

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published weekly on Wednesday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, in advance. It is intended to notify very particularly when the term for which he has paid has expired, by the figures on the printed label, the price of each paper. The paper will then be sent at a further remittance be received. By the payment no man can be brought in debt to the publisher.

The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, and a large and steadily increasing circulation reaches into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent by postage to any subscriber within the county, but whose most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County. Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$2 per year.

AS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. (Wellbore, Feb. 1, 1858.)

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

J. EMERY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Wellbore, Tioga Co., Pa. Will do any business exclusively to the practice of the Courts in any of the Northern Counties of Pennsylvania. nov21, 63

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

ISAAC WALTON HOUSE, GAINES, TIOGA COUNTY, PA. Z. C. YERMYLEA, PROPRIETOR. This is a new hotel located within easy distance of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. April 12, 1860.

G. C. CAMPBELL, BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for shaving, hair cutting and beautifying the hair, for hair dressing, hair and whiskers of any color. Oil and soap. Wellbore, Sept. 27, 1859.

THE CORNING 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 it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, WELLSBOROUGH, PA. PROPRIETOR, H. E. FARR. (Formerly of the United States Hotel.) Having leased this well known and popular house, to collect 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. Wellbore, May 31, 1860.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D. WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland Boro, Tioga Co., Pa. He is prepared by thirty years' experience to treat all diseases of the eyes and all other appendages on the face, and that he can cure without pain the dreadful disease, called St. Vitus' Dance, (Chorea sacra) and will attend to any other business in his line of Physic and Surgery. Elkland Boro, August 8, 1860.

DENTISTRY, C. N. DART. WOULD respectfully say to the citizens of Wellsbore and vicinity, that he has opened an office over WRIGHT'S FLOUR AND FEED STORE, where he will continue to do all kinds of work in the line of DENTISTRY. Wellbore, April 30, 1862.

CORNING WHOLESALE DRUG AND BOOK STORE. RUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS, WINDOW GLASS, KEROSENE OIL, ALCOHOL, BOOKS AND STATIONERY. Sold at wholesale by W. D. TERBELL. Country Merchants supplied with these articles at NEW YORK PRICES. Corning, Feb. 26, 1862.

WANTED! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS WHEAT! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS CORN! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS OATS! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS RYE! For which we will pay CASH! WRIGHT & BAILEY. Flour by the pound, sack or barrel. Fed by the pound or ton. Bran in any quantities, for sale cheap at Wright & Bailey's new Flour and Feed Store. Fork cheap at our Store. All goods delivered FREE OF CHARGE within the Corporation. FRED K. WRIGHT.

AMERICAN HOTEL, (formerly D. Hart's "Crystal Fountain" House.) CORNER OF MAIN AND QUEEN STREETS, WELLSBORO, PA. MRS. BOLERMAN, Proprietor. Strict attention paid to the comfort of guests. Good stabling. Charges reasonable. A good Cook and a hostler wanted. Wellbore, Sept. 3, 1862—ly.

WELLSBORO ACADEMY, Wellbore, Tioga County, Pa. MARINUS N. ALLEN, A. M., Principal. Selected by a corps of competent teachers. The Winter Term will commence on the 8th of December, 1862. Tuition for term of fourteen weeks, from \$2.50 to \$6.00. A TEACHER'S CLASSES will also be formed. By order of Trustees, J. F. DONALDSON, Pres't. Wellbore, November 12, 1862.

SPRING FASHIONS, S. P. QUICK, HATTER, No. 135 Water Street, Elmira, keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of FASHION SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS. Also all kinds of Soft Hats and Caps, Fur's Ladies' etc. Hats made to order. Call and leave your measure, and then you can have a Hat to fit you. Prices to suit the times. Quality warranted, Elmira, March 19, 1862.

CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

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. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1862. NO. 20.

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	\$8.00
2 do.	5.00	6.50	8.00
3 do.	7.00	8.50	10.00
1 column,	8.00	9.50	12.50
1 do.	15.00	20.00	30.00
1 column,	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. Posters, 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.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.
For the Agitator.
Written on the death of Mr. WILLIAM MILLER, of Company B, 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Twice for him the laurel bough,
He has for his country died,
O'er him let the flag droop low,
Lay his good sword by his side.
In his country's soil he lies,
He was foremost in the van,
Where the crimson war-clouds lower,
He hath showed himself a man.

No mother soothed his dying head,
No sister near to hold his hand,
No brother stood beside his bed,
All strangers in a stranger's land.
Then let the flag be loved droop low,
Yes, let it shroud his coffin form;
For he has struck full many a blow,
To save that dear loved flag from harm.

No twice for him the laurel's leaves,
Who has more right than he to wear
Glory's badge? for his country dear,
He lay his life gently in the ground,
While weeping friends are standing by;
We call his low bed glory's mound,
And think 'tis glorious thus to die.

MARRIAGE OF LUTHER.
Luther came to Melancthon's house and requested to see Catharine alone. Margaret hastened to her and gave her the message. She entreated her friend to return with her. "That would not do," replied Margaret; "he said expressly alone; he undoubtedly has something very particular to say. Now, Catharine, take courage and open your heart."

Poor Catharine went with trembling steps to the presence of Luther. "I have sent for you, my child," said he, "to converse on the subject of matrimony. I hope you are convinced it is a holy state."

"Yes, sir," said Catharine.

"Are you prepared to embrace it?"

"No, sir," she replied.

"Perhaps you have scruples on the score of monastic vows; if so, I will mark some passages I have written on that subject, that may set your mind at rest."

Catharine was silent.

"I perceive that I do not make much progress in my purpose. I am a little used to these matters, and I had better be direct. Do you mean to abide by your monastic vows, or will you marry, like a rational woman?"

This direct appeal seemed to arouse her courage. "Even Doctor Martin Luther has no right," said she, "to ask that question without explaining his motive."

"Well said, Kate," replied he laughing. "I must tell you then. There is a person who would gladly take you, 'for better and for worse.'"

Catharine's color rose, and her eyes sparkled with additional brightness. "Now say, has he any chance?"

"You have not told me who he is," said she, resolutely.

"And you have not told me whether you have any scruples of conscience on the subject; if you have, God forbid that I should urge you."

"When I left the convent," said she, in a low voice, "it was because it would have been hypocrisy in me to have remained there. I took the vows ignorantly, and almost by compulsion; I embraced the reformed religion with an inquiring and willing faith. God forgive me, that I so long offered him the worship of my lips while my heart was far from him."

"And now?" said Luther, after waiting for her to finish her sentence.

"Now," she replied, "I need not ask his forgiveness for worshipping him in spirit and in truth. I am no longer a nun."

"Well," said Luther, "I suppose this is as direct an answer as I must expect. So to my purpose."

But even Luther stopped short, surprised at Catharine's emotion.

"Perhaps, my dear," he said kindly, "I do wrong in speaking to you myself; I had better commission Margaret. I suppose women converse on these matters better together; and yet, as I have begun, I will finish. The other day, Roderstein, the nephew of Carolstadt, came to me to solicit my influence with you. He wishes you to marry him. I told him I could have no particular influence with you, unless you have scruples of conscience about marrying. He is a clever young man, and I see no objection. He is very unlike his fanatic uncle."

He might have talked an hour without receiving a reply. Catharine's manner had changed; there was no longer the emotion or blush.

"What shall I tell him?"

"Anything you please," said she, "so that I never see him again."

"Why, this is strange," said Luther; "you did not seem to have scruples of conscience just now. My dear Catharine, you must not forget that you have no natural relations here, and this young man can be a protector to you."

"I wish you would not speak of him," replied she.

"Is there any one else that you like better?" said Luther.

She made no reply.

"Nay, speak; I have every disposition to serve you. Has any other person made the same proposition to you?"

"Yes," said Catharine, with a little womanly pride; "Counselor Baumgartner has made the same proposal."

"Do you prefer him?"

"Yes," she replied, rising; but I am as happy as I ever expect to be. My friends assure me that I am no burden, but a help to them; and so I wish you good morning."

Poor Catharine hastened to her room. Her dream was over. Luther, the austere, the insensible reformer, had awakened her from it. Margaret entered while her eyes were yet

red with weeping. She tenderly approached and embraced her; but neither exchanged a word.

"There is no hope for Bodenstein," thought Luther; "it is evident Baumgartner is the object. Catharine is a child; if the Elector dies she is without support, except by the labor of her hands, and they do not look as if they were made for labor. I will write to Jerome Baumgartner; he is well known as a young counselor at Nuremberg."

Accordingly he wrote:

1862 Oct. 19th

"If you would obtain Catharine Van Byrnie, hasten here before she is given to another who proposes for her. She has not yet conquered her love for you. I shall rejoice to see you united."

The young counselor received this letter with surprise and incredulity. The positive refusal of Catharine, some months before, had left no doubt on his mind, and he thought the wisest plan was to inclose the letter to her, and to inquire whether it was written with her sanction.

In the meantime, Luther's friends began to urge him to marry, particularly Melancthon. "You preach," said he, "what you do not practice."

He protested, however, that he would not be caught in the snare; that his time was now fully occupied.

When Catharine received the letter from her former lover, she was filled with astonishment, and requested Margaret to speak to Luther on the subject. He said he had done what he thought was right, and would be agreeable to all parties; but he found there was one science he did not understand—the heart of a woman.

"That is true," said Margaret, "or you would long since have perceived that Catharine's is yours; and now the mystery is out."

It required all the evidence to convince Luther of the truth of this assertion; he was forty, and Catharine but little more than half that number of years; that she could prefer him to her young suitors seemed to him incredible. Margaret, however, had said it, and a new life opened to Luther, in the affection of a young and beautiful woman.

When he spoke to Catharine again on the subject of matrimony, he was more successful than before. He learned the history of her long attachment; which had become so much the reverse of her silent hours. The betrothment took place, and very soon the marriage followed.

The Most Extravagant Woman in the World.
The Empress of France is probably the most extravagant woman living. Nor is this all; she has been the cause of ruinous extravagance in the families of her husband's subjects, and in all countries were the costly fashions she has set have found favor. M. Fould, the Emperor's Minister of Finance, threatens to resign his office unless her enormous drafts upon the treasury are curtailed. So costly has she made the toilette in Paris, that fashionable ladies are utterly unable to settle their bills for dress, and it is stated by the English press that it is as much as many of them can do to pay the interest on the large debts which following the imperial modes has caused them to incur. The world owes Crime to the fair Eugenie; and the rougher half of its civilized population does not feel by any manner of means grateful to her for the introduction of the article. She has made her apartments in the Tuilleries as magnificent as the palaces one reads about in oriental fables. The doors of her boudoir are of ivory, inlaid with gold. The furniture is of rosewood, inlaid with mirrors, gold, ivory and pearl, and is upholstered with pale-red silk. Smyrnan carpeting of the heaviest texture covers the floor, and the ceiling is splendidly frescoed. The desks and portfolios are of tortoise shell, arabesqued with gold, and the most valuable paintings of the old masters ornament the walls. The beautiful woman who has surrounded herself with these luxuries spends an almost fabulous amount annually in rare laces and all the most expensive articles of female costume, besides subscribing unheard of sums in aid of certain vast political schemes, for she is withal an intriguer. The Empress is thirty-six years of age, and therefore old enough to have learned prudence; yet she is more prodigal now than in the hey-day of her youth and beauty. The Queen of Louis XVI. was as extravagant, and as fond of meddling in state affairs as Eugenie; and her fool of a husband suffered her to lead him by the nose. One day, however, they lost their heads; poor things—would it not be well for Louis Napoleon to take the warning to heart?

"How do you do, Mrs. Tow? Have you heard that story about Mrs. Ludy?"

"Why, no, really Mrs. Gad? What is it?"

"Oh, I promised not to tell for all the world—no I must never tell on't; I'm afraid it will get out."

"Why, I'll never tell on't as long as I live, just as true as the world. What is it?"

"Now, you won't say anything about it, will you?"

"No, I'll never open my mouth about it—never. Hope to die this minute."

"Well, if you'll believe it, Mrs. Fandy told me last night, that Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by a person that dreamed it, that Mrs. Trouble's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nichols that her grandmother heard by a letter she got from her sister's second husband's oldest brother's step-daughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clam-boat just arrived from the Feejee Islands, that the mermaids about that section wear erinolines made out of shark-skins."

HORRIBLE!—Gen. Ben. Butler has lately issued an order in New Orleans, that the entire district of Lafourche, lying near the city was to be confiscated for the use of the United States, as the property of disloyal persons. How can Breckinridgers endure such a violation of the Constitution! Uncle Ben, you must not violate the "Constitution" so wantonly.

FROM ARTEMAS WARD.
Treating of the noble Red Man—Domestic Affairs—A Serenade, &c.

The red man of the forest was formerly a very respectful person. Justice to the noble aborigine warrants me in saying that originally he was a majestic creature.

At the time Chris. arose on these shores (I allude to Chris. Columbus), savjia was virtuous and happy. They were innocent of aggression, rum, drawpoker, and sinfulness generally. They didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no Congress, sabobaks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press. Their habits was, consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsia, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter girls, and other metropolitan refinements were unknown among them. No savage fit good standing would take postage stamps. You couldn't have 'em a con skin with a barrel of 'em. The female aborigine never died of consumption, because she didn't tip her waist up in whalebone things; but in loose flowing garments she bounded with naked feet over the hill and plains like the free and frisky antelope.

It was an unlucky moment for us when Chris. set his foot on this 'ere shores. It would have been better for us of the present day if the Injias had given him a warm meal and sent him home 'er the ragin' bilers. For the savjia owned the country, and Columbus was a filibuster. Cortez, Pizarro, and Walker, were one-horse filibusters, Columbus was a four-horse team, filibuster, and a large yaller dog under the wagon. I say, in view of the mass we are making of things, it would be better for us if Columbus had staid to home, it would have been better for the show business. The circulation of Vanity Fair would be larger, and the proprietors would all have boozum pins! Yes, sir, and perhaps a ten-pin alley!

By which I don't wish to be understood as intimating that the scalpin' wretches who are at the Injia business at the present day are of any account, or calculated to make home happy, especially the Sioux of Minnesota, who deserve to be murdered in the first degree, and if Pope will only stay in St. Paul and not go near 'em himself, I reckon they will be.

"Things in our town is workin'." The canal boat, Lucy Ann, called in here the other day, and reported all quiet on the Wabash. The Lucy Ann has adopted a new style of Binnacle light, in the shape of a red-headed gal, who sits up over the compass. It works well.

The artist I spoke of in my last has returned to Philadelphia. Before he left I took his lilly white hand in mine. I suggested to him that if he could induce the citizens of Philadelphia to believe that it would be a good idea to have white window-shutters on their houses and white door-stones, he might make a fortune. "It's a novelty," I added, "and may startle 'em at first, but they may conclude to adopt it."

As several of our public men are constantly being surprised with serenades, I concluded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordin'. I asked the Brass Band how much they would take to take me entirely by surprise with a serenade. They said they'd overwhelm me with an unexpected honor for \$7, which I accepted.

I wrote out my impromptu speech several days beforehand, being very careful to expunge all ingrammaticisms and payin' particular attention to the punctuation. It was, if I may say it without egotism, a manly effort, but alas! I never delivered it, as the skel will show you. I paced up and down the kitchen speakin' my piece over so as to be entirely perfect. My bloomin' young daughter, Sarah Ann, bothered me submit by singin'— "Why do Summer Roses fade?"

"Because," said I, after hearin' her sing it about fourteen times, "because it's their bizil Let 'em fade."

"Betsy," said I, passin' in the middle of the room and lettin' my eagle eye wander from the manuscript, "Betsy, on the night of this here serenade, I desire you to appear at the window dressed in white, and wave a lilly-white handkercher. D'ye hear?"

"If I appear," said that remarkable female, "I shall wave a lilly-white bucket of bilin' hot water, and somebody will be scalded. One built-headed old fool will get his share."

She refer'd to her husband—no doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me I said nothin'.

The expected night com. At 9 o'clock precisely, there were sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the Band struck up a lively air, which, when they did, there were cries of "Ward! Ward!"

I stepped out on the portico. A brief glance show'd me that the assemblage was submit mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown-up persons evidently under the influence of the intoxicatin' bole. The Band was all drunk. Dr. Schwazey, who was holding up a post, seemed to be parit'ly drunk—so much so that that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggerin' wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced thus:

"Feller citizens: For this unexpected honor—"

Leader of the Band.—"Will you give our money now or wait till you get through?"

To this painful, and disgustin' interruption I paid no attention.

"For this unexpected honor: I thank you."

Leader of the Band.—"But you said you'd give us \$7 if we'd play two choons."

Again I don't notice him, but resumed as follows:

"I say I thank you warmly. When I look at this crowd of true Americans, my heart swells."

Dr. Schwazey.—"So do I!"

A Voice.—"Well all do!"

"—my heart swells—"

A Voice.—"Three cheers for the swells."

"We live," said I, "in erubles times, but I hope we shall again resume our former proud positions, and shall go on in our glorious career."

Dr. Schwazey.—"I'm willin', for one, to die in a glorious cause. Will you join me, fellow citizens, in a gloribus career? What wages

does a man git for a gloribus career, when he finds himself?"

"Dr. Schwazey," said I, solemnly, "you are drunk. You're disturbin' the meeting."

Dr. Schwazey.—"Have you a banquet spread in the house? I should like a rhyinosyros, on the half shell, or a hippopotamus on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that's handy. Don't put yourself out on my account."

At this point the Band begun to make biddyous noises with their brass horns, and an exceedingly ragged boy wanted to know if there wasn't to be some wittles afore the concern broke up?

I didn't exactly know what to do, and was just on the point of doing it, when a upper window suddenly opened and a stream of hot water was bro't to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint and retired at once.

When I am taken by surprise with another serenade, I shall, among other arrangements, have a respectful company on hand. So no more from me to-day.

"When this you see, Remember me."

How a Lawyer Headed off a Draft Commissioner.
Says the Reading (Pa.) Times—It is well known that Commissioner Kepp was precise and exact in his proceedings, always keeping an eye to the interests of the country, while dealing honorably with all. Now it happened that among the able-bodied men drafted from one of the Heidelbergers, there was one obese specimen of humanity, but whom the chances hit as one of the elect. When he received his "ticket for soap," he hastened to Reading, and knowing where lived the cutest specimen of a lawyer, he went straight to his office.

"I'm drafted!"

"The dudge you are; it must have been a strong man that drafted you!"

"Well, I'm drafted, and I want to get out. Can't march. I'll pay well."

"Very well."

"The twin proceeded to the office of the Commissioner."

"Here," said the lawyer, "Commissioner, I have got a substitute."

Commissioner looked at the wheezy specimen for some time. "He won't do; can't march."

"He can't march; he won't do; and I can't take him."

"This was what our smart friend wanted. 'He won't do; eh?'"

"No; he won't."

"Well, then, scratch his name off the list; he is drafted and wants to be exempted!"

The Commissioner looked at the lawyer for about a minute; then regarded the fat draft, and, without speaking a word, scratched off his name!

Look Under the Bonnet, Young Man.
Quite a ludicrous incident occurred at the depot of the Detroit and Milwaukee railway on Saturday morning, that should serve as a warning to fond husbands who are in the habit of giving tangible proofs of their love for their better halves in the presence of strangers. On the morning referred to, a young married man visited the train to meet his wife, who was expected in from Grand Rapids. Mr. B. searched among the passengers for a few moments, and at last discovered a lady standing near the baggage track with her back towards him. She wore, he thought, the identical clothes possessed by Mrs. B., so, wishing to surprise, and believing that "stolen kisses are the sweetest," he softly approached from behind, placed his arms around her neck, and gently drew her back upon his breast, while his face went under the bonnet, and upon her lips was impressed—

"A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love."

A slight scream startled him, and, as the lady turned upon him and confronted him with a look of intense indignation at the outrage, he discovered for the first time that he had committed a grave mistake. With evident embarrassment, he attempted to explain his error; but at that moment the genuine Mrs. B. rushing forward, and the matter became clear to the astonished lady who had been so unceremoniously dealt with. It was but a moment before Mr. and Mrs. B. suddenly left the depot in a back-swind the smiles of the crowd who had witnessed the incident.

MORAL: Young man, always look under the bonnet before you attempt to steal the "nectar sweet," and you will avoid a similar mishap—Detroit Tribune.

How Brownlow was Challenged.
Parson Brownlow, in his speech at Chicago, recently, told how he was once challenged to mortal combat by a secessionist, and the result. He said:

Almost the last thing that happened to me before they crushed out my paper, was a challenge to fight a duel from a secessionist editor in the South, Lewis H. Pops, a specimen of humanity who weighed ninety-five pounds, a worse looking man than Aleck Stephens. He supposed that, being a preacher and editor I wouldn't fight, but he waked up the wrong passenger. [Applause.] I accepted his challenge, and wrote in the letter, that being the challenged party, I had the right to dictate the weapons, time and place. It was then summer-time and hot weather. I said: "I elect that we fight immediately after the first hard rain that comes in a bog pen. The weapons shall be two large four-pronged iron dung forks. [Qualified laughter.] and whoever shall have killed him in mortal combat." [Vociferous laughter.] He replied that the terms were cruel, inhuman, and contrary to the laws of dueling, and he backed out; and well he might, for he knew that I could have shoveled him out in less than no time. [Laughter.]

Whiskey and Newspapers.—A glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells for one shilling, and if of a good brand, is considered well worth the money. It is drunk in a minute or two—it fires the brain, sharpens the appetites, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same sideboard upon which this pernicious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million of types—it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn; but it is no less strange than true, that there is a large portion of the community who think corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear.

Some music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing on a violin requires the nicest perception, and the most sensibility of any art in the known world." Upon which an editor, commenting in the following manner: "The art of publishing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time have it please everybody, beats fiddlin' higher than a kite."

We know a good natured bachelor so generous that, poor fellow, he would give even his heart away, if he could only find an interesting object to take it.

"Veritas in Vitis."
Whiskey is a queer institution. In bringing out a man's true nature, laughing gas is nothing in comparison.

A full-faced citizen, named Ramsey, was yesterday arrested by officer Smith, with a load of building material in his hat. He was overhauled at Twentieth and Chesnut streets. He had just before been ejected by some boys from a vacant lot, in which he had hung Yankee Doodle, for five consecutive minutes, while standing on his head. He was taken in his glory before Alderman Beiler, to explain the cause of his sudden flow of spirits.

Mr. Ramsey, who measures five feet two by five feet two, and has a complexion like that of a boiled lobster, excupulated himself before the Alderman by a plea as follows:

"Mister Alderman, I know I'm a little drunk, but it's nothing to speak of. When in college I could translate Eschylus off hand, and be thirty per cent. driffter than I am now. (A pause, during which Mr. Ramsey's head sank upon his bosom.) Mr. Alderman, I married my wife, Olivia, in the fall of '49. During all that time a cradle in my house had been an unnecessary piece of furniture—an empty show, like a nest egg of chalk. Yesterday morning, sir, this 'cared to be the case. Sir, I am now a father! I felt the sublime emotions of paternity, sir, and my humble residence became too circumscribed to contain 'em. I rushed for the green fields, under the broad ether to give vent to the emotions that swelled my heart. Think of it, sir, a *fac simile* of myself—a miniature copy of your obedient servant, just of nine pounds four ounces avoirdupois in weight. I indulged in an imbibition—two or three imbibitions—and then esisting myself upon a stone wall I sang the national anthem, 'Hail Columbia! happy land.' I was disturbed in this laudable exercise. I took to the street; when the defiling hand of this uniformed official disturbed the current of my feeling."

"Well, what of all this?" said the Alderman.

"If you have become a father, don't you think you should discipline yourself so as to set a father's example?"

"Mr. Magistrate," continued the citizen, who was fast becoming helpless from the fumes of the liquor he had imbibed, "Mr. Magistrate, in adjudicating upon my case, think of Sara and Abraham, sir. If my exultation has been too demonstrative, sir, think how you would feel, sir, at—"

With this unfinished sentence upon his lips, Mr. Ramsey sank down into a chair. He was taken below by two gentlemen of the reserve corps. They first searched his pockets; a process that resulted in the discovery of a physician's prescription, a "patent nursing bottle," and two pairs of the smallest possible infant's shoes. The articles were taken care of, while Mr. Ramsey was left to sleep off the effects of his rejoicing upon a pine bench. In the evening he was permitted to depart. Upon recovering from his obtusification he appeared a good deal surprised, and hastened away extremely humiliated at his position. The probability is that in all his life he never before in a similar condition.—North American.

How HE GOT HIS WIFE.—John W.—was, or is a genius. He made quite a pile in the Mexican war, and invested it in a canal boat running on the Ohio canal. John was a bachelor, but in course of time was smitten by the little god. An old farmer, who lived in the "heel" path, near Massillon, had two rosy-cheeked daughters, but all attempts to gain an introduction by their admirers, were foiled by the old man. But John was not discouraged. A large chunk of beef bought off the mastiff, and John proceeded to deliberately appropriate the various articles hanging on the clothes line, Chemizettes and stockings, breeches, skirts and things, were crowded in inglorious confusion into the capacious bag carried by John on this occasion. They were brought aboard the boat, and placed in the "bow cabin," to pave the way for an introduction on the return trip.

A week after the boat passed the farm-house on its way north, and John jumped ashore, and went to the house. He represented that one of his drivers had stolen the clothing, and that he had discharged him, and desired to restore the articles. The young ladies were delighted, as the sack contained their "Sunday-fittings." The old man said:

"I always thought that all the boatmen would steal; and I am delighted to find one honest one. You must call again captain."

The captain did call again, and soon after married the "youngest."

On the wedding night, he told his wife the ruse he had used to gain an introduction, and the old man gave orders that no more clothing should be left "out of night."

Whiskey and Newspapers.—A glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells for one shilling, and if of a good brand, is considered well worth the money. It is drunk in a minute or two—it fires the brain, sharpens the appetites, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same sideboard upon which this pernicious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million of types—it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn; but it is no less strange than true, that there is a large portion of the community who think corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear.

Some music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing on a violin requires the nicest perception, and the most sensibility of any art in the known world." Upon which an editor, commenting in the following manner: "The art of publishing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time have it please everybody, beats fiddlin' higher than a kite."

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