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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. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1859. NO. 6.

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Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subject rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:			
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THERE'S NOTHING LOST.

There's nothing lost. The tiniest flower,
That grows within the dew-damp web,
Though lost to view, has still the power
To rest perfume to exhale;
That perfume borne on the zephyr's wing,
May visit some lone sick one's bed,
And like the balm affection brings,
To soothe the most afflicted head.

There's nothing lost. The drop of dew
That trembles in the rosy-bud's breast,
Will seek its home of ether blue,
And fall again as pure and blest;
Perchance to revel in the spray,
Or moisten the dry, parching sod,
Or mingle in the mountain spray,
Or sparkle in the bow of God.

There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast
By careless hands upon the ground,
Will yet take root, and may at last
A green and glorious tree be found;
Beneath its shade, some pilgrim may
Seek shelter from the heat of noon,
While in its boughs the breezes play,
And song birds sing their sweetest tune.

There's nothing lost. The slightest tone
Or whisper from a loved one's voice,
May melt a heart of hardest stone,
And make a saddened heart rejoice;
And then, again, the careless word,
Our thoughtless lips too often speak,
May touch a heart already stung,
And cause the troubled heart to break.

There's nothing lost. The faintest strain
Of breathing from some dear one's late,
In memory's dream may come again,
Though every mournful string be mute;
The music of some happier hour,
The harp that swells with love's own words,
May thrill the soul with deepest power,
When still the hand that swept its cords.

From the New York Tribune.
Horace Greeley in Utah.

ble. I regard it generally as a curse to the masters. I myself hire many laborers and pay them fair wages; I could not afford to own them. I can do better than subject myself to an obligation to feed and clothe their families, to provide and care for them in sickness and health. Utah is not adapted to Slave Labor.

H. G.—Let me now be enlightened with regard more especially to your Church polity: I understand that you require each member to pay over one-tenth of all he produces or earns to the Church.

B. Y.—That is a requirement of our faith. There is no compulsion as to the payment.—Each member acts in the premises according to his pleasure, under the dictates of his own conscience.

H. G.—What is done with the proceeds of this tithe?

B. Y.—Part of it is devoted to building temples and other places of worship; part to helping the poor and needy converts on their way to this country; and the largest portion to the support of the poor among the Saints.

H. G.—Is none of it paid to Bishops and other dignitaries of the Church?

B. Y.—Not one penny. No Bishop, no Elder, no Deacon, or other Church officer, receives any compensation for his official services. A Bishop is often required to put his hand in his own pocket and provide therefrom for the poor of his charge; but he never receives anything for his services.

H. G.—How, then, do your ministers live?

B. Y.—By the labor of their own hands, like the first Apostles. Every Bishop, every Elder, may be daily seen at work in the field or the shop, like his neighbors; every minister of the Church has his proper calling by which he earns the bread of his family; he who cannot or will not do the Church's work for nothing is not wanted in her service; even our lawyers (pointing to Gen. Ferguson and another present, who are the regular lawyers of the Church), are paid nothing for their services; I am the only person in the Church who has not a regular calling apart from the Church's service, and I never received one farthing from her treasury; if I obtain anything from the tithing house, I am charged with and pay for it, just as any one else would: the clerks in the tithing store are paid like other clerks, but no one is ever paid for any service pertaining to the ministry. We think a man who cannot make his living aside from the Ministry of Christ unsuited to that office. I am called rich, and consider myself worth \$250,000; but no dollar of it was ever paid me by the Church or for any service as a minister of the Everlasting Gospel. I lost nearly all I had when we were broken up in Missouri and driven from that State; I was nearly stripped again when Joseph Smith was murdered and we were driven from Illinois; but nothing was made up to me by the Church, nor by any one. I believe I know how to acquire property and how to take care of it.

H. G.—Can you give me any rational explanation of the aversion and hatred with which your people are generally regarded by those among whom they have lived and with whom they have been brought directly in contact?

B. Y.—No other explanation than is afforded by the crucifixion of Christ and the kindred treatment of God's minister's prophets and saints of all ages.

H. G.—I know that a new sect is always derided and traduced—that it is hardly ever deemed respectable to belong to one—that the Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, Universalists, &c., have each in their turn been regarded in the infancy of their sect as the offspring of the earth; yet I cannot remember that either of them were ever generally represented and regarded by the older sects of their early days as thieves, robbers, murderers.

B. Y.—If you will consult the cotemporary Jewish accounts of the life and acts of Jesus Christ, you will find that he and his disciples were accused of every abominable deed and purpose—robbery and murder included. Such a work is still extant, and may be found by those who seek it.

H. G.—What do you say of the so called Danites, or Destroying Angels, belonging to your Church?

B. Y.—What do you say? I know of no such band, no such person or organization. I hear of them only in the slanders of our enemies.

H. G.—With regard, then, to the grave question on which your doctrines and practices are avowedly at war with those of the Christian world—that of a plurality of wives—is the system of your Church acceptable to the majority of its women?

B. Y.—They could not be more averse to it than I was when it was first revealed to us as the Divine will. I think they generally accept it, as I do, as the will of God.

H. G.—How general is polygamy among you?

B. Y.—I could not say. Some of those present [heads of the Church] have each but one wife; others have more: each determines what is his individual duty.

H. G.—What is the largest number of wives belonging to any one man?

B. Y.—I have fifteen; I know no one who has more; but some of those sealed to me are old ladies whom I regard rather as mothers than wives, but whom I have taken home to cherish and support.

H. G.—Does not the Apostle Paul say that a bishop should be "the husband of one wife?"

B. Y.—So we hold. We do not regard any but a married man as fitted for the office of bishop. But the Apostle does not forbid a bishop having more wives than one.

H. G.—Does not Christ say that he who puts away his wife, or marries one whom another has put away, commits adultery?

B. Y.—Yes; and I hold that no man should ever put away a wife except for adultery—not always even for that. Such is my individual view of the matter. I do not say that wives have never been put away in our Church, but that I do not approve of the practice.

H. G.—How do you regard what is commonly termed the Christian Sabbath?

B. Y.—As a divinely appointed day of rest. We enjoy all to rest from secular labor on that day. We would have no man enslaved to the Sabbath, but we enjoy all to respect and enjoy it.

—Such is, as nearly as I can recollect, the substance of nearly two hours' conversation, wherein much was said incidentally that would not be worth reporting, even if I could remember and reproduce it, and wherein others bore a part; but, as President Young is the first minister of the Mormon Church, and bore the principal part in the conversation, I have reported his answers alone to my questions and observations. The others appeared uniformly to defer to his views, and to acquiesce fully in his responses and explanations. He spoke readily, not always with grammatical accuracy, but with no appearance of hesitation or reserve, and with no apparent desire to conceal anything, nor did he repel any of my questions as impertinent. He was very plainly dressed in thin summer clothing and with no air of sanctimony or fanaticism. In appearance, he is a portly, frank, good-natured, rather thick-set man of fifty-five, seeming to enjoy life, and in no particular hurry to get to heaven. His associates are plain men, evidently born and reared to a life of labor, and looking as little like crafty hypocrites or swindlers as any body of men I ever met. The absence of cant or snuff from their manner was marked and general, yet, I think I may fairly say that their Mormonism has not impoverished them—that they were generally poor men when they embraced it, and are now in very comfortable circumstances—as men averaging three or four wives apiece certainly need to be.

If I hazard any criticisms on Mormonism generally, I reserve them for a separate letter, being determined to make this fair and full expose of the doctrine and polity, in the very words of its Prophet, so far as I can recall them. I do not believe President Young himself could present them in terms calculated to render them less obnoxious to the Gentile world than the above. But I have a right to add here, because I said to the assembled chiefs at the close of the above colloquy, that the degradation (or, if you please, the restriction) of Woman to the single office of child-bearing and its accessories, is an inevitable consequence of the system here paramount. I have not observed a sign in the streets, an advertisement in the journals, of this Mormon metropolis, whereby a woman proposes to do anything whatever. No Mormon has ever cited to me his wife's or any woman's opinion on any subject; no Mormon woman has been introduced or has spoken to me; and, though I have been asked to visit Mormons in their houses, no one has spoken of his wife (or wives) desiring to see me, or his desiring me to make her (or their) acquaintance, or voluntarily indicated the existence of such a being or beings. I will not attempt to report our talk on this subject, because, unlike what I have above given, it assumed somewhat the character of a disputation, and I could hardly give it impartially; but one remark made by President Young I think I can give accurately, and it may serve as a sample of all that was offered on that side. It was in these words, I think exactly: "If I did not consider myself competent to transact a certain business without taking my wife's or any woman's counsel with regard to it, I think I ought to let that business alone." The spirit with regard to Woman, of the entire Mormon, as of all other polygamic systems, is fairly displayed in this answer. Let any such system become established and prevalent, and Woman will soon be confined to the harem, and her appearance in the street with unveiled face will be accounted immodest. I joyfully trust that the genius of the Nineteenth Century tends to a solution of the problem of Woman's sphere and destiny radically different from this. H. G.

A Thrilling Incident.

In returning from Philadelphia about the middle of August, 1858, the cars were very crowded, and my companion in the same seat with me, I found out to be a locomotive engineer, and in the course of our conversation he made the remark that he hoped he had run his last trip upon a locomotive.

Upon making bold to ask the reason, he gave me the following story, and since then I have found it out to be strictly true:

Five years since I was running upon the N. Y. C. R. R. My run was from B— to R—. It was the Lightning Express Train, and it was what its name denoted, for it was a fast run—a very fast run, and if I do say it, the old Toronado could go. I have seen her throw her six foot drive, so as to be almost invisible to the eye. And let me here remark, it is supposed by many that railroad engineers are a hard-hearted set of men; their lives are hard 'tis true, but I do claim to have as fine feelings, and a heart that sympathizes with the unfortunate, as any man that breathes. But to my story.

"About half a mile from the village of B— there is a nice little cottage but a few feet from the track. At that time a young married couple lived there. They had one child, a little boy about four years old, a bright, black-eyed, curly-headed little chap as you ever saw. I had taken a great deal of interest in the little fellow, and had thrown candy and oranges to him from the train, and I was sure to see him peeping through the fence when my train passed.

"One fine sunny afternoon we were behind time and running fast, nor did we stop at B—, and I was to make up one hour before reaching R. We came up at a tremendous speed, and when sweeping around the curve, my eyes following track, not over two hundred feet ahead, sat the little fellow playing with a kitten, which he held in his lap. At the sound of our approach he looked up and laughed, clapping his hands in high glee at the sight of the train as it ran from the track. Quicker than the lightning that blazes the tall pine upon the mountain top, I whistled "down brakes," and reversed my engine, but knew it was impossible to stop. Nobly did the old engine try to save. The awful straining and writhing of its iron drivers, told, but too plainly of the terrific velocity we had attained. I was out of the cap window and down on the cow-catcher in a flash. The little fellow stood still. I motioned him off and shouted; his little black eyes opened with astonishment, and a merry laugh was upon his lips. I held my breath as we rushed upon him, made a desperate attempt to catch him, but missed, and as his feeble body passed, I heard the feeble cry of "mother," and the forward trucks crushed his body to atoms.

"O, God! that moment! I may live, sir, to be an old man, but the agony of that moment can never be effaced from my memory. The cars stopped some rods from the spot, and I ran back as soon as possible. His mother saw the train stop and a fearful forboding flashed upon her at once. She came rushing frantically to the spot where we stood. Never shall I forget the look she gave me, as she beheld her first-born a shapeless mass. I would have given my whole existence to have avoided that moment! I have seen death in all its forms upon railroads; I have seen men, women and children mangled and killed—I have seen all this, but that little, innocent boy, as he looked up in my face, and was killed almost in my arms, it unnerved me, and from that day I made a solemn vow never to run a locomotive more.

"That young mother is now in the Utica Lunatic Asylum. From the hour her boy was killed, reason left its throne." He stopped and wiped the tears from his eyes, and said, "You may think it weak of me to shed tears but I cannot help it." "No," I replied "but think it noble; and sir, would to God every man had a heart as large as yours." I have often thought since, how few are those, who give one passing thought to a man of strong nerve, and a stout arm, who guides them through darkness and storms, with the speed of the wind, safely to their journey's end. They do not, for a moment, turn their attention to the iron monster that is dragging them along with fearful velocity, to meet friends or relatives. They do not realize that the man who guides the fiery monster holds all the precious lives at his command, and that the least negligence upon his part would cause sorrow and mourning in a thousand homes that are now waiting the return of the absent loved ones.—Cincinnati Review.

Greasing the Wagon Tire.

A good many years ago I hired a "green hand," just "come over," to work on the farm, and I had a deal of fun that Summer, even if he did not turn out very profitable at first, though he was a good, faithful fellow, and after long schooling became first-rate help. One morning I wanted to go to market before daylight, and I told Patrick to be sure and grease the wagon wheels well over night. Morning came, and I started off. Patrick having assured me the wheels were well greased; but when I had travelled about ten miles, I had for my amusement the hardest kind of music you ever heard, squeak—squeak—squeak it went, until I wished Pat had been there so that I could have taken grease enough out of him to stop the miserable noise. When I got home, of course I called him to a pretty sharp account. "Sure and I greased 'em all, round and round," said he, "and ye can see for your own eyes, where I spilled some of it on the woodens." True enough, he had given all the tires a thorough oiling, as he called them, and "woodens," as he called them, plainly showed. I couldn't scold for laughing, and I have laughed a good many times since when I've been put in mind of it by seeing a man waste his work by putting it in the wrong place.

There was my neighbor, who had the hardest looking lot of stock I ever saw, and they were just as hard as they looked, for they'd scale fences like so many cats. He used to keep two dogs and spend half his time in chasing his critters out of the corn and grain fields, when they only wanted something to eat, and it would have puzzled a grasshopper to provide for a family in his pastures.—Whenever I saw him puffing and sweating, and tearing around like mad after his cattle, instead of fixing his fences, I laughed and said, "His labor and expense are all in the wrong place; he's greasing the wagon tire."

Another man I knew, who used to work night and day to make money, but his farm kept running down every year. He would go to market at least three times a week, selling everything that grew on the place, from huckleberries up to sawlogs, and I couldn't see as he spent anything, for he and his wife always looked like distress, but he just managed to keep up his interest, and that was all. His land was only skinned, and his manure lay around loose in the only barn yard he had—the public road. And when I saw him week after week going to town with a load of truck to peddle out, thinks I, he's greasing his wagon tire.

When I've seen men walloping their boys for swearing and cutting up, and then letting them run around nights to the village tavern, or wherever they pleased, without calling them to account, although I felt sad, I had to laugh, for they put me so much in mind of "greasing the wagon tire."

I've seen mechanics and merchants do the same thing when they took their capital out of a safe business to go to speculating, and even the women have greased the wagon tire, by bringing up their daughters to be ladies, by letting them sit reading novels in the parlor, while they themselves slaved away in the kitchen.

I don't love to think about funny things in church, but when I've heard the parson preaching just to please the people, oiling them down with good smooth pleasant talk, I've had hard work to keep from smiling out loud, thinking about "greasing the wagon tire."

Power of a Mother's Name—A Young Man Entering Prison.

A writer in the Boston Times describes a visit to a penitentiary at Philadelphia, and gives the following sketch of an interview between Mr. Scattergood, the humane warden of the prison, and a young man who was about to enter on his imprisonment. Few will read it without deep emotion:

We passed on to the ante room again, where we encountered a new comer, who had just been sent up for five years on a charge of embezzlement.

He was attired in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the nonchalance and careless appearance of a genteel rowdy. He twirled his watch chain, looked particularly knowing at a couple of ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself or the predicament he was placed in. The warden read his commitment, and addressed him with:

"Charles, I am sorry to see thee here."

"I can't be helped, old fellow."

"What is thy age, Charles?"

"Twenty three."

"A Philadelphia?"

"Well, kinder, and kinder not."

"Thee has disgraced thyself sadly."

"Well, I ain't troubled, old stick."

"Thee looks not like a rogue."

"Matter of opinion."

"Thee was well situated?"

"Yes, well enough."

"In good employ?"

"Well, so so."

"And thee has parents?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps thee has a mother, Charles?"

The convict had been standing during the brief dialogue perfectly unconcerned and reckless until this last interrogatory was put. Had a thunderbolt struck him, he could not have fallen more suddenly than he did when the name of "mother" fell on his ear. He sank into a chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the very fountains of his heart seemed to have burst on the instant. He recovered partially, and said impromptu to the warden: "Don't you, sir, for God's sake; don't call her name in this dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don't mention that name to me!"

There were tears in other eyes besides the prisoner's, and an aching silence pervaded the group which surrounded the unfortunate convict.

The black cap was drawn over his eyes. He was led to an adjoining apartment and stripped, and shortly afterwards he reappeared on the corridor. He passed silently in charge of a deputy keeper to a lonely cell in the distant part of the prison; the door creaked on its hinges, he disappeared; the chain dropped from the outside bolts and Charles was a close prisoner for five years to come.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, July 13, 1859.

My friend Dr. Bernhisel, M. C., took me this afternoon, by appointment, to meet Brigham Young, President of the Mormon Church, who had expressed a willingness to receive me at 2 P. M. We were very cordially welcomed at the door by the President, who led us into the second-story parlor of the largest of his houses (he has three) where I was introduced to Heber C. Kimball, Gen. Wells, Gen. Ferguson, Albert Carrington, Elias Smith, and several other leading men in the Church, with two full-grown sons of the President. After some unimportant conversation on general topics, I stated that I had come in quest of fuller knowledge respecting the doctrines and policy of the Mormon Church, and would like to ask some questions bearing directly on these, if there were no objection. President Young avowed his willingness to respond to all pertinent inquiries, and the conversation proceeded substantially as follows:

H. G.—Am I to regard Mormonism (so called) as a new religion, or as simply a new development of Christianity?

B. Y.—We hold that there can be no true Christian Church without a priesthood directly commissioned by and in immediate communication with the Son of God and Savior of mankind. Such a church is that of the Latter-Day Saints, called by their enemies Mormons; we know no other that even pretends to have present and direct revelations of God's will.

H. G.—Then I am to understand that you regard all other churches professing to be Christian as the Church of Rome regards all churches not in communion with itself—as schismatic, heretical, and out of the way of salvation?

B. Y.—Yes, substantially.

H. G.—Apart from this, in what respect do your doctrines differ essentially from those of our Orthodox Protestant Churches—the Baptist or Methodist, for example?

B. Y.—We hold the doctrines of Christianity, as revealed in the Old and New Testaments—also in the Book of Mormon, which teaches the same cardinal truths, and those only.

H. G.—Do you believe in the doctrine of the Trinity?

B. Y.—We do; but not exactly as it is held by other churches. We believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, as equal, but not identical—not as one person [being]. We believe in all the Bible teaches on this subject.

H. G.—Do you believe in a personal devil—a distinct, conscious, spiritual being, whose nature and acts are essentially malignant and evil?

B. Y.—We do.

H. G.—Do you hold the doctrine of Eternal Punishment?

B. Y.—We do; though perhaps not exactly as other churches do. We believe it as the Bible teaches it.

H. G.—I understand that you regard Baptism by Immersion as essential.

B. Y.—We do.

H. G.—Do you practice Infant Baptism?

B. Y.—No.

H. G.—Do you make removal to these valleys obligatory on your converts?

B. Y.—They would consider themselves greatly aggrieved if they were not invited hither. We hold to such a gathering together of God's People as the Bible foretells, and that this is the place and now is the time appointed for its consummation.

H. G.—The predictions to which you refer have usually, I think, been understood to indicate Jerusalem (or Judea) as the place of such gathering.

B. Y.—Yes, for the Jews—not for others.

H. G.—What is the position of your Church with respect to Slavery?

B. Y.—We consider it of Divine institution, and not to be abolished until the curse pronounced on Ham shall have been removed from his descendants.

H. G.—Are any slaves now held in this Territory?

B. Y.—There are.

H. G.—Do your Territorial laws uphold Slavery?

B. Y.—Those laws are printed—you can read for yourself. If slaves are brought here by those who owned them in the States, we do not favor their escape from the service of those owners.

H. G.—Am I to infer that Utah, if admitted as a member of the Federal Union, will be a Slave State?

B. Y.—No; she will be a Free State. Slavery here would prove useless and unprofitable.

DARE REFUSE TO FIGHT.—After school at night, George joined some boys who were amusing themselves by sliding down hill on their sleds.—George had drawn his sled up to the top of the hill, and was riding down again, when one of the boys, to tease him, drew his sled directly in the path, so that when George's sled came in contact with it he was thrown off into the snow. George was inclined to be angry at first; but he soon recollected himself, and thought "if I do not get angry now, this will be a triumph, I am sure."

All the boys gathered around him and said, "Give it to him, George; give it to him. I would pay him well for that."

"No," said George: "if he has done wrong, that is no reason why I should do wrong too."

"It is because you dare not fight me, that you have grown so wonderful good all at once," said the boy who had thrown him from his sled.

George felt his spirit begin to rise at this taunt; but he knew he was in the right of it and he answered calmly:

"I dare refuse to fight, notwithstanding your sneers; and I leave you to judge which requires the greatest courage."

All the boys knew that George was right, and had displayed the best and most difficult kind of courage: so they urged him no more to fight, and even the boy who had thrown him from the sled could not help feeling ashamed of his conduct.

DUTCH COUPLE AT A THEATRE.—"Ven I first come to Filadelfy, to serve, I was very mooch uncivilized," said Katrina, now a tidy, intelligent girl in a respectable family. "I laugh mooch, and I feel mooch ashamed to remember how I behave ven I know so little. Shon, that was my beau then—Shon he took me to the theatre one night, ven I been in Filadelfy but three weeks. We sit in the gallery; and we see not goot, and Shon said he would get another seat. So he put his leg around the post and slides down mit de pit; and he looks up and calls out:

"Katrine! Katrine! come down, tish a goot view here."

"And I leanned over, and said I."

"How can I coom, Shon?"

"And he said:—

"Just slide down."

"So I put my legs round de pillar and slides down too. Donder! how de folks laugh! Dey laugh so mooch dey play no more dat night on the stage. Everybody laugh and yell, and whistle all over de house! I was mooch ashamed, den, tho I knew not any harm! But now I turns red every time I dinks of it."

FINDING THE ROAD.—A Yankee traveling the other day in Dauphin county, rode up to a Dutchman cutting bushes along the fence, and asked him the road to Harrisburg.

"To Harrisburg. Vell, you see dat road, pon de hill," pointing in that direction.

"O Yes, I see it."

"Vell, den, you must not take dat road.—You see dis road by te coal bank!"

"Yes."

"Vell, dat ish not ter road, too; but you must go right straight by te barn dare, and ven you see von roat jüst so," (bending his elbows, and describing at the same time,) and ven you kit dere, keep right along till you gets furdur. Vell, den you will turn the potato patch round, de bridge over de river up stream, and de hill up, and directly you see mine prodder Fritz's barn, shingled mit straw, dat de house where mine prodder lives. He'll tell you better as I can. And you go little bit furdur, you see two roats—you must not take bote of 'em.

The Yankee rode off at the top of his speed.

The American rowdy is a terrible nuisance. Listen to the description by Myncheer, the Teutch landlord:—

"Ter rowdy coom'd in an' axed me to sell him some beer. I tells 'im he had more as would do 'im goot. Vell, he call me von old Teutch liar, an' begun to proke two tumblers. Vell, mine wife she call loud for de vatch ouse.—'Fore de vatch ouse got dare, de rowdy he kick me behind de back, kiss mine taugter Petsy before her face, proke all ter tumblers 'cept de old stone pitcher, an' spilt mine wife and te oder beer barrels town inter de cellar."

NOT SATISFIED.—Last week a hard working sailor returned to Milwaukee, after a five year's absence in California, with but little more cash than he took away with him. He left a wife and two children when he went away, and the first thing on his arrival was to seek out his family. He found them in the Third Ward, and after kissing his wife, saw with astonishment that his children, like sheep in the wheat field had doubled in five years, as in the place of the two, there were now four, and one quite small. He looked at his wife. He then looked at his babies. Then at his wife, who stood silently by. Back and forth, from one to the other for full five minutes, when he broke out with:—

"Well Mary, for a small woman, without help, you've done amazin' well!"

AN EDITOR AND A YOUNG SCHOOL MISTRESS were engaged in a conversation the other day, when the following passed between them:

Editor.—"Miss—, when are you going to get married?"

School Mistress.—"Well, I don't know—the first chance I get."

Editor.—"Well, that's my intention, suppose we marry?"

School Mistress.—"Well, I don't know whether that would be a chance or not."

The editor acknowledged himself "in below the ford."

"My James is a very good boy," said an old lady, "but he has his little failings, for we are none of us perfect: he put the cat in the fire, flung his grandfather's wig down in the cistern, set the barn on fire, and tried to stick a fork in his sister's eye, but these are childish follies."

FAMILY RECIPES.—To Dress Poultry: when the weather is very cold, if you wish to make your fowls comfortable, cut out and make for each of them a jacket and trousers. Put them on and your poultry will be dressed.

Bubble and Squeak: Take a saucepan, half full of clean spring water; put it on the fire, and let it heat gradually for about an hour. Watch it carefully until it boils; the moment it boils it will bubble. Then put your finger in, and you will squeak.

To Cure Hams: First ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedies; and if you do not succeed in curing them, it isn't your fault.

To Roast a Goose: First find out the biggest fool you know. Chaff him. Persuade him he is the cleverest man alive; and go on in this style until the goose has been sufficiently roasted.

To Preserve Appricots: Procure from market a small quantity of the finest appricots that money can purchase; take them home, all having wiped them free from all dust, carefully look them up, where neither your servants nor your children can get at them. This is the only way of preserving them for your own eating.

An Excellent Substitute for Butter at Breakfast.—Marry the nicest girl you know. You will then have her preside at your breakfast table, and, unless you are a sad dog indeed, you will not then require any but her.

THE SADDEST SIGHT.—The attention of bachelors is invited to the following "wail" from Salisbury: "There are some sad sights in this world—a city sacked and burned—a London in the midst of a plague—a ship burning at sea—a family pining in starvation—a jar of honey smashed on the pavement, but the saddest sight to us of all is an old bachelor stolidly walking towards his end, his great duties undone, his shirt buttons off, his stocking out at the toes, and nobody to leave his money to.—Were we such a man, the mild, reproving eyes of a widow or maiden lady would drive us mad. But there is still hope. Ugly and older men than any of our friends here married beautiful wives, who trained them admirably, and spent their money elegantly.

An accident occurred on one of our railroads recently, caused by the axle of the tender giving way, detaining the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why he was so delayed; he gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by dangerous consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment." The lady looked serious and was silent.

AN EDITOR LOOSE.—Turner, of Vincennes, was over at Clay court, which is ten miles from the railroad, and fell out with the buck—took his gun—beat the buck an hour and a half on foot—killed sixty prairie chickens, two dogs—besides kissing three farmer's girls—one of whom told him she had rather be kissed by a stranger, as he would not stay around and blab."