

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. VII. WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 2, 1861. NO. 22.

Rates of Advertising.

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 subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
Square,	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
2 do.	5.00	6.50	8.00
3 do.	7.00	8.50	10.00
1 column,	8.00	9.50	12.00
2 do.	15.00	20.00	25.00
3 do.	25.00	35.00	50.00

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

Fosters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

Terms of Publication.

THE TOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday-Morning and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Advance in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the figure on the printed label on the margin of each paper. This paper will not be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post Office within the county limits, but whose convenient post office may be in an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not exceeding 3 lines, paper included, \$5 per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tooga County and McKean counties. (Wellsboro, Pa., 1853.)

C. N. DART, DENTIST.
OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and warranted. [April 22, 1858.]

DICKINSON HOUSE
CORNING, N. Y.
MAJ. A. FIELD, Proprietor.
Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. C. WHITTAKER,
Hydrographic Physician and Surgeon.
ELKLAND, TOGA CO., PENNA.
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. [June 14.]

J. EMERY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Wellsboro, Tooga Co., Pa. Will devote his time exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. nov21, 60

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,
Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa.
J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.
This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

IZAK WALTON HOUSE,
H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.
Gaines, Tooga County, Pa.
THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. April 12, 1860.

H. O. COLE,
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.
SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as if he were in the city saloons. Preparations for removing dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 25, 1859.

THE COBBING JOURNAL.
George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.
Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation reaching into every part of Steuben County. These desirous of extending their business into that and the adjoining counties will find an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

FURS! FURS! FURS!
The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Furs for ladies wear, consisting of FITCH CAPES & VICTORINES, FRENCH SABLE CAPES & VICTORINES, RIVER MINK CAPES & MUFFS, ROCK MARTIN CAPES & VICTORINES. These comprise a small quantity of the assortment. They have been bought at low prices and will be sold at extremely low prices for cash, at the New Hat Store in Corning, N. Y. S. P. QUICK.

TO MUSICIANS.
A CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian and German VIOLIN STRINGS. Bass Viol strings, Guitar strings, Tuning Forks Bridges &c., just received and for sale at BRODY'S DRUG STORE.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
WELLSBORO, PA.
E. E. FARR, PROPRIETOR.
(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)
Having leased this well known and popular House, desiring the patronage of the public. With attentive and obliging waiters, together with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and agreeable. Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

PICTURE FRAMING.
T. ENGRAVINGS, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates Engravings, Needle Work, &c., &c., framed in the most elegant manner, in plain and ornamented Gilt. Rose Wood, Black Walnut, Oak, Mahogany, &c. Persons leaving any article for framing, can receive them next day, framed in any style they wish and hung for them. Specimens at SMITH'S BOOK STORE.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.,
WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland Boro, Tooga Co., Pa., and states of the eyes and their appendages on scientific principles, and that he can cure without fail, that dread disease, called St. Vites' Dance, (Chorea Sacralis), and will attend to any other business in the line of Physic and Surgery. Elkland Boro, August 5, 1860.

MCINROY & BAILEY,
WOULD inform the public, that having purchased the Mill property, known as the "CULVER MILL," and having repaired and supplied it with new bolts and machinery, are now prepared to do CUSTOM WORK to the entire satisfaction of its patrons. With the aid of our experienced miller, Mr. L. D. Mitchell, and the untiring efforts of the proprietors, they intend to keep up an establishment second to none in the county. Cash paid for wheat and corn, at the highest market price given. GEORGE F. MCINROY, E. F. BAILEY. March 15, 1860. (Y.)

TOGA REGULATOR.
GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewellery Store at Tooga Village, Tooga County, Pa. Where he is prepared to do all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewellery repairing, in a workmanlike manner. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. We do not pretend to do work better than any other man, but we can do as good work as can be done in this county or elsewhere. Also Watches Plated. Tooga, Pa., March 15, 1860. (Y.)

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE.
The Subscriber has just opened in this place a new Hat and Cap Store, where he intends to manufacture and keep on hand a large and general assortment of Fashionable Silk and Cassimere HATS, of my own manufacture, which will be sold at hard times prices.

SILK HATS
made to order on short notice. The Hats sold at this store are fitted with a French Conformation, which makes them soft and easy to the head without the trouble of breaking your head to break the hat. Store in the New Block opposite the Dickinson House. S. P. QUICK, Corning, Aug. 15, 1859. (Y.)

10,000 lbs. Pork for sale.
I WILL sell extra HEAVY MESS PORK at \$19.75 per barrel, or retail by the pound at 10 cts., and send the best in town. M. N. CONVERSE, June 14, 1860.

DREAMS.

From the Herald of Progress.

Dream on awhile, oh, youthful heart!
For all too soon such dreams depart,
And we awaken with a start.
The morn that bids thy visions flee
Will be a cold gray morn for thee.

Dream that all hearts are kind and true,
That all will strive the right to do,
That all keep God, and Heaven in view;
Then wake, to find how many a woe
Defraud and wrong a fellow man.

Dream that not high or noble birth,
Nor fame, or wealth, but honest worth,
Will win respect and love on earth;
Then wake, to see man bought and sold,
By those whose only charm is gold.

Back in the light of those dark eyes,
Dream that for these alone arise
The smiles in which such magic lies;
Then wake to know those eyes can smile,
Tho' their tears are weeping all the while.

Dream on of friendship true and pure,
That shall thro' life and death endure,
Lean on the hand whose clasp is sure,
Till thou shalt find the hand withdrawn,
The vision fading with the dawn.

'Till waddy-awake, and sorely tried,
Thy sunny dreams all pass and glide,
The world seems as a desert wild,
But courage! in these darker hours,
Our Father's ways are not like ours.

For thus the visions come and go,
And change as child and grave we so,
And mist arise, and north winds blow,
And flowers lie buried 'neath the snow,
And all the while the reason why,
We, weak and blind, cannot deny.

We only feel how and the loss,
How hard to bear the heavy cross,
How hot the fire that burns the dross;
And blinded still, we fail to know
How souls in trial-times can grow.

But when Death sets us dreamers free,
The light will shine, your eyes will see,
And we shall wiser, holier be;
Till love of God, and love of man
Fill up the life that drows began.

Wellsboro, Pa. S. S. THOMPSON.

[From Vanity Fair.]

ARTEMAS WARD ON HIS VISIT TO ABE LINCOLN.

I hiv no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the business. If I was I ouse I should holler myself in the streets at nite and go home to Betsy Jane smellin' of coal fire and gin, in the mornin'. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabsers was thar. I should get cartridges to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamous lies of the enemy, got up jes be eleeshon for perfidial effect. When all was over and my candytate was elected, I should move heving & arth—so to speak—until I get office, which if I didn't git a office I should turn round & aboose the Administration with all my might and maine. But I'm not in the business. I'm in a far more respectable business nor what politericks is. I wouldn't give two cents to be a Congresser. The wads in- stit I ever received was when sartin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run for the Legislature. Sez I, "My friends, dostest think I'd stoop to that thar?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they know'd I wasn't to be trifled with. They stunk out of site to onct.

There, hev in no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parlor, surrounded by a perfect swarm of office seekers. Knowin he had been captiv' of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippi I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I "Old Abe, ahoyle! Let out yer main-sails, reef hum the forecayst & throw yer jib-poop overboard! Shiver my timbers, my hearty!" [N. B. This is genuine mariner language. I know, because I've seen sailors play acted out by them New York theatre fellers.] Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed I can't. It's impossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sez I. "A office-seeker, to be sure?" said he. "Wall, sir," sez I, "yon's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't got a office if I take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax fingers is my perfeshun. I'm the father of Twins and they look like me—both of them. I cum to pay a friendly visit to the President elect of the United States. If so be your likes to see me say so—if not, say so, & I'm off like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sez one of the office seekers, his idee bein to git off a gawk at my expence.

"Wall," sez I, "of all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum thare'll be my poor nussin for sum of you" whereupon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Just at this pint of the conversation another swarm of office seekers arrove & cum pillin into the parlor. Sum wanted post offices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wanted furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfectly overflowed with office seekers, all clamorous for a immedit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whiskey into him, mistook me for Old Abe and address me as "The Pra-bayrie Flower of the West!" Thinkin I was want a office putty bad. Another man with a gold heded cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was "a seekin' Washington & the Pride of the Boundless West!"

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small post-offis if you could git it, would you?"

"Sez he, "a patris is abuv them thinge, sir!"

"Aint there Squares?" sez I, when another crowd of offis seekers pored in. The house, dooryard, barn & woodshed was now all full and when another crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the bog-pew was still empty. One patris from a small town in Misshyan went up on top the house, got into

A GERMAN LEGEND.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, writing from Baden Baden, relates the following very pretty but sad story:

"At the time when 'All Saints'—for this is the name of a convent—was yet inhabited by good, pious monks, there was a school connected with the establishment. Among other pupils, there was a youth of eighteen summers, who, in consideration of his years, enjoyed more liberty than his mates. He was a bold, handsome youth, with curling light hair clustering around a bright face, and a good strong heart in his bosom. Being the son of very wealthy parents, who withal, occupied an important position in the city of Strasburg, he was rather self-willed, and inclined to give way to his passions. His name was Hardy.

"Not far from the convent, a gipsy horde, had pitched their tents. The good, sleek fathers were too kind and comfortable to drive them away. Besides, the gipsy lasses, with their dark eyes were fair to see. So the horde remained in peace in the dark woods where they had settled. Hardy went often to the gipsy encampment—now to have his fortune told, then to sport with the half-naked boys, but chiefly to visit the tent of an old woman, whose niece he loved as only the young and the good can love. The young gipsy girl was no less enamored of him. Indeed it was a happy time for both Elmy and Hardy. The sweet world seemed to teem with flowers, and the glad heaven to blossom with angels. Who has not felt the ephemeral joys of the passions?"

"Once when Hardy returned from Strasburg, where he had spent the vacation with his parents, he brought a golden bracelet for his gipsy lover. She accepted it joyfully as a sign of his tender regard for her, and delighted thenceforward in sitting on the banks of a clear brook, and letting the beautiful bracelet reflect itself in the smooth water. It was on such a day that her old aunt turned to her with prophetic mien, and said:

"This bracelet represents thy future luck, child; if you lose this, do not hope for another glad hour."

"Elmy, whose happiness consisted solely in Hardy's love, guarded the jewel closely. But time effaced the first impression of the prophecy, and soon she again adorned herself as before.

"One day she played thoughtlessly with the bracelet, lifting it and again allowing it to roll into her lap. Suddenly she hears a rushing sound, black wings strike her, and when she looks up, a raven flies off with her bracelet in his beak. She watches him, and sees him bear her jewel to his nest in the fissures of a high steep rock. Weeping, she hastens away to meet Hardy, to whom she relates the cause of her distress, together with the prophecy of her aunt. In vain he endeavors to console her. His flattering caresses, together with the promise of a new bracelet did not lessen her grief. She longs for the lost bracelet, and that alone can cure her sorrow. Moved by her distress amounting almost to despair, he promised to regain the lost toy, and left her. He returned to the convent, and then, accompanied by two friends, climbed the rock in the fissure of which the raven's nest hung, intending to let himself down by a rope to the level of the nest. Elmy had not asked him by what means he would endeavor to regain the bracelet. Suddenly she hears a noise above, and looking upward, she perceives Hardy hanging midway between heaven and earth. She endeavors to call to him to abstain, but her voice refused, her limbs trembled with terror. Already he was upon a level with the nest—already he extended his hand for the ring—when the rope broke, and the unfortunate youth was dashed into the abyss with indescribable quickness. At the same moment a terrible cry burst from Elmy's lips, and she sank fainting upon the grass. When she recovered her mind and memory were obscured by madness. No word ever passed her lips again."

THE LOST INHERITANCE.

The train from Paris to Lyons stopped at the station of Joigny, a town upon the route, and after leaving a few passengers, again went on. The station, for a moment crowded with railway porters and lookers on, was soon deserted by all but two individuals. One of them was an old man, dressed in the garb of a well-to-do farmer; the other, a youth of about five-and-twenty, who seemed to be waiting for some one to come and meet him. To this person the old man presently addressed himself.

"May I presume, sir," said he, "to inquire if you are Clement B.?"

"Yes, my good man," replied the youth with a laughiness of manner, "and I have no doubt you are Mr. Martin."

"At your service, sir," replied the other.

"Well, Mr. Martin," continued Clement, in the same tone, "I began to imagine that you intended to keep me waiting. That would not have been the best manner in which to have insinuated yourself in my good graces."

The old man, instead of replying, let his head fall upon his breast as if in deep affliction, and conducted the new comer towards a large old fashioned carriage, to which a very rough looking horse was harnessed.

"Here is your carriage, sir," said Martin; "if you will be good enough to get in, I will have the honor of conducting you to the Hermitage."

"That my carriage, sir? Why, I shall be taken for a travelling pedlar."

But a few days before, Mr. Clement B., who now put on so many fine airs, was a simple clerk in a crockery warehouse in Paris, and possessed the power of being a quiet, unpretending little fellow. What then had brought about this sudden and radical transformation? He had become since the previous day a rich man, and it may be well understood that the possessor of an income of twenty thousand francs a year finds it difficult to retain the modest demeanor of a poor clerk. On the previous day, while dusting the large piles of crockery under his charge, a letter arrived for him by the post, conveying to him the startling intelligence that one of his uncles, of whom he had often heard as an eccentric and very wealthy old man, but whom he had never seen, had just died at his residence in Burgundy, leaving his nephew,

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The following was told by the narrator, an eye-witness of what took place, near thirty years ago, and we give it in his own words, as related at the time:

"The other morning, at the breakfast table, when I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to grate frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left in a hurried and nervous manner. He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons comprising the breakfast party—his name, I think, is Toombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's inquietude. "Does your hand pain you?" he asked of Mr. Calhoun. To this Mr. Calhoun replied, in rather a hurried manner, "Pshaw! It is nothing but a dream I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large black spot, like an ink blotch, upon the back of my right hand; an optical illusion, I suppose." Of course these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Toombs asked quietly, "What was your dream like? I am not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a great deal of truth in them." "But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand; "however, if it does not intrude too much on the time of our friends, I will relate it to you." Of course the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream, and Mr. Calhoun related it. "At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor who, without a word, took a seat opposite me at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self-possessed, taking his seat opposite me without a word, as though my room and all within it belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view, and as I raised my head he spoke: 'What are you writing, senator from South Carolina?' I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him voluntarily, 'I am writing a plan for the dissolution of the American Union.' (You know, gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of dissolution in the great of certain contingencies.) To this the intruder replied, in the coolest manner possible, 'Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand, your right hand?' He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events had called back to life. The features were those of General George Washington. He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see in the Patent office." Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the company. Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause—"Well, what was the issue of this scene?" Mr. Calhoun resumed. "The intruder, as I have said, rose and asked to look at my right hand, as though I had not the power to refuse. I extended it. The truth is, I felt a strange thrill pervade me at his touch; he grasped it and held it near the light, thus affording full time to examine every feature. It was the face of Washington. After holding my hand for a moment; he looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way, 'And with this right hand, Senator from South Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper declaring the Union dissolved?' I answered in the affirmative. Yes, I said, if a certain contingency arises, I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution. But at that moment a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, which I seem to see now. 'What is that?' said I, alarmed. I know not why, at the blotch on my hand. 'That,' said he, dropping my hand, 'is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.' He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he laid upon the table—laid upon the very paper on which I was writing. This object, gentlemen, was a skeleton. 'There,' said he, 'there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung at Charleston by the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why, you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you—he was a South Carolinian, and an are you. But there was no blotch on his right hand.' With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones—and awoke. Occurrently by labor, I had fallen asleep and had been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream? All the company answered in the affirmative, and Toombs muttered, 'Singular, very singular,' and at the same time looking curiously at the back of his right hand, while Mr. Calhoun placed his hand between his hands and seemed buried in thought."

THE FATAL YES.

Mr. Blank is a worthy and quiet citizen; but phrenologists say that his bump of distraction is largely developed, of the truth of which you can easily assure yourself, if you watch him walking through the streets, his arms swinging from side to side, his eyes gazing into vacancy, and his coat tail flapping between his lank legs.

A few days ago while walking up Broadway, Mr. B. suddenly remembered that he had some friends to dine with him. "Confound it," said he, passing his hand over his chin. "I am very much in need of being shaved." Seeing the tri-colored pole which designates the barber's shop, he entered it, seated himself in a chair and stretched out his neck to the figure of the place.

"Shaved sir?" ironically spoke the man of razors.—"Yes," replied B. in the same strain.

Soon the face of our hero disappeared under a thick coat of foaming soap suds, which quickly was removed to give place to another edition of the same. Finally, the operation was finished. During this time Mr. B.'s wits had gone "wool gadding" in the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why, you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you—he was a South Carolinian, and an are you. But there was no blotch on his right hand.' With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones—and awoke. Occurrently by labor, I had fallen asleep and had been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream? All the company answered in the affirmative, and Toombs muttered, 'Singular, very singular,' and at the same time looking curiously at the back of his right hand, while Mr. Calhoun placed his hand between his hands and seemed buried in thought."

"Do you believe in second love, Mrs. McQuade?" "Do I believe in second love?—Ha! ha! if a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? And when it's gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that, too, sweet?" Troth, Mr. Murphy, I believe in second love."

"I keep an excellent table," said a lady disputing with one of her boarders. "That may be true, ma'am," says he, "but you put very little upon it."

Picture of despair—a pig with its nose through a garden fence, almost touching a cabbage.

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I am not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a great deal of truth in them." "But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand; "however, if it does not intrude too much on the time of our friends, I will relate it to you." Of course the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream, and Mr. Calhoun related it. "At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor who, without a word, took a seat opposite me at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self-possessed, taking his seat opposite me without a word, as though my room and all within it belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view, and as I raised my head he spoke: 'What are you writing, senator from South Carolina?' I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him voluntarily, 'I am writing a plan for the dissolution of the American Union.' (You know, gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of dissolution in the great of certain contingencies.) To this the intruder replied, in the coolest manner possible, 'Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand, your right hand?' He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events had called back to life. The features were those of General George Washington. He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see in the Patent office." Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the company. Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause—"Well, what was the issue of this scene?" Mr. Calhoun resumed. "The intruder, as I have said, rose and asked to look at my right hand, as though I had not the power to refuse. I extended it. The truth is, I felt a strange thrill pervade me at his touch; he grasped it and held it near the light, thus affording full time to examine every feature. It was the face of Washington. After holding my hand for a moment; he looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way, 'And with this right hand, Senator from South Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper declaring the Union dissolved?' I answered in the affirmative. Yes, I said, if a certain contingency arises, I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution. But at that moment a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, which I seem to see now. 'What is that?' said I, alarmed. I know not why, at the blotch on my hand. 'That,' said he, dropping my hand, 'is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.' He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he laid upon the table—laid upon the very paper on which I was writing. This object, gentlemen, was a skeleton. 'There,' said he, 'there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung at Charleston by the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why, you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you—he was a South Carolinian, and an are you. But there was no blotch on his right hand.' With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones—and awoke. Occurrently by labor, I had fallen asleep and had been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream? All the company answered in the affirmative, and Toombs muttered, 'Singular, very singular,' and at the same time looking curiously at the back of his right hand, while Mr. Calhoun placed his hand between his hands and seemed buried in thought."

"Do you believe in second love, Mrs. McQuade?" "Do I believe in second love?—Ha! ha! if a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? And when it's gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that, too, sweet?" Troth, Mr. Murphy, I believe in second love."

"I keep an excellent table," said a lady disputing with one of her boarders. "That may be true, ma'am," says he, "but you put very little upon it."

Picture of despair—a pig with its nose through a garden fence, almost touching a cabbage.

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