

Terms of Publication. THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of One Dollar per annum, in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp "Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought into debt to the printer. The Agitator is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation, and is sent free of postage to any Post-office within the county limits, and to those living within five miles, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County. Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$4 per year.

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 13, 1859. NO. 24.

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

| | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------|-----------|------------|
| | 3 months. | 6 months. | 12 months. |
| Square, (14 lines), - | \$2 50 | \$4 50 | \$6 00 |
| 2 squares, - | 4 00 | 6 00 | 8 00 |
| 3 columns, - | 10 00 | 15 00 | 20 00 |
| 4 columns, - | 12 00 | 18 00 | 24 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 Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

For the Agitator. He modestly asked if he could stand at my side, and simply hold out his hat. I told him in God's name to stand there, and there you will find him. (HENRY WARD BEECHER.)

He stands beside our house of prayer, A man forlorn and lonely, Regard not then his dusky hue, Regard your duty only; Remember Jesus' Christ commands To do unto another, As we would have him do to us, Then aid him as a brother.

God's blessing rested on that hour, And gently to tell the tale Went forth conquering hating, The African, despised and poor Alone in that great city, Became thro' one true-hearted speech, The theme of love and pity.

And many who had passed him by, Perhaps that very morning, And carelessly kept on their way, His lowly station scorning, Were made to feel, and deeply too Ere they that house were leaving, How far more blest in Jesus' sight Is giving, than receiving.

Oh! he who uses thus aright His influence, and power, Will grow in strength and boldness, With every day and hour. Each fallen one raised higher, Will lead him upward, till he gains The home we all desire.

He walks among his fellow men Not carelessly, or blindly, He sees the suffering, then relieves With action prompt, and kindly. His life is crowned with noble deeds, A crown of matchless beauty; Success to him, success to all Who bravely do their duty.

VIRGINIA.

A Gourmand.

The following is a tale of gormandizing which is related by M. Dumas in connexion with a desperate onslaught made by his pet Myosot, on the aviary. Myosot, owing to the contemporary escape of three monkeys, had spent the time spent in their recapture, had glutted herself with finches, canary birds and other pet songsters, with all the difference of a hardened criminal. She had, in fact, like a certain Viscount V., made dinner of five hundred francs. How this happened we must leave M. Dumas to relate in his own words:

Viscount V., brother to Count Horace de France—not only of France, but of Europe—not only of Europe, but all the world ventured one day, at a meeting consisting of artists and partly of men of fashion, the following proposition:

"One man shall eat by himself a dinner at shall cost five hundred francs," (\$100.) The thing was denied.

"Impossible!" exclaimed two or three voices.

"It must be understood," replied the viscount, "that in the word 'eat' the word 'drink' also comprehended."

"Certainly."

"Well, then, I say one man—when I say man, I do not mean a carter or a coal-heaver, I mean a gourmet—can eat a dinner of five hundred francs."

"Yourself, for example?"

"Yes, myself for example."

"Will you bet?"

"I will bet."

"I have the five hundred francs," said one of these present.

"And I will eat them," said the viscount.

"Come, show us how it can be done."

"It is very simple. I dine at the Cafe de Paris. I make my selection according to my fancy, and I eat five hundred francs worth at my dinner."

The wager was accordingly made, and he went to arrange his dinner for the next day. The maître d'hotel was summoned. It was winter time; the viscount wanted certain forced vegetables and fruits; he wanted also, and the shooting season was over. The maître d'hotel asked for a delay of five days.

The dinner was accordingly delayed for five days.

The viscount was to dine with the viscountess the right and left of the table.

The viscount was allowed two hours for his dinner, from seven to nine. He could converse or not, just as it pleased him. At the hour appointed, the viscount made his appearance, bowed to the company, and sat down to the table.

The bill of fare was a mystery to the admirers. They were to have the pleasure of a surprise.

The viscount sat down. Twelve dozen of oysters were placed before him, with a bottle of Johannisberg.

The viscount was in good condition; he had drunk like a basin of hot milk.

"Really, gentlemen," he then observed, "my appetite is excellent to-day, and I feel disposed to indulge in a fancy."

"You like! you are your own master."

"I do not upon beefsteaks and potatoes. I prefer, on such occasions, an hilek aux pommes."

The garcon, astonished, looked at the viscount.

"Well," he said, "don't you understand?"

"Oh, yes, but I thought that the viscount would devour his dinner."

"That is true; but this is extra. I will pay for it."

The viscount looked at one another. A hilek aux pommes was brought, and the viscount devoured the whole.

"There. Now for the fish."

The fish was brought.

"Gentlemen," said the viscount, "it is a

trout from the lake of Geneva—a kind that is only found there, but which still can be eaten here. It was shown to me this morning whilst I was at breakfast, alive. It was brought from Geneva to Paris in the water of the lake. I can recommend this fish to you; it is delicious eating."

Five minutes more, and there was nothing but the bones on the plate.

"Garcon, the pheasant!" shouted the viscount.

A pheasant with truffles was laid before him.

"A second bottle of Bordeaux, same vintage."

A second bottle was brought.

The pheasant was discussed in ten minutes.

"Sir," observed the garcon, "I think you made a mistake in asking for the pheasant before the salmis d'ortolans."

"Ah, true! Well, luckily, it was not agreed in what order the ortolans should be eaten, or I had lost. Now for the salmis d'ortolans, garcon."

The salmis d'ortolans were brought.

There were ten of these delicious little birds; the viscount disposed of them in as many mouthfuls.

"Gentlemen," said the viscount, "the rest of my bill of fare is very simple, asparagus, green peas, a pineapple, and some strawberries. Of wine; half a bottle of Constantia, half a bottle of sherry, that has been to India. Then coffee and liquors; that is understood."

Each thing came in its turn; vegetables and fruit were conscientiously devoured, the wines and liquors were imbibed to the last drop.

The viscount had been one hour and four minutes at his dinner.

"Gentlemen," he said, "has all been loyally executed?"

The umpires expressed their assent.

"Garcon, la carte?"

The viscount cast his eyes at the sum total, amounting to 506 francs, and handed over the bill to the umpires.

The account was examined and found to be correct.

The bill was conveyed to the viscount's adversary, who was dining in a cabinet.

In less than five minutes' time he made his appearance, bowed to the viscount, and drawing forth six notes of a thousand francs each from his pocket book, he presented them to the viscount. That was the amount of the bet.

"Oh! sir," exclaimed the viscount, "there was no hurry; besides, perhaps you might have wished for your revenge?"

"Would you be disposed to give it to me, sir?"

"Most assuredly so."

"When?"

"Why," replied the viscount, with a simplicity that partook of the sublime, "at once, sir, if you like."

The loser reflected for a second or two, and then he said—

"I had rather not. After what I have seen, I think you would do anything."

A CAT STORY.—A philosophical old gentleman was one day passing a new school house, erected somewhere towards the setting sun borders of our glorious Union, when his attention was suddenly attracted to a crowd of persons gathered around the door. He inquired of a boy whom he met, what was going on.

"Well, nothin', 'cept the skule committee, and they're goin' in."

"O, committee meets to-day? What for?"

"Well," continued the boy, "you see Bill, that's our biggest boy, got mad the other day at the teacher, and so he went all round and gathered dead cats. Nothin' but cats, and cats and cats. O, it was awful, them cats!"

"Pshaw! what have the cats to do with the school committee?"

"Now, well, you see Bill kept a bringing cats and cats; alters a pillin' them up yonder," pointing to a huge pile as large in extent as a pyramid, and considerable aromatic, "and he piled them. Nothin' but cats cats!"

"Never mind, my son, what Bill did; what has the committee met for?"

"Then Bill got sick a haulin' them, and everybody got sick a nosin' them, but Bill got madder and didn't give it up, but kept a pillin' up the cats and—"

"Tell what the committee are holding a meeting for."

"Why, the skule committee are goin' to hold a meetin' to say whether they'll move the skule house or the cats!"

The old gentleman evaporated immediately.

"LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER."—The editor of the New Orleans Advocate has this incident about the ravages of the yellow fever in that city, related to him by one of the Methodist pastors:

"The preacher was called a few days since to attend the funeral of a young man. Before his sickness he was a stout, buoyant, manly youth. He was from the State of Maine, and had been here but a short time. He was attacked by yellow fever, and soon died, with no mother or relative to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own 'dear kindred blood' can feel or manifest. He died among strangers, and was buried by them. When the funeral service was over, and the strange friends who had ministered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady who stood by-stopped them, and said: 'Let me kiss him for his mother.' We have yet to find the first man or woman to whose eye this simple racial has not brought tears."

Strange Story.

An account, it may be remembered, was given in September of a very curious affair having occurred at Calais. A young man of gentlemanly appearance arrived in that town to embark for England, but being prevented doing so by want of a passport, spent several days in the place under the surveillance of the police. He then obtained permission to go in an excursion steamer to Ramsgate on promise of returning in the evening, and, as there was a good deal of mystery about him, a police officer was unknown to him, charged to watch over him. During his absence at Ramsgate orders arrived from Paris by telegraph to arrest him on the charge of having attempted to commit a murder and robbery in the department of the Seine-et-Marne, and the moment he landed he was arrested. Having been conveyed to the office of the commissary of police, he jumped through a window, took flight, and attempted to commit suicide by leaping into one of the docks, but was rescued when half drowned. This man, whose name is Pesty, was afterwards given up to the authorities of the Seine-et-Marne, and the day before yesterday he was brought to trial before the court of assizes of the department on the charge of attempting murder and robbery. The case excited great interest. The prisoner, who seemed much affected, said, in answer to questions put to him, that he was twenty-four years of age, and a farmer of Beaune-la-Rollande, in the Loire. The following singular facts were then stated: A shepherd named Masson was in the evening of the 1st of September last driving a flock of two hundred and fifty sheep from Bransles to a place beyond Nemours. At some distance from the latter town he was overtaken by a man in a light cart, who, putting his horse into a walk, expressed admiration of his flock and got into conversation with him. Having ascertained the direction in which he was going, the stranger drove on to Nemours, and after the shepherd had passed that town again overtook him in his cart, and descending from the vehicle began chatting with him. After a while, on passing through a wood, he suddenly drew a double-barreled pistol from his pocket and discharged it at the shepherd, wounding him in the head with the ball of one barrel, and in the neck with that of the other, after which he beat him about the head with the butt-end of the pistol. The shepherd fell bathed in blood, and his assailant thinking he was dead dragged him into the wood. The man then examined the shepherd, as if to make sure that he was dead, fired his pistol again at him, wounded him again, and then left him. The shepherd remained senseless some time, and when he recovered he found that his flock had disappeared, but that his dog was by his side licking his wounds. He managed to get to the nearest farm-house, stated what had occurred, and had his wounds dressed. The gendarmes immediately commenced a search after the assailant, and had little difficulty in finding who he was. They learned that a man whose appearance corresponded exactly with the description which the shepherd gave of him had a few hours after the attempted murder arrived at a place called Chateaulandon with a flock of two hundred and fifty sheep, and had there placed them under the care of one Lejeune, shepherd to Pesty, jr., of Beaune-la-Rollande, who was driving a flock of one hundred sheep from Bransles for his master. This Lejeune was found at Beaune-la-Rollande with the two hundred and fifty sheep, and he stated that it was his master himself, young Pesty, who had confided them to him. He added that Pesty, on arriving at the village, had joined him, and remarked, "I shall get into trouble about those two hundred and fifty sheep; they are stolen, and the shepherd who was driving them has been murdered!" Lejeune further stated that Pesty made a similar statement to his (Pesty's) father, on which the latter, with great emotion, cried out, "If it be you who have committed the crime, the best thing you can do is to kill yourself!" On that young Pesty at once took to flight, and was no more heard of by his own people until after the arrest at Calais. The shepherd recovered from his wounds, and his recovery was mainly owing to the dog having licked them. After that incident, Pesty was confronted with Masson, and the latter distinctly recognized him. Pesty himself, after some vain denials, admitted his guilt, and also that he had deliberately premeditated the murder of the shepherd. This man was, of course, the principal witness against him, and he created some sensation after giving his evidence by remarking, "It is a sad thing to say that a fellow-creature attempted to take away my life, and that a poor dog was the principal means of saving me!" Pesty's crime, it was stated to the court, is perfectly inexplicable, inasmuch as he is the son of a most respectable man of good property, was in comfortable circumstances himself at the time the crime perpetrated, married to a charming young woman of nineteen years of age, is the father of a child still in the cradle, and had received a good education. It appears, however, that last year he was tried for stealing nineteen sheep, but was acquitted. The jury declared the man guilty with extenuating circumstances, and the court condemned him to hard labor for life, also to pay 6,000f damages to the shepherd.—*Galvani.*

The Way to Ruin.

BY REV. T. H. PARKER.

"Let me see, it is almost fifteen years since I came from Brookville," said a gentleman, apparently about forty years of age, to an old man with whom he was conversing, just as I entered the cars.

"Doubtless many changes have taken place since that, in the adopted home of my childhood." "Yes," said the old gentleman, but the place has not changed as much as some of the inhabitants. Many of the oldest fathers and mothers have gone to their final rest, and their wild romping boys and girls now occupy their places, and have become as wild and reliable inhabitants; but this is not the case with all, for some preferred to travel the way to ruin, and have long since reached their destination." This last observation attracted my attention, and as the conversation did not partake of the nature of secrecy, I concluded that I would listen, and see if I could learn something definite about this road to ruin.

The younger of the two gentlemen sat some moments in apparent reverie, and then observed, "There were many noble specimens of manliness and honor, among the young people of Brookville fifteen years ago, indeed; I do not know that I ever saw a community of young people, whose prospects for the future were better than theirs. They were generous and virtuous, and as a general thing had formed high resolves for the future. There was James Gorton, who was one of the noblest of the band. We were almost constant companions; we played and studied together days, and slept together nights, without the least misunderstanding, for he did not seem to know how to say no, or to be selfish. And after I came from Brookville, I heard that he had married Mary Green, the loveliest girl in the town, and bought the Allen farm just above the village, with the means left him by his father, and had settled there to enjoy life. Can you tell me how they got along?"

"Oh, yes, I was well acquainted with them. They got along fast, and reached complete ruin years ago, and are nearly forgotten."

"Is it possible? I have always supposed that his punctilious regard for truth, and indomitable energy would be a sure guard against danger from that quarter."

"And so they would, if the danger had come from a direction where there could have been an available defence. But as ill-fortune would have it, the temptation and danger came at a point where he was unable to say no—and that very inability, finally proved his ruin."

"But how was it accomplished?"

"I will tell you. About one year after Gorton's marriage, the old tavern in Brookville changed hands. The new landlord was a shrewd, good natured man, who bent all his energies to the prosecution of his business. He renovated and improved his house, and made it a very desirable stopping place for young men of leisure. And when they were induced to spend an idle hour in his nicely furnished bar-room, there was no want of means to take them a step farther; for he never wanted an excuse to ask his young guests to drink at his expense, and they could never say no, he was so social and good-natured. And the result was, that in less than six months, several of the most respectable young men in town, formed such an appetite for intoxicating liquors, that they did not wait to be treated, or urged to drink. James Gorton was among the number, and report frequently said that he drank too much, though no one considered him in danger. During these seasons of immoderate drinking, he associated with a dissolute spendthrift, who persuaded him to become his surety for a large amount, and finally failed, dragging Gorton down with him to complete bankruptcy. This almost drove him to madness, and he sought to find insensibility in the intoxicating bowl. His wife plead with him to desist, but it was of no use; he only abused her for the interest which she took in his welfare, and neglected her and everything else for rum. And she soon died in consequence of sorrow and neglect."

"Within two years from the improvement of the tavern in Brookville, James Gorton was laid in a drunkard's grave by the hand of charity, having become so degraded by drunkenness, that no one mourned his loss. And since that time, numbers have followed in his wake. He traveled the way to ruin; and it led right through the bar-room of the Brookville tavern—the spirits in the bar drew the train, and the landlord was the engineer. And if everything was called by its right name, every bar where intoxicating drinks are sold, would bear this inscription in large letters—*The way to Ruin.*"

LUTHER'S OPINION OF MUSIC.—"MUSIC," says Martin Luther, is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskillful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music," adds Luther, "and would not, for a great matter, be without the little skill which I possess in the art."

John Wesley says: When I was young I was sure of every thing; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of many things as I was before; at present, I am hardly sure of any thing but what God has revealed to man."

Communications.

For the Agitator.

Familiar Letters on Geology, Etc.

NUMBER SEVEN.

DEAR MARY: I know that in a general discussion in regard to the origin of the human race, I would have no right to assume that they all sprang from one original, but since you look over the whole group you see that general similarity of form and feature that denote the same species, yet the most remote varieties. Pass across the group from the beautiful Circassian to the cannibal-looking Terra del Fuegian. The contrast would almost justify the conclusion of those who contend for different original creations; come up, however, diagonally from the Fuegian by the New Hollander, and the Cayble of Mount Atlas to the Circassian, and they all seem to slide into, and blend with each other.

I said that even in the several zones, the man was modified by his position, as continental, or maritime—as the inhabitant of high plateaux, or low plains. The Papuan Negro of New Guinea, situated on an island of the Pacific, is in feature and form and color like his antipodean brother on the coast of Guinea in Africa—situated twelve thousand miles away, and separated from him by the Indian Ocean and the whole African Continent. The Esquimaux of North America is like his brother the Siberian of Northern Asia. The Papuan and the Guinea Negro dwell in the same zone and under the same physical surroundings, and they are consequently alike. So the Esquimaux and the Siberian, dwelling in the inner fastnesses of the frigid region, and though antipodean, are alike.

The native of Van Diemens Land belongs to the most repulsive in form and feature, and yet he dwells in the same latitude South with the gigantic and nobly proportioned Puelche Indian of Patagonia, who roams on the tablelands at the foot of the Andes.

The native Indian who has his birth place and his dwelling on the high interior tablelands of Brazil, between the equator and twenty degrees of south latitude, is in almost everything unlike the native of the low plains of the western coast of Africa; and like the native of the high plateau on the east coast in the same latitude. And all these similarities, and differences—these modifications by zones, and climates, and altitudes, and depressions—these continental and maritime variations have not sensibly changed within the historic period. The Negro of the upper Nile was the Negro that he is now more than three thousand years ago, and the Caucasian, as he bended the knee and handed the cup to his tawny master at Thebes, had the same features, and the same brow, though not the lofty bearing of the present day.—But of this in my next.

Yours truly, J. E.

HORRID BUTCHERY OF MEXICAN SOLDIERS.—A correspondent at Aspinwall writes, under date of Dec. 20, as follows:

"In the engagement between the Reactionist's forces and those of Vidaurri, four hundred of the latter's men were captured by the former, who, after seeing them disarmed and talking from them their most valuable equipments, ordered his second in command to take them from his sight and do with them as he thought fit. This inhuman wretch, who well knew what would ensue from such a course, placed them in the hands of his soldiery, who were just then in a beastly state of intoxication. They fell upon the captives, who were entirely defenceless, and a horrible massacre followed. At the end of the terrible scene, the lifeless bodies of four hundred human beings were found stretched upon the ground, mangled and weltering in their blood—a patent sacrifice to the bloody cause of liberty. The Argentine Government has authorized the construction of a railroad between the capitals of Santa Fe and Santiago."

PHILOPENSAS.—Barry Cornwall, who had a deal of sly humor, once said: "I greatly object to this one-sided game Philopensas—this finding a double almond, sharing it with a lady; and then having to pay a forfeit when next she encounters you. If you pay it first the little devils have such funny ways of getting off paying. Sometimes they will give you a kiss—that's something; sometimes they will let you beat them to ball or party; sometimes they will come up like men—very unwillingly. I philopensed a girl; she acknowledged the debt, and promised me an annual. The next day she sent me an almanac."

What profession does your brother follow now, Julius?"

"Why, Sam, he am, larnin' to be a wocalist in New York."

"Where is he studying, Julius?"

"In de 'cad'my at Sing-Sing."

If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single, when there was not a woman upon the earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls.

God, in his providence, works by chosen instruments. He gives us wisdom that we may instruct the ignorant, and he gives us wealth that we may assist the poor.

An eminent painter was asked what he mixed his colors with to produce such an extraordinary effect. "I mix them with brains, sir," was his answer.

It is thought to be a question worthy of consideration whether a person whose voice is broken, is not on that account better qualified to sing pieces.

other points of likeness that you did not observe in passing from North to South, and yet they all appear different. Place your four series of human forms in a square and then pass from the most eastern to the most western, or from the most northern to the most southern line, and the similarity is hardly near enough to denote a relationship, yet as you look over the whole group you see that general similarity of form and feature that denote the same species, yet the most remote varieties. Pass across the group from the beautiful Circassian to the cannibal-looking Terra del Fuegian. The contrast would almost justify the conclusion of those who contend for different original creations; come up, however, diagonally from the Fuegian by the New Hollander, and the Cayble of Mount Atlas to the Circassian, and they all seem to slide into, and blend with each other.

I said that even in the several zones, the man was modified by his position, as continental, or maritime—as the inhabitant of high plateaux, or low plains. The Papuan Negro of New Guinea, situated on an island of the Pacific, is in feature and form and color like his antipodean brother on the coast of Guinea in Africa—situated twelve thousand miles away, and separated from him by the Indian Ocean and the whole African Continent. The Esquimaux of North America is like his brother the Siberian of Northern Asia. The Papuan and the Guinea Negro dwell in the same zone and under the same physical surroundings, and they are consequently alike. So the Esquimaux and the Siberian, dwelling in the inner fastnesses of the frigid region, and though antipodean, are alike.

The native of Van Diemens Land belongs to the most repulsive in form and feature, and yet he dwells in the same latitude South with the gigantic and nobly proportioned Puelche Indian of Patagonia, who roams on the tablelands at the foot of the Andes.

The native Indian who has his birth place and his dwelling on the high interior tablelands of Brazil, between the equator and twenty degrees of south latitude, is in almost everything unlike the native of the low plains of the western coast of Africa; and like the native of the high plateau on the east coast in the same latitude. And all these similarities, and differences—these modifications by zones, and climates, and altitudes, and depressions—these continental and maritime variations have not sensibly changed within the historic period. The Negro of the upper Nile was the Negro that he is now more than three thousand years ago, and the Caucasian, as he bended the knee and handed the cup to his tawny master at Thebes, had the same features, and the same brow, though not the lofty bearing of the present day.—But of this in my next.

Yours truly, J. E.

HORRID BUTCHERY OF MEXICAN SOLDIERS.—A correspondent at Aspinwall writes, under date of Dec. 20, as follows:

"In the engagement between the Reactionist's forces and those of Vidaurri, four hundred of the latter's men were captured by the former, who, after seeing them disarmed and talking from them their most valuable equipments, ordered his second in command to take them from his sight and do with them as he thought fit. This inhuman wretch, who well knew what would ensue from such a course, placed them in the hands of his soldiery, who were just then in a beastly state of intoxication. They fell upon the captives, who were entirely defenceless, and a horrible massacre followed. At the end of the terrible scene, the lifeless bodies of four hundred human beings were found stretched upon the ground, mangled and weltering in their blood—a patent sacrifice to the bloody cause of liberty. The Argentine Government has authorized the construction of a railroad between the capitals of Santa Fe and Santiago."

PHILOPENSAS.—Barry Cornwall, who had a deal of sly humor, once said: "I greatly object to this one-sided game Philopensas—this finding a double almond, sharing it with a lady; and then having to pay a forfeit when next she encounters you. If you pay it first the little devils have such funny ways of getting off paying. Sometimes they will give you a kiss—that's something; sometimes they will let you beat them to ball or party; sometimes they will come up like men—very unwillingly. I philopensed a girl; she acknowledged the debt, and promised me an annual. The next day she sent me an almanac."

What profession does your brother follow now, Julius?"

"Why, Sam, he am, larnin' to be a wocalist in New York."

"Where is he studying, Julius?"

"In de 'cad'my at Sing-Sing."

If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single, when there was not a woman upon the earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls.

God, in his providence, works by chosen instruments. He gives us wisdom that we may instruct the ignorant, and he gives us wealth that we may assist the poor.

An eminent painter was asked what he mixed his colors with to produce such an extraordinary effect. "I mix them with brains, sir," was his answer.

It is thought to be a question worthy of consideration whether a person whose voice is broken, is not on that account better qualified to sing pieces.