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# THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. V. WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1858. NO. 19.

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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.

For the Agitator.  
**"IT IS WELL."**  
One who was dear, and well beloved,  
Has left the household band,  
And lingering, longing, looking back,  
Has reached the Spirit-Land.  
Lingering among the scenes of home,  
Yet longing for his rest,  
And looking back with yearning heart  
To all he loved the best.  
To see and think those pleasant eyes  
Have closed upon the light;  
His waving hair is parted o'er  
A brow so cold and white;  
His hands are ligulously folded  
On his calm, unconscious breast,  
And buried from our loving gaze  
His earthly form will rest.  
We mourn our loss, yet sorrow not  
As they who have no faith,  
We know a bright and glorious home  
We received him after death.  
His spirit-eyes have opened  
And his faith is changed to sight,  
On him has dawned a morning  
That will not end in night.  
No wasting sickness, and no pain  
In his "sweet home" are known,  
No parting from the dearly loved,  
No wandering on alone.  
But peace abounds, in the land  
Where he has gone to dwell,  
So, when our loneliness and tears,  
We whisper, "It is well."  
VIRGINIA.

**THE RESCUE.**  
AN INCIDENT IN THE MOUNTAINS.  
BY EDWARD POLLOCK.  
High up the northern mountains, thousands of feet above the sea, where it is summer in the valleys and gulches, among the green hills and fragrant mansions, while far above the elements are wasting the blue densities or capping the peaks with snow, lies the scene of a little adventure, which I heard narrated during my last visit to the north. The story runs substantially as follows: Among the earliest of those who sought gold in these almost inaccessible fastnesses was one Stephen Wilson, an energetic and weather-hardened Scotchman. Unlike the great mass which flowed northward, however, he took his family with him; and took, also, a considerable capital—the savings of a life of toil—to assist him in his struggle for better wealth. Notwithstanding the richness of the valley around the stream on which he had located, however, his sagacity soon led him to abandon mining. Three or four towns were springing up within a circle of half a dozen miles, and Wilson determined to build a saw-mill. The expense would involve an outlay of all he had, and the labor was great. He succeeded, and money flowed in upon him till he was quite wealthy. He became, in fact the nabob of the neighborhood; planned extensive improvements, directed the little public affairs of the places around him, and was, in a small way, monarch of all he surveyed. But, alas! human life is evanescent. While superintending the felling of an immense pine, one day, the monarch of the forest concluded to revenge himself even in death, and, stretching himself out in an unexpected direction, behold! Mr. Wilson was no more.

He left his wife and only child Mary, to "repose his loss," as they say; but as he left them in very comfortable circumstances, and had been rather hard in his paternal rule, their grief was of a moderate, decent kind—by no means uproarious. Sad as it is to record the fact, a wild joy sprang up in the heart of Mary on her father's death; for she was in love, and is not love stronger than death! And had not the old man stood between her and her expected heaven on earth? Glorious and mournful are the delusions of youth.

She was in love with Clarence Parker, and Clarence Parker was in love with Mary Wilson. But Clarence, though an active, intelligent, and industrious young fellow, had and somehow never struck anything rich, and the old man liked riches. When Clarence made application for what was then valuable property in California, the hand of the intelligent, handsome and virtuous girl, he was duly informed by Stephen that "he did not think the circumstances of the parties would justify the match."

Of course the lovers fell into despair. But she was too sensible a girl to do anything against the will of her father, and Clarence was too honorable, notwithstanding he was a California adventurer, to take any advantage of any weakness on her part, had she been capable of exhibiting such.

Therefore, it was, that when the first shock consequent on her father's death had passed away, a hope sprung up in her heart that all obstacles to her future happiness had been removed. She was mistaken. The old lady, her mother, religiously observed her deceased husband's opinions and prejudices. Clarence continued to work for "grub merely," and the case seemed desperate, when the incident we are about to relate occurred.

which the atmosphere seemed divided. As the day drew to a close, this mass of vapor seemed to grow darker and heavier, and to increase in volume, until it appeared to bow down the tops of pines on the mountain sides. Low, deep, heavy thunder, unaccompanied by any visible lightning, almost continually rolled out from its midst. As its edges approached the sun, the light became sickly and faint; and when at length his disk obscured as by an eclipse, a foreboding hush fell on the scene. There was an evident uneasiness among the few cattle grazing around, and from the flats, and canons, and gulches, even the hardy miners retired to their cabins. At length the storm broke; first, a low, deep sound, like the rushing of many waters, crept down through the woods; then a stillness and a light waving of tree tops, and then a heavy darkness covered all, which was suddenly broken by a flash of blinding lightning, followed instantly by the sharp crack of the thunder, and the rush of the sweeping blast.

For about ten minutes the fury of the hurricane continued unabated, the tall pines bending and swaying like willows, and occasionally yielding their dark green branches to be swept off like feathers by the blast. The waters of the creek were half forced out of their bed, and for some time were not permitted to resume their wonted channel. At length the rain came, and in such an overwhelming deluge that the wind, as it were, stilled at once. The lightning continued, however, and for fifteen minutes the water fell in a torrent, such as is seldom seen even in the mountains. At the end of about that time the rain had ceased, and the cloud, with its still growling thunder rolled off toward the distant hills, permitted the sun to reappear. The tenants of the cabins and of the houses in the different villages, now reappeared to inform themselves of the damages. It was not much, but a little reflection soon taught them that the danger was yet to come. A flood was inevitable, and rapid and extensive were the preparations made for its approach. Amid shouting and laughter, and some terror, sluices and dams were removed, and the villagers retired with their valuables from such houses as were close to the banks of the stream. The inundation kept no one long in suspense. A murmur, faint and low at first, soon opened into a roar. On came the torrent laden with the spoils of its march, roofs of sheds, whole shanties, logs, trees, and even rocks, hurrying along in the boiling current.

In less than twenty minutes after the retreat of the tempest, the stream, not usually more than forty yards wide, had become a mighty river, carrying destruction and terror on every side. Fortunately time enough had been allowed to secure personal safety, and the careless eyes of the Californians beheld with comparative unconcern the havoc proceeding among mere property. In the midst of their composure, however, a rumor spread rapidly to the effect that Mrs. Wilson and her daughter were shut up in their house, cut off from all communication with the bank of the water, and in imminent momentary danger of being swept away.

Reader, when we say that Mary Wilson was the only unmarried female about the whole locality, you may guess how (to use an expressive, indigenous phrase) the miners, merchants and mechanics, "broke" for the scene of her danger. The prospect was bad enough. The rushing flood had in a manner undermined the rocks, and part of the bank had crumbled into the stream, leaving the space between the house and the store bristling with pointed crags, over and around which the foam was breaking with fury scarcely to be imagined. The water was up to the cornice, and it was evident that every room in the house must be flooded, except the garret, from which a window opened on the rear; and the lower sash of this was out.

Dead silence prevailed among the spectators for several minutes. A large log came whirling down the stream and struck the house. The fabric shook to the centre. At the moment the white face of Mary appeared at the opened attic window; mute, and terrible as an apparition in a dream, it looked and was gone.

"There is but one way," said one of the miners, whose ones must swim the eddy with a rope. He can draw over a plank. Come, Davis, you're a swimmer, I know." "Ye-s," said Davis, "but I should be dashed to pieces on the rocks before I had got half way." "Then they are gone," said the first speaker. "Look at that log. Ah! it has gone by." "Gentlemen," said a colossal Celt, slowly taking off his coat, and kicking his boots before him, "tie a rope around me. By the mortal, we'll give it one whiz any way. If I can't get over, ye can fish me out, and, if I'm mashed, bury me as decently as you can." "Stand aside, Maurice," said Clarence Parker, who suddenly appeared on the scene. "No man can live to go there before me." The relation of the parties was well understood, and all instinctively stood aside as he rapidly prepared himself for the desperate adventure. His face was very pale, but his features were composed and firm, and the bold, bright light, the glance of a hero was in his eyes. "Let us tie the rope around you, Parker," said one.

rent being broken by a large rock just above. Here after a momentary look toward heaven, he sprang out as far as possible into the flashing waters. For a second or two he was invisible amid the foam, but he quickly emerged, and struck out boldly toward the centre of the stream. It was now apparent why he had taken the course he did. Had he done otherwise, he would have been swept far below the house, endeavoring to reach it. As it was, the danger of such an accident was imminent, and the men on the shore stood watching him in breathless silence, betraying by neither word nor action their anxiety; but waiting with coils of rope in their hands, the least symptoms of exhaustion on the part of the swimmer, ready to toss them to him in a moment. And bravely and boldly did Clarence Parker bear himself in that conflict with the terrible element.

Though the blinding foam flashed in his eyes, and the torrent roared, and logs and broken limbs of trees whirled and circled around, all battling against him, still undaunted he bore up and fought manfully; and with his breast partly to the stream, and his head a little on one side as if measuring the distance between him and the house, he still kept on the same steady stroke, his iron muscles never shrinking, and his heart not failing him for a moment. But now he was rapidly reaching the place where all his courage and coolness would be required. The current was rapidly bearing him down on the rocks—to strike them was inevitable death. The suspense of those who watched him became terrible, as they saw him hurried on. Still they went on (Clarence and the stream), battling and striving with each other for the mastery. The corner of the house was passed, and so near that the swimmer could have laid his hands on his eyes, if he had not been afraid of losing his position. But at last the trial must be made. Half the length of the house has glided by, and a jagged rock bars the way below.

With a desperate effort he lifted himself out of the water, as it were, and grasped with one hand the end of the shingles. Another struggle and the other hand had hold of the strip which turned the waters into the spout. The water bore his body along, and his feet pressed against the rock; in a moment more he was on the roof. A shout that rose over the roar of the flood burst from the spectators, as the feat was accomplished. He waved his hand without speaking, in return, and disappeared through the open window. After the lapse of a few minutes he reappeared, with Mary at his side. Her face was pale, but calm, and there was a look of triumph in her eyes.

"All right!" he shouted lustily, "heave away!" The rope was swung over, the plank drawn up and made fast, while two men kept it steady on the shore, and Clarence stepped out with Mrs. Wilson, insensible in his arms. It was a narrow path, that plank, for one so situated to walk; but could one who had dared and overcome so much, fail now? He bore her safely over, and returned—returned for her who had been the great object of his venture, and who, to the last, had shown herself worthy of her principles, by refusing to move till her mother was safe.

"Be the man that made Moses, you're not a minute too soon," said the Irishman. "Look! there she goes!" and as he spoke, the foundations of the house gave way, and the fabric vanished almost instantly into the rushing flood. What need to tell the sequel? Stalwart and many were the men who flocked to the wedding of Clarence Parker with the bride he had so gallantly won.

DANCING THEIR RAGS OFF.—Two unsophisticated country lasses visited Niblo's in New York, during the ballet season. At the appearance of the short-skirted, gossamer-clad nymphs on the stage, they became restless and fidgety. "O, Annie!" exclaimed one, sotto voce. "Well, Mary." "It isn't nice. I don't like it." "Hush, the folks will notice you." "I don't care; it isn't nice, and I wonder aunt brought us to such a place." "Hush, Mary, the folks will laugh at you." After one or two flings and a pirouette, the blushing Mary said: "O Annie, let's go; it isn't nice, and I don't feel comfortable." "Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet though it were an air of determination; "it's the first time I ever was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last, so I'm just going to stay if they dance every rag off their backs!"

## Communications.

### Familiar Letters on Geology, Etc.

NUMBER FOUR.

MY DEAR MARY: You will please, for a moment, look back to an ancient point of the immeasurable past of time—four thousand two hundred and seven years ago you have been accustomed to consider it—and gaze for a moment on the high tablelands of a region called Ararat. There rests the ark—the safe habitation of a small remnant of the antediluvian world. The flood has passed, the waves have subsided and Noah and his three sons, and Noah's wife and his son's wives stand on dry land. The world is a solitary waste; no human beings beside themselves people the wide expanse of the globe. Every fowl of the air and all the cattle of the earth and every creeping thing, except the few pairs after their kind, that went with Noah according to divine appointment into the ark, have been destroyed. Cast the eye of your imagination for a moment around, and as it sweeps in its vision the eastern and western continents and the isles of the sea, let it rest if it can on a single living being outside that little spot beside the ark. What, but a world without a God, could be more desolate?

There, by the side of that ark, stands the germ of a new creation—of man, and bird and beast, and creeping thing; they stand forth, marshalled as an army to conquer the desolation that sin has made; man is to begin a new dispensation, ending not like the Adamic, in anarchy and utter destruction of earth's fair face, but with the first dawnings of a still later dispensation, whose end shall be peace and good will among all the families and kindreds and nations of the earth.—"A thousand years with the Lord is as one day and one day as a thousand years."

Let me point out to you, Mary, shortly, the evidences that strike my mind as tending to show the non-literalness of the days and years of the first ages of the dispensation, up at least to the time of Abraham; for I am anxious to pass from this part of my argument to my next. Will you please turn to the eighteenth and nineteenth verses of the ninth chapter of Genesis. "These are the three sons of Noah, and of them was the whole earth overspread. This italicized part of the verse, no one pretends has the significance that the earth was overspread by them individually, but by them as representing the three first great divisions of the earth.—Shem, Ham and Japhet certainly have in this mention of them, a representative meaning. The sacred historian, after giving what would appear to be the genealogies of the descendants of Japhet, closes by saying in the fifth verse: "By these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands, every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations." Does not the very language here referring back to the names of the descendants of Japhet, imply to the exclusion of every other meaning, that they are referred to only as representing tongues, families and nations in the common acceptance of those terms when used in a historical sense.

Observe the language of the tenth and eleventh verses: "The beginning of his (Nimrod's) kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar." "Out of that land went forth Asshur; or as it might be translated, he went out into Assyria and builded Nineveh, &c. Observe the fourteenth verse: "Out of whom came Philistia"—the etymology of the word and others connected with it, denoting a plural signification. So also read from the fifteenth to the twentieth verse inclusive: "And Canaan begat Sidon, his first born and Heth, and the Jebusite and the Amorite, &c." "These are the sons of Ham" says the twentieth verse, "after their families, after their tongues, in their countries, in their nations." This is the same language used in the fifth verse already quoted, and in the thirty-first verse. And the whole is summed up in the thirty-second verse in language which to me appears unmistakable: "These are the families of the sons of Noah, after their generations, in their nations and by these were the nations divided in the earth after the flood." Turn back now to the twenty-first verse:—"Unto Shem also, the father of all the children of Eber, the brother of Japhet, the elder, were children born." Eber was the fifth in the genealogy from Shem, and yet Shem is declared to be the father of all the children of Eber—literally taken, nonsense; figuratively taken as it should be, highly expressive. In the sense in which the whole of these prophetic tablets are to be interpreted, he certainly was the father of all the Hebrews.

The eleventh chapter to the ninth verse inclusive, is a separate prophetic tablet, symbolizing the confusion of tongues, and not connected even positionally with what goes before, or what comes after. The remaining part of the chapter is devoted to the descendants of Shem, through whom the Hebrews by Eber, claimed descent, and with the foregoing, according to the Usherites, embraces a period of three hundred and thirty-three years from the deluge to the birth of Abraham. Let me refer you to a few more things, and I have done for the present with this part of my argument. By reading carefully you will observe that in the days of Abraham, the Scriptures themselves imply that all the country of the later Palestine east to the Euphrates and beyond—across from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea and over into Africa and up the borders of the Nile was inhabited—that Egypt was at that time a great nation, governed by the Pharaohs and her princes—that slavery was extensively in existence, Abraham even buying men and women with money; that the rights of property were recognized and respected, individuals claiming

the exclusive right to certain lands which they called their own; that silver and gold had been mined and smelted and was extensively used for money—was indeed as much the currency then as at the present day; that vessels and jewels of silver and gold were in use; that property and lands were bought and sold for money; that a system of weights and measures had been introduced and established; that the art of spinning was practiced; that they had probably learned the art of tanning leather and manufacturing shoes; that a system of religion and religious rites had been established, and a regular priesthood ordained; that the art of grinding cereal grains had become common; the kneading and baking of both leavened and unleavened bread; the manufacture of butter; the planting of vineyards and the fermenting of the juice of the grape; the arts of pottery; the science of archery; the offering and disciplining of armies; the practice of oath-taking; the use of the ass as a beast of burden; the manufacture of saddles and bridles for the same; the use of knives—probably of copper and iron; walled cities; sepulchres and burial fields expressly appropriated to that purpose; that the land was divided into nations, governed as now, by kings; that they regularly made war, formed alliances, and executed treaties; that the shield as a personal defence to the soldier was used.

You will arrive at the further conclusion that if the ark rested on mount Ararat in the north-west of Persia, between the Caspian and Black seas, then the large region radiating in every direction from that point must also have been settled, and if as some believe, the high table-land of Cashmere or Thibet was the radiating point, then nearly the whole of eastern, central and southern Asia must, according to known laws of emigration, have been settled at least contemporaneously with the western part, and certainly long before the emigrating nations would have wandered into Africa and formed large kingdoms in that quarter of the globe, as was evidently the case in the days of Abraham.

Here was a progress in the arts, in social institutions, in government, in population, and in emigration, certainly inconsistent with the short interval of time from the deluge to the days of Abraham, if we are to adopt the chronology generally received. Allowing, however the exegesis which I claim for this part of the Scriptures, and every thing is perfectly consistent, not only with the Scriptural account, but with Scriptural deductions. I will conclude my letter and this part of my subject by quoting a paragraph from Rev. Laurens P. Hickok's new work on Cosmology, just published by the Appleton's, of New York: "Natural science" says Dr. Hickok, "especially in the fields of Astronomy and Geology has attained conclusions which have seemed in some cases to be in conflict with the Bible record. Philological interpretation has been modified in various ways to meet these difficulties from science, and by looking at the Scripture account as intended to give a picture of facts for the sense, and interpreting some words by usage in other places of the Scriptures with a less common meaning, the discrepancies have been much relieved, and science and the Bible surprisingly harmonized and made to be corroborative of each other. A correct Bible philology and a true natural philosophy must doubtless give facts in unison, and where their facts seem in any measure as yet to be contradictory, a more complete investigation will at length secure a thorough communion." It is but justice to say that this was written in reference to the six days of creation, but it has a general application. Yours truly, J. E.

## Leaves by the Wayside.

DEAR HATTIE: You ask me how I like the "sunny south"—this land of bright skies, sweet flowers, and warm hearts; and lastly, but not least, "what I think of slavery?" Well then, Hattie, the skies are bright, but in watching the stars as you and I used to, the poetry of the thing is spoiled by those cannibals, the mosquitoes.

As for warm hearts, give me those that throb among our northern hills, even if a little too much of the temperature of our snow-capped mountains, if they but beat for freedom, and right in its true sense, and unselfishly practice that beautiful precept which fell from the purest and most holy lips, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Regarding the slave as a human being, possessed of the feelings common to us all, and created by that same and all-wise Being who gave to us our existence, slavery seems to me an abominable wrong. The poor Africans although oppressed for years and years, and their forefathers before them, and although deprived of the advantages and comforts which the laboring class of the north have, still many of them possess noble and generous qualities and feelings. Taught from my infancy that all mankind spring from one common parent, and that all are free and equal in the sight of God, how dare I oppress the poor African? And being taught also the humane and christian precept to "love my neighbor as myself," how dare I uphold the abominations of slavery? So you see, Hattie, that it is not probable that I shall return to the north, like too many of our northern people, "with my views somewhat changed in regard to slavery." If they would but go on and give their true reason for the change in their sentiments, they would say, "furthermore since my residence at the south, I find my convenience and pleasure so much enhanced by the ready and willing hands of Africa, that I fall into a sort of charmed sleep, which selfishness and esse

always bring to the human mind, which lulls me into indifference and forgetfulness of the great wrong that I am doing to a soul created by the Great Eternal, by oppressing it, and thereby shutting out hope and freedom from its portals.

Did God not demand all souls back, to give an account of the "deeds done in the body" we might fearlessly put to flight the angel of our true natures, and darken our souls by the practice of this abominable system of human tyranny. But, oh Hattie, our life is but a day, and at its close, every action of ours will either weigh for happiness or misery. Then I am so fearful that I shall never be like a great many good men and women, who when nailed right down, so that they have to give an answer—plainly, or at least quite plainly for their say, "Oh yes! slavery is an evil to be sure—quite so! but then according to the laws of this land of freedom, we must look through a great many colored glasses at it, in order not to see it as it is; for if we should see it in its true light, morally and religiously, how would we dare to separate ourselves from the "wicked world" as a band of pure, earnest christians, and at the same time uphold the system of enslaving God's creatures, and blighting the fair domains of his creation with the groans of human suffering? Although politically it stands out in bold relief, supported by the laws of man, like many other systems of suffering and tyranny among the nations of the past, which the march of civilization has noted down in her calendar as "dark days, barbarous days, and days of martyrdom."

Hattie, I wonder what a hundred years from now will say of some of our dignitaries of the country, whose shoulders support the pillars of our land of freedom, beneath whose shadows the oppressed of other climes are to find a refuge, while they blandly say to our own nation, "do as you have a mind with your human cattle; we shall not interfere. Make them work for you; the heat of the sun affects them not, their limbs, because black, are never weary; their hearts never ache or break as the cries of their babes flock back to them as the purchaser bears them away to another market, for sale. Husband and wife, child and parent, can be torn asunder, yet there is no wrong in it!

Take these things home to your hearts, human nature! Look not through the medium of selfishness at them; then answer me the question, are they right?

Thine, truly, Aoxes.

## A Stage Wait.

The Chapman family, consisting of old Mr. Chapman, William Chapman, George Chapman, Caroline Chapman, and Harry and Therese, and a few other Chappmans, (children) some years since established and carried into operation on the Western waters a "floating theatre," concerning which so many anecdotes are told. The family were all extremely fond of fishing, and during the "waits" the actors amused themselves by "dropping a line" over the stern of the Ark. On one occasion, while playing the "Stranger," act IV. scene 1st, there was a long stage wait for Francis, the servant of the misanthropic Count Walbourgh.

"Francis! Francis!" called the Stranger. No reply. "Francis! Francis!" (A pause.) "Francis!" rather angrily called the stranger again. A very distant voice, "Coming, sir!" (A considerable pause, during which the Stranger walks up and down, a la Macready, in a great rage.) "Francis!" "Francis, (entering.) "Here I am, sir." Stranger: "Why did you not come when I called?"

Francis: "Why, the fact is, sir, I was just hauling in one of the d—dest biggest catfish you ever saw."

It was some minutes before the laughter of the audience could be restrained sufficiently to allow the play to proceed. On another occasion, while laying at Nat. chez, the performance being the play of Pizarro; Rolla, in the last act, after seizing the child, and as he was rushing up towards the bridge, observed a tall negro holding a teacup full of blood, (rose pink), which, was wanted almost immediately on the other side of the stage. As he passed he said to the negro:

"Here, boy, carry that blood round to me on the other side; I want it the moment I cross the bridge." A way dashed Rolla, bearing the child aloft, amidst a volley of Spanish musketry; and, turning to cut away the bridge with his sword, what was his horror, to see the tall negro walk deliberately upon the stage between the "waters," and in full sight of the audience, holding the cup in one hand and stirring up the contents with the forefinger of the other, and hear him exclaim: "Heah, Massa Smith, here's your blood."

The effect upon the audience can be better imagined than described, and the drop was immediately lowered to shut in the ludicrous scene.

"ARE you a skillful mechanic?" "Yes, sir." "What can you make?" "Oh, almost anything in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly—just put up your foot and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that requires less alteration." Why, dear me, Mr. Longswallow, said a good lady, "how can you drink a quart of that hard cider at a single draught?" As soon as the man could breath again he replied, "I beg pardon, madam, but upon my soul, it was so hard I couldn't bite it off."