Terms of Publication. THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pubed every Thursday Morning, and mailed to sub hea every reasonable price of ONE Dol-ibers at the very reasonable price of ONE Dol-s per annum, invariably in advance. It is intendnotify every subscriber when the term for to notify every subscriber when the term for bich he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp "Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. he paper will then be stopped until a further re-titance be received. By this arrangement no man

itance be received. By this arrangement no man itance be received. By this arrangement no man in be brought in debt to the printer. THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the Coun with a large and steadily increasing circulation aching into nearly every neighborhood in the aching into nearly every neighborhood in the binty. It is sent free of postage to any Post office bunty. It is sent free of postage to any Post office bunty. It is sent free of postage to any Post office bints, but whose most convenient postoffice may limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may li

led, \$4 per year.

## ANNIE.

Twas years ago, neath summer skies, That I from her did sever. And yet the light of Annie's eyes And yet the agent of the system of the syste For stranger hearts are often cold-From all our sorrow turning, And for us as in days of old No sweet home light is burning. Our friendship that began with tears, And words of kindly cheering, Grew strong and true through happy years Enduring and endearing. The hour of parting came at last, When I my friend was leaving, And then I saw as in the past Those clear eyes dim with grieving. And thus we went our several ways, Both loving and true hearted, But for the few remaining days Of pilgrimage, are parted.

Now she has reached her happy home, Earth could not long detain Where she has gone, no grief can come, And nought can ever pain her. But off I dream those sweet blue eyes . No longer dimmed by weeping,

Are gazing out from starry skies And watching me while sleeping. And as I welcomed her on earth

And won her from her sighing, So Annie after my new birth, (The birth we oft call dying,) (The birth we oft call dying.) Will welcome me to worlds above Where all things tell the story, Of God's abounding grace and love, And God's exceeding glory.

Aunt Hannah Tripe in Court.

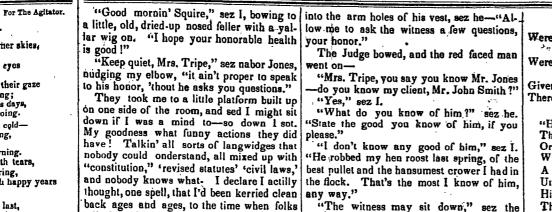
VIRGINIA

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Did you ever go a courtin', niece, or to One's about the same as t'other. court ? There ain't but preshus little to choose atween the two, any how you can fix it. In one you have to be asked a powerful site of impudent questions, and in t'other you have to ask the questions yerself. So there ain't much difference in 'em, and if you try both, you'll say just as I do.

About the matter of two years ago, John Smith's cow broke into Sam Jones field, and marched jest as straight as her four legs could carry her right into his turnip patch, and eat up two turnips, tops and all. Jones he seed her, and sot his yellow dog on her, and the dog (he's a savage critter,) bit a hole through the skin of her hind leg, and got his brains kicked out to pay for it. So fur Jones and Smith were square, but there was them turnips-Jones vowed he wouldn't plant turnips for a well, able-bodied man's cow to eat up, and sed if Smith didn't walk right over to his house and settle the damage, he'd prosecute him with a writ. Smith is a daredevil sort of a fellow, and he told him to

"come on," he warn't afeered on him. As it happened, I was out agoin' to the conferens meetin' when the cow jumped into the field, so I seed the hull performuns .---Jones he seed me, and knowed that I seed the scrape, so he jest gin me a kind of scrip of blue paper, with somethin' writ orful scralin' on it. Cicero read it, and laffed enough to kill himself,



back ages and ages, to the time when folks talked in Hebrew and whispered in Paddy, judge, takin' out his handkerchief and pre-I've heern Parson Scrapewell tell about it. tendin' to blow his nose, though it'm my opinion he was tryin to keep from laffin. Byme-by, arter I'd begun to feel hungry and want my dinner, a tall, scraggy man, A madder feller than John Smith you never seed ; but they wouldn't let him say a with green specs on his nose, riz up and sez he: word, and I was actilly afeered he'd bust, he

"Mrs. Hannah Tripe, stand up in your seat.

VOL. V.

"Lord !" sez I, "you don't want me to climb up in a cheer afore all these folks, jury sed they'd decided the case. do ye ?"

"We want none of your low jests here," thought Smith's cow hadn't no bisness to sez he, coloring up till he looked like a red jump into Jones's yard and devour two of his flannel night-gown ; "rise up and stand !" turnips. "O, yes," sez I, "I'd as lives git up as

not-for my back begins to ache, I've sot so the 'cow hadn't ort to have jumped in, but long." So I histed up, and looked round on the turnips had no business to look so the ordinance.

"Raise your right hand," sez the tall man, solemaly.

"If you've no objections," sez I, "I'd rather hist up my left one; my right hand glove has got a starin big hole rite on the palm of it !'

"Every body sot up a great laff at this, other room to make up their minds what and the tall man turned into a red night- they'd do-and we sot as still as mice, waitin' for 'em to cum back. Byme-by the door gown agin. opened and in they cum-twelve of 'em, two

"Order, order, gentlemen !" sez a peart little fellow with a buckle on his hat and a big bile on the cend of his red nose. "You will be committed for contempt," sez he, speaking low to me.

"Thank you sir, for tèllin' me," sez I, "but you're a little mistook. I hain't got the "Who shall speak for you," sez he lookin as indignified as an owl on a holler tree. contempt, nor never had it, that I know of, but I've had the influenza bad enough, so bad

"Mr. Attorney, examine that woman with despatch-the Court waits !" sez the Judge, tryin' hard to keep on his long face. "Raise your right hand and swear-

"I never swear-it's wicked," sez I, givin' is the biggest part of him-rather top-heavy him a look of disgust. "I, a member of the church, swear ! The good Lord forbid ?"

"Never mind, my good woman," sez the at large," sez he, rollin his eyes round and "Never mind, my good woman," sez the at large, sez he, found in 6,5,5, found judge, "say yes to what the gentleman will round, till they looked like two great dirty and to not from the book it will be sufficient, snow balls slidin down a hill, "we have deamply so."

The tall man then took up a big book and read out loud ever so long a lot of gibberish damage done the latter by the excursion of that I oidn't understand then, and can't remember now, but it was to the fact that I ses !" should tell everythin' [ knowed and nothin' more, and swear it was all true.

much and so loud that they sed it was a fact "Dear sake !" sez I, "if I've got to tell everything I know, it'll take me a month or he couldn't speak out loud for a week artertwo, and I should like to have some dinner wards.

Mr. Jones giv me fifty cents for my serviafore I begin."

Were half the power that keeps the world in lerror; Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and couris, Given to redeem the world from error,

Gems,

AGITATOR.

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

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

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 12, 1858.

There were no need of Arsenals and forts. ANONYMOUS.

"He has no enemies ?" indeed ! Then, what has he been doing? Or, what on earth can be his creed ? What has he been pursuing ? A truckling, vacilating course, Unmanly, undecided ; His little puny soul is worse Than six-pence, twice divided.

B. CLARK, SR. They struggle against a fearful odds, Who will not bow to the people's Gods; So, get you wealth, no matter how : No questions are asked of the rich I trow, Steal by night, and steal by day, Doing it all in a *legal* way; Be hypocrite, liar, knave or fool; Learn to cant and insult your Maker. But don't be poor-remember the rule-Dimes and dollars-dollars and dimes, An empty pocket's the worst of crimes. C. P. SHIRAS.

Tyranny will yet for shame Hold its tongue; And its clanking chains be still ; But as long as God shall reign Freedom's triumph never will-Never ! never, will be still !--

## G. W. LIGHT.

Attend, oh, Man! Uplift the banners of thy kind, Advance the ministry of mind ! Life without work is unenjoyed,-The happiest are the best employed; Work moves and moulds the mightiest birth And grasps the destiny of Earth :---WORK ON.

The age is dull and mean ; Men creep, Not walk ; with blood too pale and tame To pay the debt they owe to shame; Buy cheap; sell dear; eat, drink and sleep, Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning want; Pay tythes for soul-insurance keep Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

WHITTIER. Can the sword slumber while princes still claim

Right to encumber the Earth in God's name? Shall the loud cannon be silent, while kings Place their foul ban on the free spirit's wings No !--- in the glory and grandeur of Right; Strike down the hoary, dark symbols of Might !

Scatter the minions of thralldom abroad ! Free the dominions of Man and of God ! W. D. GALLAGHER.

The cant of Democracy dwells on the lips Of the forgers of fetters and wielders of whips

Then teach the North to love the plains Where sleep in blood her gallant dead ; Teach her to make more bright the chains That link in one each sov'reign head ! Ask not from Her to basely bow, And like a spaniel lick your rod ! She wears your laurels on her brow

And master-She has none but God.

Communications.

For the Agitator. Nellie's Dream.

NO. 2.

BY MINNIE. "Come Nettie," said my cousin Alice, to whom I was paying a month's visit, "I have chosen this delicious morning to call on my friend Nellie D-know she will be only too happy to make the acquaintance of my charming cousin."

"Thank you, Allie dear; really I have no excuse to offer; on the contrary your encomiums of your friend make me all impatience to see her."

"Well come then, it is only a short walk." So donning our hats we were off in a trice. It was a bright, beauteous, July morning; the air was all redolent with the perfume of a thousand opening flowers, and the pretty little feathered songsters seemed to have their throats all attuned and were pouring forth strains of richest melody. "Oh earth ! how beautiful," exclaimed my

cousin, "how bewitchingly lovely dost thou appear in this balmy season of flowers." "Why, Allie, you are really growing eloquent."

"Am I? But I was just thinking how hard it would be to die and leave all this enchanting loveliness." And then she began to talk about Nellie, recounting again and again her many virtues.

"O, I know you will love her, for everybody does."

"But see, Nettie, yonder in that white cotage, nestling amid such a profusion of shrubbery, is the home of my cherished friend-my own darling Nellie. Do you agree with me cousin, in calling it a perfect little eden ?" "How could I help it, Allie? I am not surprised at your enthusiasm; there is an elegance about it that bespeaks the taste and refinement of its inmates."

Emmie, a younger sister met us at the door. After showing us into the cozy little sitting room, she ran to call Nellie. Presently light footsteps were heard, and the next moment Nellie came tripping in, her beautiful blue eyes all suffused with glittering tears, and her rich, sunny tresses floating over her pretty shoulders in luxuriant abundance .--She greeted us warmly, extending a hand to each

"But Nellie, why these tears ?" said my cousin. "What has happened to make you weep ?

"Oh! nothing, nothing but a foolish dream," she said, smiling through her tears. "I am really ashamed of myself. I am not so superstitious as to place any confidence in dreams, but I had such a troubled one last night," said she, growing serious again, "the image has haunted me all the morning; and just as Emmie came up to tell me you were here, I was indulging in a good hearty cry. But I am so glad you have come; you will help me get rid of my foolish thoughts." We chatted away merrily for an hour or

wo, and when we rose to go, Nellie accompanied us to the gate. Affectionately bidding us good bye, she promised to come and see us very soon. Alas, how little did we know under what circumstances we should meet again. Surely, "we know not what may bring forth." "Well, Nettie, what do you think of my

Rates of Advertising. Advertisements will be charged S1 per square o fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a 

printed to order.

## TEACHER'S COLUMN. For the Agitator.

MR. EDITOR: Seeing no answer to the questions propounded in the teacher's department of two week's since, of course we attribute it to deliberation on the part of whoever designed assisting us in our difficulty. Now, fearing, lest by a long continued and severe mental application, a cerebral inflammation might ensue we hasten to say that the whole thing has been amicably settled, and requires no farther thought.

But we want to tell how we settled it ; the more so, because we think it has brought out an exhibition of some of the noblest impulses of our pature.

We requested "Joseph" the elder transgressor to remain after school. Then we attempted to unravel the whole affair, and show him how wrong it was to take the advantage of one younger than himself. We said many other things which we thought were decidedly good and pointed, but our modesty forbids our repeating them. Joseph came next morning with a face radiant with high and noble purposes. He detached the shiny buckles from his own wardrobe and placed them triumphantly in the hands of little Henry.-We say triumphantly, and so it was, for what more glorious achievment can be won, than that of crucifying the base and sordid passions of our nature, and yielding to the higher, holier impulses of the soul!

Joseph was conscious of this victory as he bounded away to join his mates in their play, and as we watched him we felt encouraged, with a lighter heart and a more earnest zeal to betake ourselves to the improvement of the children, rejoicing that ours was the high and holy privilege to be the friend of trusting youth. Α.

## For the Agitator.

MR. EDITOR : You said you "wanted a good variety from us teachers." Well agreed, unitedly we possess a vost fund of information, and your request is a very desira-ble one. You asked no more than we are able to give.

But really, allow us to ask one question ret, and then we'll bring on the spice !--What can be more different than prose and poetry ?-And you see we're going to make some verses one of these days !- real live poetry !-- poetry that can be measured and sung to !! We are elaborating those already made and thinking up more every leisure moment we have.

Our question is this, What is the best expedient to make scholars that don't want to get their lessons, change their minds and want to ?. PROF. HORN. P. S, No poem shall appear (even if completed) until the above is answered. H.

HIGH HEELED SHOES FOR LADIES .- A writers in the Medical and Surgical Journal has been trying to write down the highheeled boots at present in vogue with the ladies, and advocates their abrogation on the ground that they destroy the instep and weaken the muscles of the-limb. That is all absurd ! High heeled boots have been worn by men ever since they stopped going barefoot, while for some generations, until quite recently, women have been going slip shod, and are the muscular developments of the men less than those of the other sex? Quien Sabe. However, a cotemporary says, we think with considerable force and truth, that ballet dancers always do best in high heeled gaiters, and where can be found plumper limbs and more poetical figures than among them ? Besides, the high heel keeps the foot out of the wet, and thus prevents cold, or what Mrs. Partington might term guitars in the head. In fighting high heets, our medical and surgical friends are "going it blind." The high heel is not only promotive to health, but it adds to the appearance of the wearer. In a flat foot there is no more beauty than there is in a snarl of right ankles. Our surgical brothers should circulate more largely, and instead of arguing nonsense should keep posted .- Buffalo Commercial.

"What upon airth is it, Cicero ?" sez I. Jeacon Dame (lost his wife about a year afore,) had looked orful sharp at me the day before, to afternoon meetin',

"No, it ain't a luv letter." sez he. "but a courin' letter from Sam Jones.'

"A courtin' letter from Sam Jones ?" sez , "why, Sam Jones is a married man with ien children and a baby ! What does he want of more family, I wonder !"

"He don't want any more family as I known of," sez Cicero, "but he wants you lo go to the Falls next Thursday to court, and tell what you seed John Smith's brindle cow do in his turnip field."

"O, my Gracious massy !" sez I, half heered at the idea of goin' to court. "I an't go-it's my ironing day, and I ought o make my apple sass that day, too. 1 can't go-you just go and tell nabor Jones that I'd be glad to obleege him, but I can't without

e deal of onconvenience." "But, marm," sez Cicero, foldin' up the paper, "this is a sheriff's or lawyer's summons, writ out of a big law book, and you'll either have to go or be kerried to jail .--That's the way they sarve folks who don't mind the law."

"To jail ? Hannah Tripe, to jail !" sez as indignant as I could be; I'll larn 'em etter works than to kerry an innocent woman o jail. I'll lay the broomstick over 'em if they come anear me."

"h's no use talkin', marm," says Cicero. You'll have to go, and you might as well consigned to the levees of unalterable fate! The laws of yer country must be minded ! The glorious country that the Pilgrim Fathers fit and bled for ! You must respect her commands !" And Cicero riz hisself, and tot his eyes and hands, jest as I've seen Parson Scrapewell do when he's a giving out the malediction.

Well, I thought the matter over, and concluded I'd better go to court; so I ironed luesday, and made my apple sass Wednes. day. Thursday, nabor Jones come over arrly, and took me into his smart new buggy kerry me to the Falls. We had a sight of talk about the cow and the dog, and the larnips while we were agoin', and by the time we'd driv up to the court room, Jones had made up his mind that he'd beatin' Smith for sartin.

I went into the great square room a little frustrated, I'll own; for there was the sightest of folks there, blue eyes, grey eyes, green eyes, black eyes, all fixt on Jones and I as we marched up in front of the Judge.

"You're not to tell anything except the It ain't a luv letter, is it ?" sez I, for old circumstances connected with the turnip field of my client," sez, the tall man, pulling away (not the turnips) are as good as ever. at his whiskers.

"I don't know anything about yer client," sez I, "I never seed it, to the best of my any where, I jest turn my back to her and noledge; it was Smith's cow that got in the say-"Go ahead !" turnin patch."

"Did you see the defendant's cow make forcible entrance into the plaintiff's enclosed field ?" sez he, lookin' as grand as the king | tion as to trade and navigation ; nor indeed, of Independent Tartary.

"I seed John Smith's cow jump into Sam Jone's turnip yard, if that's what you want to git," sez I. "The same thing, marm, the same thing

only in a different language. Where were you standing at the time of your occurrence?"

"In the yard, on my feet."

"What color was the animal that you saw vault over the fence? Could you identify her from all others of the species ?"

"She was a brindle-a thread of red hair and one of black," sez I.

"Describe her more fully," sez he. "She had a head; two horns, two eyes one mouth four legs and a tail," sez I. "Did you see her with your own eyes de

rour two turnips in plaintiff's field ?" "With my own eyes ? To be sure ! Whose eyes did you think I'd borrowed ?"

"Could you swear it was turnips that you saw her mastificating."

"I ain't gwine to swear anything about it have been white rocks, for anything I know.' "Mrs. Tripe, how old are you ?"

"None of your business !" sez I, gettin" out and out mad. "I'm old enough for you, bark .- Curiosities for the Ingenious. any way, and you look as if you were manufactured in the year one, and eddicated in the ark !"

The lawyer scratched his nose, and looked himself in the following style : like red flannel again, for all the folks in the room laffed enuff to split themselves.

"Go on with the examination," sez the indge.

"Do you know my client personally?" sez the lawyer, pinting at Mr. Jones with his long, rakish finger.

"I should think I ought to," sez I, laffin' "He courted my cuzin Tiddy Brown, more'n two years, and got the mitten in the eend."

There was a great laff agin, and callin ly a high temper, and if this Court had not out for "order, order," and that only made 'em laff the louder. Jest at this minnit up stopped short off, and stopped the use of injumped a little humbly, red-faced man that toxicating liquor, I have no doubt air, but had been talking with John Smith ever so what this Court, sir, would have been in the long in a whisper, and stickin' his thumbs Pepitentiary, or in its grave, sir !"

ces and brought me home safe. "Smith paid him the two turnips, and they

was so full of bilin' hot rage agin me.

There was a great deal of talkin' and dis-

One of the jurymen stood up, and sed he

Another of 'em got up and sed he knowed

temptin, and for his part he thought the tur-

nips was full as much to blame as she was.

pay Smith for his cow's killin' his dog, for

the dog he sed was the ugliest critter upon

The judge sent 'em all off out inter an-

"Gentlemen of the jury," sez the judge

All of 'em bowed their heads sollumly.

"Our foreman, Mr. Antipodes," sez they,

Mr. Antipodes riz up, slow and steady, jest

as you've seen 'em hist up rocks with a der-

rick, as if he was afeered if he sidled over a

mite he should sprawl hisself on the floor.

Antipodes is an orful grate man, and his head

"May it please yer honor, and the court

cided that John Smith give to Mr. Sam Jones

the sum of two turnips, as the amount of

There was considerable laffin in court arter

this; and one feller hollered "order !" so

"have you arrived at a conclusion ?"

the face of the earth.

and two; and sot down.

with one voice.

ye see.

Another of 'em sed that Jones ought to

putin' in the room-and arter a while the

Sense that ar scrape, if ever I see a cow that looks as if she was agwine to jump in

INFANCY OF KNOWLEDGE.-Mankind, but a few ages since, were in a very poor condi were they much better off in other matters of useful knowledge. It was a green headed time; every useful improvement was held from them; they neither looked into heaven nor earth, neither into sea nor land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without experiment, mathematics without instruments, geometry ,without scale, astronomy without demonstration. They made was without powder, shot, cannon or mortars nay, the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea with out the compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers .-Learning had no printing press, writing no paper, paper no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a love letter, and a billet doux might be the size of an ordinary trencher. They were clothed

without manufacturers, and their richest robes were the skins of the most tormidable monsters. They carried on trade without books. and correspondence without posts; their

She was eatin' sumthin' white, but it might shopkeepers no cash books; they had surgery without anatomy, and physicians without the materia medica; they gave emetics without joecacuanha, and cured agues without

> A KENTUCKY JUDGE, in passing sentence of death upon a criminal, recently, delivered

"Prisoner, stand up! Mr. Kettles, this Court is under the necessity of passing sentence of the law upon you, sir. This Court has no doubt, Mr. Kettles, but what you were brought into this scrape by the use of intoxicating liquor. The friends of this Court all knows, that ef there is any vice this Court When this Court abhors, it is intemperance.

was a young man, Mr. Kettles, it was considerably inclined to drink; and the friends of this Court knows that this Court has nateral-

ANONYMOUS. ANECDOTE OF TALLEYRAND .- This illusrious diplomatist one day found himself between Madame de Steel and Madam Recam-

ier, both intimate friends, both celebrated. "You say charming things to us both, but which do you prefer ?" said Madam de Stael. suddenly.

"Madam, such a question is a veritable imbush. Take care the penal code-" "Prince, no subterfuge here. Which do you prefer-my friend or myself? Come, speak-is it the brunette or the blond ?"

"It will be her who will honor me with a look."

"What! still diplomatic ! Well, I will put the question in another form. Suppose, while sailing on the Seine, the boat should upset, and we should be in danger of drownng, which one would you help ?"

"Both at once, or the one who was in the greatest danger."

But, monseigneur, be frank for once in your life ! Suppose the peril to be equally imminent 🏞

"Well, I would give my right hand to you, Baroness, and the left to Madam Recamier." "But if you could save only one-one onv-do you understand ?'

"Oh, madame, you who know so many things, I suppose you can swim;" replied Talleyrand.

Tennyson's stanzas on the Eagle have been parodied. The original are as follows :

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands, Close to the sun in lonely lands, Ring'd with the azure world he stands. "The wrinkled sea bencath him crawls; He watches from his mountain walls, And like a thunder-bolt he falls." The other aspect of the royal bird is follows:

"With hooked claws he clasps the fence Close by ye hen-roost; gazing thence, He spies a mice what's got no sense. "Ye mice beneath can't well see him : He watcheth from his lofty limb, Then jumpeth down and grabbeth him."

EXTREME BRAVERY .---. "Well, my good fellow," said a victorious general to a brave soldier after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory ?" "Do ?" he replied, "an' may it please yer honor, walked bouldly up to one of the inimy and cut off "Cut off his foot ! and why did his fut." vou not cut of his head ?" asked the general. "Ah faith, that was off already."

friend ?" said my cousin. "I think her a very charming person, and should like to become better acquainted with her," [ replied.

"Is she not beautiful ?" "Yes," said Allie, "she is not only beautiful but good. Yes, Nellie is a christian .-Ask the poor, and they will tell you to whose charity they are indebted, whose heart and hands are ever open to all their sufferings.

O. I would there were more like her." Allie could not say enough in her praise.

The next morning, as Allie and I were busy at our sewing, a man came rapidly up the walk, and abruptly entered the sitting room.

"Miss Allie, Nellie D---- is dying, and has summoned you to her bedside," said he in a despairing tone. I thought of the dream.

"Nellie dying ?" almost shrieked my cousin.

"Yes, she was thrown from her horse while taking her accustomed ride this morn. ing, and so badly injured, the doctor thinks she can not long survive."

Hastily catching our bonnets we almost flew to the cottage. Oh! what darkness, what desolation had settled upon that recently happy home. We entered the house of death. Upon a bed of snowy whiteness, lay the dving girl. Her eyes were closed, but could tell by the expression of suppressed agony, resting upon those marble features, that she was suffering intensely. The father and mother were bending over her, the anguish of their hearts too deep for tears .---The brothers and sisters were weeping as if their hearts would break.

"Allie has come," said the mother.

Slowly those beautiful eyes were opened. Never can I forget the mute appeal of those blue orbs as they were raised so lovingly to my cousins. Grasping her hand, with a mighty effort she said, "I am dying Allie, meet me in heaven." One struggle and all was over. Her spirit had taken its flight to its home in the skies.

WEATHER WISDOM .--- Dutchman, Goot mornen, Patrick, how you tux ?.

Irishman, Goot mornin, t'ye John think ye will we get iny rain? Dutchman, I tinks not; we never has much rain in ferry try times.

Irishman, An ye're right there; and thin, whenever it gets in the way o'rainin' not a bit of dry weather will we get as long as what do you want of my field ?" The applithe wet spell howlds on.

RECEPTION OF HUMPHREY MARSHALL IN LOUISVILLE .- The Louisville Courier (Le. compton) has the following take off on Hon. Humphrey Marshall:

The ceremonies upon the wharf, when Humphrey Marshall put foot on shore, were very imposing. In behalf of those upon whom the announcement in the aforesaid sheet (the Journal) had made a deep impression, Robert F. Baird made a glorious speech. He took his stand upon the wharf, and as the huge form of Humphrey darkened his vision, he lifted up his voice and spoke as follows : -

MR. BAIRD'S SPEECH.

"How are you, Colonel ?"

To this most touching and eloquent recept tion, Humphrey made the following appropriate and fitting reply :

MR. MARSHALL'S REPLY.

"How do you do, Bob ?"

These beautiful speeches were taken down as delivered, by our special phonographic reporter, and they may be implicitly relied on. So soon as Mr. Marshal finished his reply, he got into a carriage and drove to the Louisville Hotel, leaving Mr. Baird to take care of himself. We sent down to the hotel soon afterwards to learn what was going on, and Mr. Marshall was reported in bed and asleep.

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, on which was painled the following :--- "I will give this field to any man who is contented." - He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir, are you a contented man?" "Yes sir, very." "Then cant did not reply.