, parentage, family

connections, and a variety of test questions, t occurred to him to ask, "Were you born n Pennsylvania?"

GROW. "No, Sir, I was born in Connecticut."

CLAUD. "Oh yes, I understand it all now; yes, I do want to buy some lumber." It is needless to add, the cargo was sold to good advantage.

At seventeen years of age, Mr. Grow peing generously helped by his brothers, entered the Freshman class of Amherst Colege, graduating in 1844. As soon as his collegiate course was completed, he commenced his political life by "stumping" for Polk and Dallas. When the election was over he entered the law office of F. B. Streeter, Esq., late Solicitor to the Treasury, men whose rare genius, intense application, and was admitted to the bar in the autumn of 1847.

> In the spring of 1850 it was found that his close application to study while in college, and his subsequent confinement to his business, was impairing his originally fine constitution, and he was forced to retire tempoarily from his profession to seek a recuperation of his physical powers in out-door exercise. He accordingly returned to his mother's farm and resumed his place in the field. In the winter of 1850 he surveyed

six thousand acres of land into small lots. In the summer of 1850 the Democratic convention of his county nominated him unanimously for the Legislature, but he declined. In the autumn of the same year he was first elected to Congress. The Democrats of the district were divided, and had two candidates in the field, each claiming to be the regular nominee. Eight days before fairs of the family it was found there was the election both agreed to resign if Mr. Grow would be the candidate. He was visited by a delegation, who found him not exof character; instead, therefore, of losing with a set of hands on the public highway, actly, like Cincinnatus, plowing, but working rebuilding a bridge that had been carried away by a freshet. He heard their proposal and consented to be a candidate; both the other candidates resigned as agreed upon, and a convention was called which nominated Mr. Grow, just one week before the election. He was successful, having a majority of twelve hundred and fifty votes; and in 1851 he took his seat, the youngest member

of the thirty-second Congress. The second time he was elected by a majority of seven thousand five hundred; the third time he was elected unanimously, on account of the satisfaction with which men of all parties in his district regarded his strenuous opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. The last occasion upon which he asked for the votes of his constituency he was elected by a larger vote than he received when there was no opposition. During the Speakership of Mr. Banks, Mr. Grow was chairman of the Committee on Territories, one of the most important positions in the gift of the Speaker. Upon Mr. Bank's retirement from Congress. Mr. Grow became virtually the leader of the Opposition-an arduous post which he has always filled so as not only to win the applause of his friends but to gain the respect

mencement of this session. In the summer of 1855 he visited Europe in company with Hon. E. B. Morgan and Hon. B. Pringle, of New York, Hon. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, and others. They intended to visit the Crimea, but were pre vented by the prevalence of cholera. While in Paris, our Representatives were treated with great consideration by the Emperor of the French, being invited to the ball given in honor of Queen Victoria, who was then visiting Napoleon.

Republican vote for Speaker at the com

He received the

With the probability of of a long life before him, having thus early distinguished years must pass before he saw either again, himself, it would be an idle speculation to set limits to his future. He has already attained Despite these serious drawbacks, the Grow a high position as a leader in debate and mily started for the West, and finally took | parliamentary tactics. We may reasonably up their abode in a wild and mountainous anticipate more honors and distinction to him; but the pleasure of them for himself, which from its romantic beauty they named and the worth of them for others, will be found in the facts of his strict personal up-

> WHAT HE DIED OF .- We once overheard the following dialogue between an alderman and an Irish shop-lifter:

"What's gone of your husband, woman? "What's gone of him, yer honor? Faith sir he's gone dead."

"Ah, pray what did he die of?" "Die, yer honor, he died of a Friday."
"I don't mean what day of the week, but

what complaint?" "Oh! what complaint, yer honor; faith an' it's himself that didn't get time to com-

"Oh! he died suddenly!"

"Rather that way, yer honor."

"Did he fall in a fit?" "A fit, yer honor! why no, not exactly that. He fell out of a window, or through a cellar door-I don't know what they call it.'

"Ay! and broke his neck?" "No not quite that yer honor."

"What then?" "There was a bit o' string, or that like,

and it throttled poor Mike." "Mr. Brown, why do you wear that bad hat?"

"Because, my dear sir, Mrs. Brown says she will not go out of the house with me until I get a new one."

Punch says no woman was ever known to live as long as fifty years—forty being about a woman's ultimatum, and very few being wished to buy the lumber, but almost feared spared to reach that extreme point of female trade with such a young merchant. After longevity.

### An Hour in the Dead Letter Office.

A semale correspondent of Life Illustrated gives the following description of a visit to the Dead Letter Office at Washington:

We had been fortunate enough to obtain the entree to this place through special favor and influence, although as a general thing, no visitors are admitted. It was a large, light room, with two or three desks, at which were seated aged officers in silent occupation among literal drifts of letters. The walls were lined on every side with huge mail sacks which had been returned full of unclaimed epistles, from my riads of post offices; there might have been fifty or a hundred of these sacks, and each probably contained thousand on thousands of letters.

"How rapidly you dispose of them !" said watching the speed with which the clerks ore open the epistles, glancing over them to see that no drafts, checks, or other important documents were inclosed, and then threw them upon an immense heap of opened let-

ters at their feet. "It's all in habit, ma'am," said the gentleman nearest me. "We are accustomed to open a certain number daily, and to those who do not understand the accuracy and expedition with which we work, it would seem, indeed, almost incredible."

As he spoke, a tiny gold ring rolled from the folds of a rose tinted letter, whose pages were evidently written over by a delicate female hand.

"A child's ring," he said, taking it up; would you like to look at it, ma'am?"

I took it in my hand-it was a fairy circlet of virgin gold, with the words "Mary to E. V.," engraved within—and I wondered who the Mary was, and whether the little "E. V.," who never received the tiny gift, was dead or living.

Meanwhile, the clerk had been taking a apid note of the signature, direction, etc. "What will you do with it?" I inquired,

returning the ring to his care. "We lay all such things aside, in case they

should be called for." "And are they often redeemed?" "Not often-not once in a hundred times,"

he replied, taking a little gold dollar from beneath the seal of another letter, and laying t carefully under the desk.

We stood in silence, regarding the pile of ppened letters, which was growing higher every moment. It was a strange medley of styles and handwriting. Some were inscribed on huge sheets of foolscap, in a manner that conveyed the impression to your mind that the writer must have grasped his pen with both hands, and gone at the paper as he with a glorious disregard to all geometrical precision; others again were daintily written on colored tissue paper, and some were in that easy, flowing hand, that bespeaks energy and refinement of character in the calligraph-

"Oh, how I should like to read those letters!" said I, involuntarily.

The official smiled. "This is what all the preserve our charge from the curiosity of the in himself and team. It was a marvel to the come up." He done so until he came to a female sex, if, fortunately our rules protect us from many visitors."

"But do you never read them?" "Never, unless they seem very important, or contain inclosures of amount. It is all we can do to keep up with the arrival of the dead mails now. If we were to stop to read one letter in a hundred, we should be lamentably-behind; besides the privacy of these letters is a point of honor with us. We have no more right to read them here, when unnecessary, than to pry into any other personal secrets."

Here one of the clerks leaned over and handed our companion a tiny package.

"From one of the letters," he said, " thought the lady might feel interested in it." It was a single curl of golden hair tied vith a bit of pink ribbon, and wrapped in a little piece of paper, on which was written,

"Baby's hair."

I knew the history of that letter in an instant, though I had never looked on its folds, I could see the fair young mother parting the sunny tresses from the infant head, and placing it, with half a smile and half a tear, within the closely written page that was to glad the heart of the far away husband .-And he never received the letter. Perhaps he died under the mighty shadow of Sierra Nevada; perhaps the turf of some Mississippi valley lay close on his pulseless heart while she, the faithful wife, was growing more sad, less hopeful with every day that

brought no answering word. "Baby's hair!" I could not bear that the bright curl should be thrown carelessly among the host of letters; it seems like a desecra-

"May I keep this little lock?" "Certainly, if you like."

And I placed it carefully in my reticule, with tender hand. I know not where the sorrowing young mother's heart is breaking, day by day, but certain I am that there is an invisible bond of sympathy between her soul and mine, clasped by a lock of curling, silky gold—"baby's hair."

It would be in vain to attempt to chronicle the numerous inclosures which dropped from the man to put it into his bag, assisted him the various letters which were opened during in slinging it upon his shoulders, and just the short space of time we stood there. Bits before his departure, being something of a of rainbow colored silk, sent for "patterns." tiny muslin collars, newspaper paragraphs, say neighbor, after you have carried this bank bills, gold, cards, coarsely written messages from little ones at home, whose hands him out of another bushel." were guided by mother or sister, so that the absent father, cousin or brother might have a little letter, and innumerable other affecting A young lady, on being asked if she intend-

have been opened and examined? Are they burned?"

"No; that was formerly the custom, how ever. We used to make great bonfires of them, but aside from the fact that bits of written papers would always escape from the flames, thus destroying all privacy in the letters, it was found that many people made it a business to seek among the ashes for the gold, jewels, dollars, etc., which often escape our notice here, and go out in the opened letters. So now they are all sent to a paper

mill and remanufactured as writing paper.' We went into another room, where were many mementoes of the good old days before the laws of pre-paying postage went into effect. There were two or three huge stones which had been sent as "a joke," involving an immense amount of postage to be paid by some unfortunate, who luckily never received the ponderous packages-a gigantic rag baby, said to have been sent to some vinegar faced old maid—a neatly manufactured nightcap, which some indignant old bachelorname not recorded-refused, in high dudgeon to receive, and which, consequently, found its way here, and a daguerreotype of a young man, which had been cracked across the nose and wrathfully sent back by some fair damsel with whom he had quarrelled.

We asked the Postmaster General to whom we were introduced, how it happened that all the employees of the dead letter office were grey baired old men.

Because they have more discretion, and less curiosity," he said, smiling. "Younger men could not be depended upon; they would probably read the letters oftener.'

"And why don't you employ ladies? am sure they could discharge the duties admirably."

"Indeed," said the Postmaster General, mischievously, "I am afraid their curiosity would be so extreme that the department would fall into inextricable confusion, to say nothing of the number of secrets they would ferret out of the dead letters.'

We were so indignant at this horrible and heretical opinion, that we asked no further questions, but took our leave, much gratified with our novel and interesting experience in the dead letter office at Washington.

# Withholding Corn.

Between eighty and ninety years ago, there lived in the Connecticut valley, two farmers, one of whom was named Hunt, and the other Clark. The former in early life had been a man of strong will and somewhat hasty and violent in temper. Sometimes he had been seen beating his oxen over their would dig a spade into the earth, and folded heads with the handle of his whip in a way to excite the pity of the bystanders, and when expostulated with, excused himself by saying that he had the most fractious team in town. By and by an alteration took place in the temper of farmer Hunt, He became mild, forbearing; and what was remarkable, his oxen seemed to improve in disposition at equal pace with himself. Farmer Hunt joined the "church" and was an exemplary him for an explanation. Farmer Hunt said: 'I have found out a secret about my cattle; formerly they were unmanageable. The more I whipped and clubbed them, the worse they acted. But now when they are contrary I go behind my load, sit down and sing Old Hundred, and strange as it may appear, no sooner have I ended than the oxen go along as quietly as a man could wish. I don't know how it is, but they really seem to like singing.

In the course of a few years the two farmers were chosen deacons of the church, and they both adorned their profession .-About the time of their election a grievous famine prevailed in the valley, and the farmers generally were laying up their corn to plant the ensuing season. A poor man living in town, went to Deacon Hunt and said :

"I have come to buy a bushel of corn, here is the money; it is about all I could

The Deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or for money. He was keeping double the usual quantity for seed corn the next year, and had to stint his own family. The man urged his suit in vain. At

last he said: "Deacon if you do not let me, have the corn, I shall cursé you.

"Curse me!" replied the Deacon, "how dare you do so?" "Because," answered the poor man, "the Bible says so."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Deacon Hunt, 'there is no such thing in the Bible.' "Yes there is, said the poor man.

"Well," said the Deacon, "if you can find any such text, I will give a bushel of

They went into the house, when the man went to the old family Bible, turned to Prov. xi, xxv, and read, "He that withholdeth corn. the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught. "Come along," said he, "and I will be as good as my word." He took him to the corn crib, measured out a full bushel of corn, helped wag, he said, with a twinkle of the eye, "I corn home, go up to Deacon Clark and curse

They must dress cool in Lafayette, Ia .-

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

Rates of Advertising.

3 months. 6 months. 12 mo's Square, (14 lines,) - \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00 2Squares, - 4 00 s column, - - 10 00 6 00 · 15 00 × 20 00 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 Johbing done in some content with the content of the content of

Posters, Handons, Dinjand Lener Heads, and ankinds of Jobbing done in country establishmenta, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and NO. XLL.

Communications,

FRIEND COBB: It is a long time since

have written you, and the only excuse I have

to offer for the seeming negligence is the want

of news to communicate. We have had in

common with "the rest of mankind," an un-

usually mild and short winter. In fact, it

has scarcely seemed like winter at all, so

mild has the weather been. Navigation on

the upper Mississipi was closed for a period

Boats from St. Louis, Galena, Dubuque, ar-

rived at St. Paul on the 24th of March, and

have since been running regularly. Our

farmers have had a fine time for getting in

their crops, and many were enabled to get in

their spring wheat and oats in March, and at

the present writing most of the farmers are

preparing for their corn and potatoe planting.

The prairies are already covered with beau-

plant hereabouts present a verdant aspect.-

and especially for the excellent timber lands

Politically the whole North West is a unit,

and are now rejoicing over the defeat of the

present insane, or imbecile and factional

administration. The administration party

here is but a myth-it has neither form or

shape and lives but in the memory of Gov-

ernment officials, who in order to remember

the boy in the nursery tale who cried while

going to market, "liver and lights and all,"

liver and lights and all," until meeting with

liver and lights?" and thereupon he caught

forgotten his errand, says to the man, "What

series of difficulties. The parallel is perfect,

carried at their recent election by a large

majority, and their railroads are to be com-

menced by the 1st of June next at Stillwater

St. Paul, St. Anthony &c. The letting will

ake place sometime between the 15th of May

and first of June, but I believe the exact day

Our sportsmen have been having fine times

geese and ducks and catching trout, pickerel

&c. I wish I could send you of each of the

above, but as I cannot, you will please accept

is not yet fixed.

the wish and oblige

of the St. Croix valley.

and some money.

Hupson, Wis., April 24th, 1858.

for wilful murder. It appears to be a principle settled by God himself, that he who wilfully takes away the life of his fellow being, by that act forfeits his own life. It is contended by some that the text is a mere prediction that if man sheds the blood of his fellow, some other wicked man will shed his blood. In this sense the text is not true, although it sometimes happens that a murderer

is murdered in turn, but how few that commit

murder are themselves murdered. Should it be said that all taking of human life is included in the text; if we take into of only four months, the shortest ever known. the account all executions in compliance with the civil law, then it will appear that those who shed man's blood do generally have theirs shed in turn by man. In such case it would follow that the sheriff who hangs a man for murder in compliance with the law of the land is a murderer, and sheds man's blood as much as Cain did when he slew his brother. This, I believe, is the theory of the non-resistant's generally-that to hang a man for murder is murder.

tiful wild flowers, and every shrub, tree and . If this be so, to make the text true in this With the opening of navigation we have exsense it must be shown that sheriff's or hangperienced a revival in business to a great exmen are generally hung in turn, or in some tent, and although we feel the hardgimes, yet other way have their blood shed by man .-from all accounts I get we are not quite so The Governor, Judge and Jury are all con-"hard up" as you eastern friends suppose us cerned in the matter if indeed there is no to be. We have plenty to do, plenty to eat, case in which it is right to take life, and if all legal executions are legal murders as non-We have not so many speculators as last resistance teaches, in our republican governseason, but we have more producers; and ment every man who votes for our law mak. the emigrants now arriving immediately beers is verily guilty of his brother's blood .take themselves to our fine farming lands in-The people in this country are responsible stead of to "town sites" as heretofore. Propfor the laws, and if legal executions are murerty of all kinds can now be bought at its ers the people are responsible for murder. legitimate value, and notwithstanding the un-pleasantness of the remedy, still the "great Taking this view of the subject it follows, if shedding man's blood in the sense of the first crash" will be a lasting blessing to the clause of the text, be to execute a man according to law for the crime of murder, all The U. S. land office for this district was who participate in the government and in ppened in this city for preemption and entry any way sustain it are guilty of shedding for the southern portion of the district) on man's blood, and to make it true that "he the 5th of this month, and there were somewho sheddeth man's blood by man shall his thing over ten thousand acres entered the past blood be shed," it must be made to appear two days. On the 3d of May the office will that all in the nation except non-resistants be opened for the pre-emption and entry of have their blood shed by man. This every lands contiguous to this city and the portion one knows is not true, and hence it cannot of the district east and north of it, and to be true that the text is to be understood as a judge from present appearances there will be prediction, but as a principle of the law of considerable of a strife for the "fancy" points, Jehovah, the author of life.

Anos Chapman.

## An Indian Wedding.

The Nebraska City News of the 3d inst., contains a long account of the marriage of a Pawnee chief to a blood royal squaw of the Otoe tribe. The bridegroom was named Whitewater, and the bride Wah-mush-pe-

it and save their official heads, go about like shings. We extract the following: The chiefiain's daughter was elegantly dressed in a red flannel shirt with deep blue calico border, a checked apron, a summer a man vomiting he was accosted with, "you killed buffalo robe, and a white felt hat. Her little rascal do you wish me to throw up my jewels were magnificent. From either auricular depended bright ornaments of brass, tin the boy and chastised him. The boy having and copper.

We must not omit to mention that Miss Wah-mush-pe-shinga also wore a 'red pettishall I say?" The man told him if he must ladies say. It would be almost impossible to man. His neighbors saw the change, both say something, say "I hope it may never coat,' embroidered according to a design of her own, with porcupine quills, representing whole town. One of his townsmen asked man sowing wheat, when a like scene ensued, a desperate dog fight. Her entire wardrobe and after getting again chastised he was told could not have cost less than six thousand to say "I hope it may be plenty;" This he dollars in Fontenelle money. The bridegroom was attired in all the magnificence repeated till he met a funeral procession, which his rank and wealth demanded. He when the old scene was enacted, and he was told to say, "I hope there will never be any wore a standing shirt collar, a medal of President Pierce, a blue straight-collared soldier more," and so he continued on through a long coat, with brass buttons and an elegant pair of Spanish spurs while his stalwart loins and the consequences to the office holders were admirably clothed in an ancient coffee will be the same as to the boy, for the sovereign people are sure to chastise them politisack. Altogether the appearance of both the bride and the groom was appropriate to their high sphere in life. The five million loan bill of Minesota was

The most sumptuous feast awaited the guests at the residence of the bride's father. It was spread in a camp-kettle and suspended over the fire that burned in the centre of that princely lodge- It consisted of young dog meat, very tender, blue corn and old dog meat, beaver tails and mule steak, fresh fish and sugar, making altogether, one of the most palatable and nourishing compounds for the past five or six weeks shooting wild that ever graced a royal camp-kettle. The horn-spoons of occidental luxury seldom convey to the educated palate viands more tempting and delicious. As for drinks, corn-whisky; made of red pepper, tobacco plugs and rain water, together with molasses sweetened coffee, made up the list.

HUMOR IN AN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY .-If we are to credit the Springfield Republi-Agricultural Society enjoyed a bit of fun in erned, governors must be bound to govern making up the committe on stock for their cattle show. If the several boards of judges ermental acts which the good of all the gov- do not perform their duties well it will certainly be no fault of the managers.

The Republican gives the following examinviolate, which we deny. That would give ples: "The Committee on cattle, upon the the desperado power to take possession of al. principle that "he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," was composed of eight genpreparing himself with guns and ammunition themen whose aggregate weight is over two thousand pounds! Then the committee on calves (most impudent selection!) was whol-That one man has not the right to take the lv composed of members of the Legislature. life of another on his own responsibility, or The committe on fowls were several gentle-We men from several towns about here, all of admit that human life is so far inviolate, that them blessed with the name\_of Fowle. But no man's life can be taken unless it be for- the happiest thing, and one that really had a good grain of satire in it, was the committee of life. On this point however I shall not at- upon maple sugar. This was made up of "sweet hearts," three ladies and three gentlemen, who were known to be engaged to be

> "Why are there so few convicts in the Michigan Pententiary this year?" asked

"Why," said Sam, they send them by the ed to wear that new bonnet to church, said text is perfectly plain and fully sustains the Pontiac Rulrood, and their time expires be"Where do all these letters go when they that she did not intend to wear anything else."

Lext is perfectly plain and fully sustains the Pontiac Rulrood, and their time expires beposition that the life of man may be taken fore they get there."

For the Agifator. KNOXVILLE, May 1st, 1858. Is it right to inflict capital punishment?

C. V. E.

Governments have a right to do just what duty demands and no more. As governcan, the managers of the Amhersi (Mass.)
ments are instituted for the good of the gov.
Agricultural Society enjoyed a bit of fun in for their good; that is, to perform all the governed require.

Non-resistants claim that human life is most any village by erecting a scaffold and to stand up and shoot every man that appeared in the street.

by way of personal revenge we admit. feited by the law of God, who is the author tempt a labored argument, but only adduce a few plain portions of scripture, Gen, 4, 5 and 6: "And your blood of your lives will married, being upon it." I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man, at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man." "Whoso sheddeth man's Sam's friend, a day or two since, blood by man shall his blood be shed." This