

Terms of Publication.
 THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published weekly, Monday morning, and mailed to subscribers at the rate of **ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM** in advance. It is intended to notify every person who is liable for any debt or other legal obligation, by the publication of the same in the columns of the paper. The paper will then be stopped at the last date. A further remittance by this article, or a further notice, may be brought in debt to the amount of the debt.

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1859. NO. 41.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 14 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 14 lines considered as a square. Theobituary notices will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

Square,	3 MONTHS,	6 MONTHS,	12 MONTHS.
1 do.	\$2.50	\$4.50	\$6.00
2 do.	4.00	6.00	8.00
3 do.	5.00	8.00	10.00
4 do.	6.00	10.00	12.00
Column,	15.00	30.00	40.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertion desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and township BLANKS: Notes, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Declarations and other Blanks, constantly on hand, or printed to order.

The Arkansas Traveler;
 OR, THE TURN OF THE TUNES OF THE RACKENSAEK.
 In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveler, after riding eight or ten miles without meeting a human being, or seeing a human habitation, came at length, by a sudden turn of the road, to a miserable shanty, the centre of a small clearing in what had originally been a blackjack thicket, whence the only sound proceeding is the discordant music of a broken-winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tune known as "The Arkansas, or the Rackensack Traveler." Our adventurer rides up to within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed frame of a cart-body, now covered with bear skins and hung upon hinges. After much shouting, the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently wrathful at being interrupted in the exercise of his art. The following colloquy ensues, (the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strain of "The Arkansas Traveler," which he continues at intervals, until the dialogue is brought to an unexpected conclusion.)

Too Proud to Take Advice.
 A boy took his uncle down on Long Wharf to see a new ship that lay there. His uncle was an old ship master, and Harry was at some pains to show him round, partly to show him his own knowledge. There was only one sailor on board, and as the visitors passed and repassed the hatches, "Mind ye, mind ye," he said, "don't fall into the hold, or ye'd never see daylight again."

"There is no danger of my uncle," said Harry proudly, "he knows a ship from stem to stern; and I too."

As they came down the ladder and walked away, "I was so provoked with the old sallow," said he, "he seemed to think we were knowing landmen, with not sense enough to keep from pitching into the first danger. I wonder you should thank him for the advice, uncle; I was provoked."

"I should be very sorry to take offence at well meant advice," said the uncle. "Did you ever read about the Royal George Harry?"

"You mean that big ship which foundered one pleasant day in some English harbor, and all on board perished. I know something about it but tell me more, uncle. How did it happen?"

"It was at Spithead where the English fleet were at anchor. The Royal George was the flagship, and the Admiral Kompenfel's blue flag floated from the mizzen. She was a fine ship of a hundred guns. She was about ready for sea, when the Lieutenant discovered that the water cock was out of order. It was not thought necessary to haul her into dock for repairs, but keel her over until the damaged part was above water and repair her there. Keeling a ship you know is making her lean over on one side. A gang of men was sent from the Falmouth dockyards to help the ship's carpenter. The larboard guns were run out as far as possible, and the starboard guns in midships, which made the ship keel to larboard, so that her starboard side was far up out of the water. The workmen had got at the mouth of the water pipe, when a lighter laden with rum, came along side, and all hands were piped to clear her. Now the portside of the larboard side was nearly even with the water before the lighter came along side, and when the men went down to take in her casks, the ship keeled more than ever; besides the sea had grown rougher since morning, washing the water into the lower deck ports."

Romance.
 The following beautiful extract is from Mrs. Stowe's story now being published in the Atlantic Monthly, entitled, "The Minister's Wooing."

All prosaic, and all bitter, disenchanted people talk as if poets and novelists made romance. They do, just as much as craters make volcanoes,—no more. What is romance? whence comes it? Plato spoke to the subject wisely, in his quaint way, some two thousand years ago, when he said, "Man's soul, in a former state, was winged and soared among the gods; and so it comes to pass, that in this life, when the soul, by the power of music or poetry, or the sight of beauty, hath her remembrance quickened, forthwith there is a struggling and a pricking pain as of wings trying to come forth,—even as children in teething." And if an old heathen, two thousand years ago, discerned thus gately of the romantic part of our nature, whence comes it that in Christian lands we think in so pagan a way of it, and turn the whole care of it to ballad-makers, romancers, and opera singers?

Let us look up in fear and reverence and say, "God is the great maker of romance. He, from whose hand came man and woman,—he, who strung the great harp of Existence with all its wild and wonderful and manifold chords, and attuned them to one another,—he is the great Poet of life." Every impulse of beauty, of heroism, and every craving for purer love, fairer perfection, nobler type and style of being than that which closes like a prison-house around us, in the dim daily walk of life, is God's breath, God's impulse, God's reminder to the soul that there is something higher, sweeter, purer, yet to be attained.

Therefore, man or woman, when thy ideal is shattered,—as shattered a thousand times it must be,—when the vision fades, the rapture burns out, turn not away in skepticism and bitterness, saying, "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink," but rather cherish the revelations of those hours as prophecies and foreshadowings of something real and possible, yet to be attained in the manhood of immortality. The scoffing spirit that laughs at romance is an apple of the Devil's own hand, hanging from the bitter tree of knowledge;—it opens the eyes only to see eternal nakedness.

If ever you have had a romantic, uncalculating friendship,—a boundless worship and belief in some hero of your soul,—if ever you have loved, that all cold prudences, all selfish considerations have gone down like drift-wood before a river flooded with new rain from heaven, so that you even forgot yourself, and were ready to cast your whole being into the chaos of existence, an offering before the feet of another, and all for nothing,—if you have had such a friendship, you are a poet at heart; and you thank to God that you have had a glimpse of heaven. The door now shut will open again. Rejoice that the noblest capability of your eternal inheritance has been made known to you; treasure it, as the highest honor of your being; that ever you could so feel,—that so divine a guest ever possessed your soul.

By such experiences are we taught the pathos, the sacredness of life; and if we use them wisely, our eyes will ever after be anointed to see what poems, what romances, what sublime tragedies lie around us in the daily walk of life. "Written not with ink, but in fleshy tables of the heart." The dullest street of the most prosaic town has matter in it for more smiles, more tears, more intense excitement, than ever were written in story or sung in poems; the reality is there, of which the romancer is the second-hand recorder.

So much of a plea we put in boldly, because we foresee grave heads beginning to shake over our history, and doubts rising in reverend and discreet minds whether this history is going to prove anything but a love-story, after all.

SERENADING.
 A youth fell in love with a maid,
 Each night beneath the window he stood,
 And there with his soft serenade,
 He awakened the whole neighborhood.
 But vainly he tried to arouse
 Her sleep with his strains so bewitching;
 While he played in front of the house,
 She slept in the little back kitchen.

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.
 "Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."—Macbeth.
 Then remember that
 That once I sat within my dormitory,
 And heard a tom-cat on a baker's shed,
 Uttering such piercing, unharmonious breath,
 That the loud babes grew civil at his song;
 And certain men shot madly from their hearts,
 To stop grimalkin's lonely sounds,
 That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not),
 Richard all armed, a certain aim he took
 At the black minstrel, thronged by the spot;
 And lo! a brick-bat smartly from his hand,
 As it should slay a hundred thousand cats!
 But did I see young Richard's semi-brick
 Smash through the chaste panes of a neighbor's house;
 And the serenading pussy passed on,
 In feline trepidation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the brick of Richard fell;
 It fell upon a little tailor's head—
 Before, milk-white; now purple with the wound—
 The doctor called it "fracture of the skull."

(From the Potter Journal.)
SERENADE DE LA GRENOUILLE.
 Translated from the French of Jean Crupaud and respectfully dedicated to Miss C. M.
 The evening shades were falling, and softly fell the dew.
 As I wandered by the brookside, to think awhile of you;
 One frog alone was "peeping"—one solitary strain—
 And it seemed to be the echo of my own heart's sad refrain.
 "Come out, come out, my dearest!"—so sang this lone some frog
 With his head just out of water, close by a sunken log.
 "The lizards have gone sparking, the boys have gone to sleep,
 And not a sound disturbs my soul; then, dearest come and 'peep."
 "The boys were throwing stones to-day, but did us no great harm;
 The water now is very cold, but oh my heart is warm!
 Let boys throw stones, bad weather come, let lizards squirm and crawl;
 Let trouble come in any shape, I'll shield thee from them all."
 "Ah! well do I remember, that bright sun-shiny day,
 When on this log I rested, to watch the sunbeams' play:
 Your fairy form came gliding, along the peaceful shore;
 I made a plunge to find you, but never saw you more!
 "Come, dearest, come! I'm waiting, oh, why so long delay?
 Oh, haste thee! haste and let's be happy while we may;
 I'll whisper love's soft whisper—I'll give thee love's soft kiss—
 And every feeling moment shall bring an age of bliss.
 "Alas! alas! I fear, ere, your heart—oh, grief untold—
 Is given to another frog—all female hearts are cold—
 Good night, good night, Francisella, I love to breathe your name,
 And though your heart another's is, I'll love you still—"
 (Commandez qu'on vous aime, et vous serez aimé, is perhaps too freely rendered in this line.)

Who was She.
 It is said of an English judge that whenever a man was brought before him for any offence, he was accustomed to ask "who is she?" being certain that in some way or other, a woman was at the bottom of the mischief. This story is related in another form in the Philadelphia Press:
 Lord Bloomfield owed his rise to the incident of his having played well on a good violinello and his fall was occasioned (of course) by a woman. When we say "of course," we are bound to explain, and do it by anecdote.
 Every one who can read has read the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and every one must be familiar with the name of Haroun Alraschid, the Eastern monarch. "Once upon a time," as the story-books have it, he was sitting in his Divan, when the intelligence arrived that his favorite builder, in repairing one of the minarets of the principal Mosque, had fallen off the ladder and broken his neck. Haroun heard the intelligence, and commanded his Vizier to inform him, within twenty-four hours, who she was by whom this fatal accident had been caused. Monarchs in the East are rather absolute, and as the grand Vizier knew that he would probably be a head shorter if he did not supply the required information within the stipulated-time, he quitted the Divan with a heavy heart. The morning came and he was unable to satisfy the Caliph as to the She who had caused the builder's death.—As a special favor, he obtained a respite of a week, and at the expiration of that time, had been so successful in his inquiries, that he was able to go before the Caliph without apprehension. "Well?" said Haroun. "My Lord," replied the Vizier, "the builder was on the ladder, and as a beautiful Georgian slave was passing in the street beneath him, he turned round to look at her—his foot slipped,—he fell down, and was found dead, when your Highness' attendants picked him up." "Very good," said the Caliph. "I knew that my builder's death must have been caused by a she for there never yet has occurred anything of importance in this world, but a woman was at the bottom of it."

Letter From Over The River.
 OVER THE RIVER, April 29, 1859.
 The bits of paper, the dirty scraps of orange paper, the fragments of delf with their quaint Chinese characters; the engraved trade-mark labels, the scraps of raisin boxes,—what a mass of trash! I have never been so vexed as I am at this time, by the sight of these things. I have passed the "dry goods store" on his way to school? I do not mean an "Honorable" gentleman, but one who would be but turn for one moment and look into the mirror of the past. The hand that has so eagerly gathered like waifs, and that does not seem to be ashamed to confess it. He seems to think that his dignity is picked up seemingly valueless things, has, I venture to say, often turned out a spendthrift otherwise. I have heard of a man who goes to life with trenchers and wooden forks; seldom was seen to dismount from his horse to pick up a pin; and who died a rich man, very rich man, yet did not grow rich by meanness or cheating. He was a frugal man with great business tact to match. So that a sermon on frugality is not intended, as I am in this channel of thought by a paper which transpired in my walk to the river this morning. My attention was attracted by a scrap of paper—white paper, lying on my path. To stoop and possess myself of it was the most natural thing to do in my mind, yet it was strictly a mechanical feat. It was a scrap of paper, and I thought it was worth little, or much, or nothing, but I thought it was blank on the under as on the upper side.

Traveler. Friend, can I obtain accommodations here for the night?
 Arkansas Artist. No, Sir—"nary" accommodations.
 T. My dear sir, I have already traveled thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse has had a mouthful to eat: why can't you accommodate us?
 A. Just, 'cize it can't be did. We're plum out of everything to eat in the house; Bill's gone to mill with the last nubbun of corn on these premises, and it'll be high unto the shank of to-morrow evnin' afore he cums home, unless suthin omeonem happens.
 T. You surely have something that I can feed my horse: even a few potatoes would be better than no feed.
 A. Stranger, our eatin'-roots 'gin out long ago: so your chance is slim thar.
 T. But, my friend, I must remain with you anyway. I can't go any farther whether I obtain anything to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof?
 A. It can't be did, old hoss. You see, we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the old woman allus has that; so what's your chance?
 T. Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon-tree, and with my saddle and blanket I'll make a bed in the fence corner.
 A. Hitch your horse to that 'simmon tree? Why you must be a nat'ral born fool, stranger! Don't you see that's me and the old woman's only chance for 'simmon beer, in the fall of the year? If your hoss is so tarna hungry as you say he is, he'll girdle it as high as he could reach, afore mornin'. Hitch your hoss to that tree? 'Pese! not; no, no, stranger, your hoss come nary such a dodge as that!

Our traveler, seeing that he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change his tactics, and draw his determined-note to be "host" to a little, before informing him of the fact that he too could play the "Arkansas Traveler," which, once being known, he conjectured, would be a passport to his better graces.
 T. Well, friend, if I can't stay, how far is it to the next house?
 A. Ten miles; and you'll think that I mightily long ones, too, afore you get thar. I came nigh onto forgettin' to tell you, the big creek is up; the bridge is carried off; there's nary yearthly chance to ford it; and if ye're bound to cross it, ye'll have to go about seven miles up stream, to ole Dave Lady's puncheon bridge, through one of the darndest bamboo swamps er you see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet—was yesterday mornin', though one ead had started down stream about fifteen feet or such a matter.
 T. You say it's ten miles to the next house; the big creek is up: the bridge carried away; no possibility of fording it; and seven miles, through a swamp, to the only bridge in the vicinity! This is rather a gloomy prospect, particularly as the sun is just about down! Still, my curiosity is excited, and as you have been playing only one part of the "Arkansas Traveler" ever since my arrival, I would like to know, before I leave, why you don't play the tune through?
 A. For one of the best reasons on yearth, old hoss—I can't do it. I hain't learnt the turn of that tune, and dat me if I ever shall.
 T. Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can't play the turn for you.
 A. Look o'here, my friend! do you play the turn of that tune?
 T. I believe I can.
 A. Lite, lite, old hoss!—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Ole woman! ole woman! ("hello" within the shanty was the first indication the traveler had of any other human being on the premises), this stranger played the turn of the Rackensack Traveler! My friend, hitch your hoss to that 'simmon-tree, or anywhere you please. Bill 'ill be here soon, and take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sal and Nance up from the spring; tell Nance to go into the spring-house, and cut off a large piece of bar steak, to bile for the stranger's supper; tell Sal to knock over a chicken or two, and get some flour, and have some four doin's and chicken fixin's for the stranger. (Bill just leaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than he was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O, Bill! there is a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveler"; go to the corn-crib for a big punkin, and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have something to sit on; and skin a tater 'long with me and the ole woman, while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss, and give him plenty of corn—no nubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and then, when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, O Bill! I reckon he'll play the turn of the "Rackensack Traveler" for us!

The Smith Family.
 "Gentlemen," said a candidate for Congress, "my name is Smith, and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns that a very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his head, pull up his dicky, turn out his toes, take courage, and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort. Smith, gentlemen, is an illustrious name. And stands ever high in the annals of fame. Let White, Brown, and Jones increase as they will, Believe me that Smith will outnumber them still.
 Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith; not a Surrin, nor a Surrin, but a regular natural S-m-i-t-h, Smith. Putting a Y in the middle or an E at the end won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of Smyth or Smithe? Echo answer who, and everybody says nobody. But as for Smith, plain S-m-i-t-h, why, the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name.—Who were the most racy, witty and popular authors of this century? Horace and Albert Smith. Who the most original, pithy and humorous preacher? Rev. Sidney Smith. To go farther back—who was the bravest and boldest soldier in Sumpter's army in the Revolution? A Smith. Who palavered with Powhatan, galvanized with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of the first families in Virginia? A Smith again. And who, I ask—and I ask the question more seriously and soberly—who, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, and married the most widows? History says, I say, you say, and everybody says, John Smith!"

A Railroad Colloquy.
 "And so, Squire, you don't take a County paper?"
 "No, Major, I get the city papers on much better terms, and so I take a couple of them."
 "But, Squire, the county papers often prove a great convenience to us. The more we encourage the better their editors can make them."
 "Why, I don't know of any convenience they are to me."
 "The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and thereby you obtained a customer. Did you not?"
 "Very true, Major; but I paid three dollars for it."
 "And you made much more than three dollars by it. Now if your neighbors had not maintained that press, and kept it ready for your use, you would have been without the means to advertise your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in those papers; did that cost you anything?"
 "No, but—"
 "And your brother's death was thus published, with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of your neighbor Brigg's house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic accounts of the newspapers set them right."
 "O, true, but—"
 "And when your cousin Splash was out for the Legislature, you appeared gratified at his nephew's defence, which cost him nothing."
 "Yes, yes, but these things are news to the readers. They cause people to take the paper."
 "No, no, Squire Grudge, not if all were like you. Now the day will come when some one will write a long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy black line over it; and with all your riches, this will be done for you as a grave is made for the pauper. Your wealth, liberality and all such things will be spoken of, but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the types, those sayings, will remark of you. 'The poor, mean devil, he is sponging an obituary!' Good morning, Squire."

There is a rule at Oberlin College that no student shall board at any house where prayers are not regularly made each day. A certain man fitted up a boarding house, and filled it with boarders, but forgot until the eleventh hour the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man himself, he looked around for one who was. At length he found one—a meek young man from Trumbull county, who agreed to pay for his boarding in praying. For a while all went smoothly, but the boarding-master furnished his table so poorly, that the boarders began to grumble and to leave, and the other morning the praying boarder actually "struck" something like the following dialogue occurred at the table:—Landlord.—"Will you pray, Mr. Mild?" Mild.—"No, sir, will not." Landlord.—"Why not, Mr. Mild?" Mild.—"It won't pay, sir; I can't pray on such virtuals as these. And unless you bind yourself in writing, to set a better table than you have for the last three weeks, nary another prayer do you get out of me!" And that's the way matters stood at last, advices.

The turtle brought in at a rear gate, takes the head of the table.
 Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family than a mutton pie at a king's banquet.
 The learned pig did not learn its letters in a day.
 True merit like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.
 He who leaves early gets the best hat.
 The papers say there is a great deal of demand for women in Oregon. Isn't there a great demand for women everywhere? There are plenty of ladies—dainty creatures with soft hands and soft heads, puffed with hoops in the lower story and nonsensical in the upper—but genuine, sensible women, are in demand all over creation. They are scarcer than gold, and better to tie to than the best of State stocks.

TO "IDA."
 For the Agitator.
 Sleep, baby, sleep,
 Thy eyes are closing,
 Mine must ever weep!
 Thy hair is flowing,
 Mine dark passions sweep—
 And thine so innocent!
 Sleep, baby, sleep,
 On my bosom pressing,
 The little heart that seems to leap
 From life's first blessing;
 From life's unfathomable deep—
 And thou so beautiful—
 Sleep, baby, sleep,
 Sleep, darling, sleep,
 The stars are telling,
 Of the far-off home they keep,
 Where no grief is dwelling,
 To make my poor heart weep—
 And thou art innocent—
 Sleep, baby, sleep.
 A. A. A.
 For the Agitator.

Letter From Over The River.
 OVER THE RIVER, April 29, 1859.
 The bits of paper, the dirty scraps of orange paper, the fragments of delf with their quaint Chinese characters; the engraved trade-mark labels, the scraps of raisin boxes,—what a mass of trash! I have never been so vexed as I am at this time, by the sight of these things. I have passed the "dry goods store" on his way to school? I do not mean an "Honorable" gentleman, but one who would be but turn for one moment and look into the mirror of the past. The hand that has so eagerly gathered like waifs, and that does not seem to be ashamed to confess it. He seems to think that his dignity is picked up seemingly valueless things, has, I venture to say, often turned out a spendthrift otherwise. I have heard of a man who goes to life with trenchers and wooden forks; seldom was seen to dismount from his horse to pick up a pin; and who died a rich man, very rich man, yet did not grow rich by meanness or cheating. He was a frugal man with great business tact to match. So that a sermon on frugality is not intended, as I am in this channel of thought by a paper which transpired in my walk to the river this morning. My attention was attracted by a scrap of paper—white paper, lying on my path. To stoop and possess myself of it was the most natural thing to do in my mind, yet it was strictly a mechanical feat. It was a scrap of paper, and I thought it was worth little, or much, or nothing, but I thought it was blank on the under as on the upper side.

He Wasn't the Man.
 The senior Mr. Gay, of the National Hotel at Washington, bears quite a likeness to Gen. Cass, and upon this the correspondent of the N. Y. Times has the following story:
 A stranger, who supposed he knew mine host very well, put up at the National the other night. Since this house has become the crack hotel at the capital, it is quite full at this time, and the new-comer was necessarily, for the first night, sent to the upper floor to sleep. Coming down stairs the next morning, a little cross, he met General Cass there, who has a fine suite of rooms in the hall, stepped up to him, and in language more forcible and rapid than elegant, said:
 "I'll be d—d if I'll stand it! You've put me at the top of the house. I must have a room somewhere lower down."
 General Cass, interposing nervously—"Sir, you are mistaking the person you are addressing. I am Gen. Cass of Michigan."
 Stranger, (confusedly.)—"Beg your pardon, General Cass—thought it was my old friend Gay. Beg a thousand pardons sir. All a mistake, all a mistake, I assure you sir."
 The General passed out of the building, but soon returned, and as luck would have it, the stranger met him full in the face again, but in another position. This time he was sure he had mine host, for the Senator from Michigan he knew had just gone out. So the stranger stepped boldly up, slapped the General heartily and familiarly on the shoulder, exclaimed:
 "By heavens, Gay, I've got a rich sell to relate. I met old Cass up stairs just now, thought it was you, and began cursing him about my room."
 General Cass, (with emphasis.)—"Well, young man, you've met old Cass again!"
 Stranger sloped, and hasn't been heard of since.

DER DUCHMAN'S SERENADE.
 'T was a cool zommer's night, on der moon he shone
 Un I veilt a so shilly on gay.
 Ven I thought I would go, mine avvections to show,
 To a lady some musics I'd play.
 Zo I dancet up mine rite, an away I did poot
 To der house were mine life she hangs out.
 Un der air it did ring mit der zong vat I zing,
 For at least half a mile rount about.
 'Till pa a rich drest to hear musics so sheest,
 But I made to my self ash I blayed.
 "I'll enchant her, by tom, zoetz a ter little lamb
 I never saw since der tay I vas mate."
 Put a zash dere vas raised, un I veilt quite amazed,
 Ash a heat vrom der vinder dare hope,
 Un on doot of mine grown, mit a splash dumbled down,
 Gane a packet of zuter on shlops!

DER DUCHMAN'S SERENADE.
 'T was a cool zommer's night, on der moon he shone
 Un I veilt a so shilly on gay.
 Ven I thought I would go, mine avvections to show,
 To a lady some musics I'd play.
 Zo I dancet up mine rite, an away I did poot
 To der house were mine life she hangs out.
 Un der air it did ring mit der zong vat I zing,
 For at least half a mile rount about.
 'Till pa a rich drest to hear musics so sheest,
 But I made to my self ash I blayed.
 "I'll enchant her, by tom, zoetz a ter little lamb
 I never saw since der tay I vas mate."
 Put a zash dere vas raised, un I veilt quite amazed,
 Ash a heat vrom der vinder dare hope,
 Un on doot of mine grown, mit a splash dumbled down,
 Gane a packet of zuter on shlops!

Thou art the Man.
 An Eastern nation has in its annals an account of a thief, who having been detected in his crime, and condemned to die, thought of an expedient by which he might possibly escape death. He sent for the jailor, and told him he had an important secret to disclose to the king, adding that when he had done so, he would be ready to die. When brought into the royal presence, he informed the monarch that he was acquainted with a secret of producing trees that would bear gold, and craved a trial of his art. The king consented; and accompanied came with the prisoner courtiers, and priests, he had indicated, and commenced his incantations. He then produced a piece of gold, declaring that if so, it would produce a tree every branch of which should bear gold.—"But," he added, "this, O king, must be buried in the earth by a person perfectly honest.—I, alas! am not so, and therefore I humbly pass it to your majesty." The countenance of the monarch was troubled, and he at length replied: "When I was a boy, I remember perloining something from my father, which, although a trifle, prevents my being the proper person. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister." The prime minister received the piece of gold with many protestations, and said, "On my eyes be it, may the king live forever!" with many other expressions of devotion; but finding the king becoming impatient, he at last stammered out, with great confusion: "I receive the taxes from the people; and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be perfectly honest?" I therefore, O king, give it to the priest!" The priest, with great trembling, pleading some remembered delinquencies in connection with his conduct in offering up the sacrifices. At length the thief exclaimed, "In justice, O king, we should all four be hanged, since not one of us is honest." The king was so pleased with his ingenuity, that he granted him a pardon.

TO "IDA."
 For the Agitator.
 Sleep, baby, sleep,
 Thy eyes are closing,
 Mine must ever weep!
 Thy hair is flowing,
 Mine dark passions sweep—
 And thine so innocent!
 Sleep, baby, sleep,
 On my bosom pressing,
 The little heart that seems to leap
 From life's first blessing;
 From life's unfathomable deep—
 And thou so beautiful—
 Sleep, baby, sleep,
 Sleep, darling, sleep,
 The stars are telling,
 Of the far-off home they keep,
 Where no grief is dwelling,
 To make my poor heart weep—
 And thou art innocent—
 Sleep, baby, sleep.
 A. A. A.
 For the Agitator.

Letter From Over The River.
 OVER THE RIVER, April 29, 1859.
 The bits of paper, the dirty scraps of orange paper, the fragments of delf with their quaint Chinese characters; the engraved trade-mark labels, the scraps of raisin boxes,—what a mass of trash! I have never been so vexed as I am at this time, by the sight of these things. I have passed the "dry goods store" on his way to school? I do not mean an "Honorable" gentleman, but one who would be but turn for one moment and look into the mirror of the past. The hand that has so eagerly gathered like waifs, and that does not seem to be ashamed to confess it. He seems to think that his dignity is picked up seemingly valueless things, has, I venture to say, often turned out a spendthrift otherwise. I have heard of a man who goes to life with trenchers and wooden forks; seldom was seen to dismount from his horse to pick up a pin; and who died a rich man, very rich man, yet did not grow rich by meanness or cheating. He was a frugal man with great business tact to match. So that a sermon on frugality is not intended, as I am in this channel of thought by a paper which transpired in my walk to the river this morning. My attention was attracted by a scrap of paper—white paper, lying on my path. To stoop and possess myself of it was the most natural thing to do in my mind, yet it was strictly a mechanical feat. It was a scrap of paper, and I thought it was worth little, or much, or nothing, but I thought it was blank on the under as on the upper side.

He Wasn't the Man.
 The senior Mr. Gay, of the National Hotel at Washington, bears quite a likeness to Gen. Cass, and upon this the correspondent of the N. Y. Times has the following story:
 A stranger, who supposed he knew mine host very well, put up at the National the other night. Since this house has become the crack hotel at the capital, it is quite full at this time, and the new-comer was necessarily, for the first night, sent to the upper floor to sleep. Coming down stairs the next morning, a little cross, he met General Cass there, who has a fine suite of rooms in the hall, stepped up to him, and in language more forcible and rapid than elegant, said:
 "I'll be d—d if I'll stand it! You've put me at the top of the house. I must have a room somewhere lower down."
 General Cass, interposing nervously—"Sir, you are mistaking the person you are addressing. I am Gen. Cass of Michigan."
 Stranger, (confusedly.)—"Beg your pardon, General Cass—thought it was my old friend Gay. Beg a thousand pardons sir. All a mistake, all a mistake, I assure you sir."
 The General passed out of the building, but soon returned, and as luck would have it, the stranger met him full in the face again, but in another position. This time he was sure he had mine host, for the Senator from Michigan he knew had just gone out. So the stranger stepped boldly up, slapped the General heartily and familiarly on the shoulder, exclaimed:
 "By heavens, Gay, I've got a rich sell to relate. I met old Cass up stairs just now, thought it was you, and began cursing him about my room."
 General Cass, (with emphasis.)—"Well, young man, you've met old Cass again!"
 Stranger sloped, and hasn't been heard of since.

DER DUCHMAN'S SERENADE.
 'T was a cool zommer's night, on der moon he shone
 Un I veilt a so shilly on gay.
 Ven I thought I would go, mine avvections to show,
 To a lady some musics I'd play.
 Zo I dancet up mine rite, an away I did poot
 To der house were mine life she hangs out.
 Un der air it did ring mit der zong vat I zing,
 For at least half a mile rount about.
 'Till pa a rich drest to hear musics so sheest,
 But I made to my self ash I blayed.
 "I'll enchant her, by tom, zoetz a ter little lamb
 I never saw since der tay I vas mate."
 Put a zash dere vas raised, un I veilt quite amazed,
 Ash a heat vrom der vinder dare hope,
 Un on doot of mine grown, mit a splash dumbled down,
 Gane a packet of zuter on shlops!

DER DUCHMAN'S SERENADE.
 'T was a cool zommer's night, on der moon he shone
 Un I veilt a so shilly on gay.
 Ven I thought I would go, mine avvections to show,
 To a lady some musics I'd play.
 Zo I dancet up mine rite, an away I did poot
 To der house were mine life she hangs out.
 Un der air it did ring mit der zong vat I zing,
 For at least half a mile rount about.
 'Till pa a rich drest to hear musics so sheest,
 But I made to my self ash I blayed.
 "I'll enchant her, by tom, zoetz a ter little lamb
 I never saw since der tay I vas mate."
 Put a zash dere vas raised, un I veilt quite amazed,
 Ash a heat vrom der vinder dare hope,
 Un on doot of mine grown, mit a splash dumbled down,
 Gane a packet of zuter on shlops!

Thou art the Man.
 An Eastern nation has in its annals an account of a thief, who having been detected in his crime, and condemned to die, thought of an expedient by which he might possibly escape death. He sent for the jailor, and told him he had an important secret to disclose to the king, adding that when he had done so, he would be ready to die. When brought into the royal presence, he informed the monarch that he was acquainted with a secret of producing trees that would bear gold, and craved a trial of his art. The king consented; and accompanied came with the prisoner courtiers, and priests, he had indicated, and commenced his incantations. He then produced a piece of gold, declaring that if so, it would produce a tree every branch of which should bear gold.—"But," he added, "this, O king, must be buried in the earth by a person perfectly honest.—I, alas! am not so, and therefore I humbly pass it to your majesty." The countenance of the monarch was troubled, and he at length replied: "When I was a boy, I remember perloining something from my father, which, although a trifle, prevents my being the proper person. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister." The prime minister received the piece of gold with many protestations, and said, "On my eyes be it, may the king live forever!" with many other expressions of devotion; but finding the king becoming impatient, he at last stammered out, with great confusion: "I receive the taxes from the people; and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be perfectly honest?" I therefore, O king, give it to the priest!" The priest, with great trembling, pleading some remembered delinquencies in connection with his conduct in offering up the sacrifices. At length the thief exclaimed, "In justice, O king, we should all four be hanged, since not one of us is honest." The king was so pleased with his ingenuity, that he granted him a pardon.