THE AGITATOR.

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The Wrong that friumphed der the Right
And ripened with its waning age—
The wrong that friumphed der the Right
And ripened with its waning age—
These shall survive its burial night.

But not for sye. The New shall amite
The godless shrinds, at which the Old,
Kneit, pagan like, while sacred Right,
By tyrant Wrong was bought and sold.
The Old Year to the New shall be, A warning gany an ill to thee, And many a hondman to set free, Before its mighty course is run.

Our own fair land! So fair in name, at-So boastful, while the mightiest shame That ever reigned on this green earth, Frowns down on every freeman's hearth. So proud of what its mariyes fought With blood and treasure, and with life: Undreaming that the work they wrought In council and in deadly strife.

Should by their children be defiled.

Undreaming that their mouldering bones Should be disturbed by sighs and grouns, By sound of scourge and clank of chains Upon their sacred burial plains; Undreaming that their rusted brands Should serve as gyves for freemen's hands, Or that Columbia's honored shield Should bear upon a gory field, Scourges for stripes and bolts for stare! That freemen's backs should glow with scars,
That crush the freeman's manhood out, And haunt him like the bolts and bers

Where felons drag their chains about ! Our own fair land-land of the brave! Home of the free—home of the slave! Utopia! blest Freedom's fold, Where men are scourged, and bought and sold! Where Woman—last create and best— Earth's crowning joy by man confused— As if Columbia's pride to mack,
Sits throned upon the AUCTION-BLOCK!! O, let us boast, but not forget, Columbia 's not Utopia yet.

Troubled Europe-war-worn Europe, Marshals her contending hosts, Rocks, from Southern ses to Polar, With the strife upon her coasts. Turk and Russ and Guul and Briton, Mingle in a bloody fray, War's red glare their torch funereal, And their dirge the trumpet's bray.

And there awaits a mightier shock Than Europe's thrones has shaken yet; A fiercer blast her courts shall rock, And peace for her awaken yet. Forced on by Fate to Freedom's goal, Hor sin shall be forsaken yet ; And Tyranny's Schastopol

By FREEMEN shall be taken yet!

There is a sound of mourning in our land-A sad, continual flow of tears and grouns : And signs of Man's bereavement, on each hand Flish up in widows' wails and orphrus' moans. A mocking demon has usurped th Of sweet domestic peace and wedded bliss-Mad with excess, men worship stocks and stones, Run's hated serpents on our hearthstones his O, hath this groaning land a mightier we than this?

The Ladies-oh, what can we say, of Columbia's cherry lipped daughters! Who lead us poor mortals adown by Love's ever sweet-springing waters.
Who lighten our labors and sorrows, who sack us

and tease us, and bless u Who, when we reluse them a favor, to conquer have but to caress us. Who steal both our hearts and our purses, howe'er

much we grumble—the witches!—
Who sympathize with our misfortunes and—darn our old stockings and-pantaloons!!!

O, ye who sit by your blazing fires, Secure from the cold without; Forgetful alike of the drifting anow And the north-wind's boisterous shout: Remember, full many a poor man sits Unmanned, by a fireless hearth, In the midst of a circle of tearful ones Passing away from earth! The Giver of Good would have us be, Each man to each, a brother; Then let us, though Fortune frown or smile,

CALENDAR FOR 1855.

Never forget each other.

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和新兴场景和新兴场 | 新疆景景的 Religious Denominations, &c., of Tioga County.

PRESRYTERIANS. 10. Houses of :Worship, and 7: Pastors located as: fullows plan while will be below a site

Wellsharaugh-Rev. J. F. Calkins, and ve Lawrenceville-Rev. Mr. Barnes. ... , 187 Elkland - Rev. MrscLockwood bear gillers Covingion-Rev. E. B. Benedict. Blossburg and the many students enques Berchar erlaland-Rev. Mr. Woodcock Parmington-ะเกายังในเคาร. 🏗

Richmond No Pastor. PROTESTANT PRISCOPAL 1 Church. Wellsboro'-Rev. A. A. Marple

on to see alectical columnia.

I the exposules of keep the columnia and the columnia is well-be of the commit. If the amount and the columnia is the columnia is the columnia in the columnia in the columnia in the columnia is the columnia in the columnia in the columnia in the columnia is the columnia in the columnia miden Judge, feave, sy stand it has been their couson, this matter to has there handred delegators and P. W. C.

U. M. D. A. Bred Burger of Hairf. Brede, may white Molegree, Notes Atlanticate, Declarations, gentletts

The oldest one came to me and says:

The next said his name was Bill Smith

and the fourth said his name was Tommy

Smith, I gave em augar candy, and old

Los. Smith was so tickled that she laughed

all the time. Mr. Smith looked on but did nt

"Why," said I, "Mrs, Smith, I would not

"No," says she, lassin, " I set a good deal

"No, no," says I, "they're rale well be-

haved children; and by gracious," says I,

pretending to be startled by a striking resem-

blance between the boys and the father; and l

looked at Mr. Smith. "I never did see any-

thing equal to it," says I; " your eyes, mouth,

forehead, and perfect picture of hair, sir,"

tapping the oldest on the pate. I thought

Mrs. Smith would have died laffin', at that;

her arms fell down by her side, and she shook

" Do you think so, Col. Jones ?" said she,

looking towards Mr. Smith, and I thought

"Ha, ha, haw !" says Mr. Smith, kind o

Inffin', "you are too hard on me now. with

handsome children, and do look widerfully

Just then a girl brought a light in, and I'll

be durned if the little brats didn't turn out to

was as curly as the blackest nigger's! Mr.

and Mrs. Smith never had any children, and

they sort of petted them niggers as play-

kissing 'em showed I was in earnest. Though

I-was soft soaping 'em all the time, how to

get over the scrape I didn't know. Mrs.

Smith laughed so hard when she saw how

confused, I was, that she almost suffoca-

A little afterwards, there was a whole fam-

ily of relations arrived from the city and turn-

ed the matter off; but the next morning 1

could see that Mr. Smith did not like the re-

membrance of what I had said, and I don't

believe he'll vote for me when the election

Your'e a Brick.

A certain college professor had assembled

his class at the commencement of the term,

and was reading over the list of names to see

the number was unknown to the professor.

having just entered the class. "What is your name, sir?" asked the

"You are a brick," was the startling re-

bly, "Sir," said the professor, half starting out

of his chair at the supposed impertinence, but

not quite sure that he had understood him cor-

rectly, "Sir, I did not exactly understand your answer."

"You are a brick," was again the com-

"This is intolerable 12, said the professor,

his face reddening. ... Beware, young man,

. "Insult you!" said the student, in turn as-

"Did you not say I was a brick I" returned

he professor with stifled indignation. y'c

..... No, sir you asked me my name, and I

answered your question. My name is U. R.

"" Ah indeed!" murniured the professor,

sinking back into his seat in confusion, "It

was a misconception on my part. Will you

commence the lesson, Mr-ahem-Mr.-

A clergyman, seeing a little boy playing in

his faiher.

Me's over to the little dam brook, exicloimed the lad.

What I said the reverend gentleman, shocked at the boy a profanity, can you

speak without swearing live sport dam brook

any how," persisted the boy, as he went

butterfly ... He's been over to the little dam brook all day and if you doo' believe it YAH

can go ap to that house and sak mother with

small stream by the road side inquired for

vru hat . Little Dam Brook.

A. Brick-Urlah Reynolds Anderson Brick."

how-you attempt to insult me."

tonished, "how have I done it?"

posed reply.

Bričk."

his father.

professor, looking through his spectacles.

that all were present. It chanced that one of

low under the joke sometime.

I never felt as streaked as I did when I

be niguers - overy one of 'em. and their hair

the whole house laffin'.

she'd go off in a laffin' fit.

your jokes."

likê you."

things.

"Yes," says I, " I do, raily."

take a good deal for them four boys, if I had

'em-they are so beautiful and sprightly."

on 'em, but we spoil 'em too much.'

"My name is Peter Smith."

" Bob Smith."

"And what is your name, sir ?"

The color of the state of the s

Down in the Color of the Color

History of Moralin, 10 Ministers located and the Market of Moralin, 10 Ministers located as blowers, 10 Ministers located as the Market of Moralin, 10 Ministers located as blowers, 10 Ministers located as the Market of Moralin, 10 Ministers located as the Market of Market

Tioga Rev. John Shaw.
Mansfield Rev. L. Rogers.
Rev. P. McKinsley, Presiding Eder, resi

Approximate Membership, 1111.

14 Congregations, 6 Meeting Houses, and one now building, 10. Ordained Ministers and 1 Licentiate. 683 members. The Churches are located in Delmar, Cherry Flats, Tinga, Mansheld, Covington, Bloss burg, Sullivan, Jackson, East Jackson, Chatham, Middlebury, Parmington, Brookfield & Charleston. There is a house, built the past year in Cailin Hollow, a Union House, Methodist and Baptists

Welsh Unitarians one Church in Charles. ton; Catholics one Church at Blossburg; Lutherans one Church at the Block House. There are several congregations of Wesleyan Methodists and Universalists, but they have three smartest chaps that ever growed in you to do before long; and then matters and no regular houses of worship.

TIOGA COUNTY OFFICIAL RECORD.

Judge-Hon. R. G. White, Wellshorough. Associates Hon. E. Dyer, Covington. Hon. S. Power, Lawrenceville. Sheriff-H. A. Guernsey, Wellsborough, Prot'y, &c .- J. F. Donaldson, Register, &c .- W. D. Builey, Commissioners | Benj. Vandusen, Chatham.

O. B. Wells, Jackson. Comm'rs Clerk-A. J. Sofield, Wellshoro'. Treasurer-Henry Rathbone, Elkland. Trea's Clerk-Thos, Atlen, Wellsborough. Surveyor - David Heise, Delmar.

Coroner-Juel Rose; Rutland,) Charles Ryon, Lawrence. Auditors 5 Apollos Pitts, Richmond. A E. Niles, Charleston, Dist. Attorney-J. W. Ryon, Lawrenceville.

ATTORNEYS.				
Thomas Allen,	-		Wellsboroug	
A. S. Brewster,			"	
S. B. Brooke,	•	. •	Elkland.	
J. N. Buche,		١.	Wellsbaroug	
C. O. Boman,			Knoxville.	
A. P. Cone,			Wellshoroug	
P. Damon,			Lawrencevill	
J. Emery,		•	Wellshoroug	
J. W. Guernsey,			Tioga.	
Wm. Garretson,	_			
James Lowrey,			Wellsboroug	
A. J. Monroe,			Knoxville.	
K. Parkhurst,			"	
J. W. Ryon,			Lawrencevill	
D. Rathbone,			Blossburg.	
F. E. Smith,			Tioga.	
C. H. Seymour,		-	(6	
B. B. Strang,		-	Westfield.	
A. Streeter,			"	
Henry Sherwood,	-	٠ _	Wellsboroug	
Julius Sherwood	_	1	A CHAPOLOS	
L. P. Williston,	-	Ī	"	
S. F. Wilson,	•	•		
	•	•		
H. W. Williams,	•	•	12(LL	
R. T. Wood,	•	•	Elkland,	
	~~			

"Married Vesterday."

Every day in the journal that with the first gleam of the sun is flung within our portals, we rend the little sentence :- "Married yesterday," so and so. Every day there is a wedding fenst in some of the mansions of the earth; a clasping of hands and union of hearts in the dim aisles of some holy temple; a pledging of eternal love and constancy during all the hours that are yet to come down, like spring flowers upon life's pathway.-Each day some new marriage crown is pul on, and she who wears it, leaning upon him whose love is the brightest jewel set amidst its leaves, steals nway from the "dear old home," and nestles tremblingly in the fairy cot where love's hand has trained the honeysuckle over the latticed porch, and placed

Eolian lyres in all the ensements,
" HARRIED YESTERDAY."

There are pearls and gold shining now amid he flowers that fringe love's pathway; and stars gleaming like a chandelier in the firmument of hope. There are harps tinkling now whose melody is sweeter than the sound of evening bells, and joy falling like a shower of amethysis upon the hearts that yesterday were wed, Life now is become benuliful,-The soul sonrs upwards from the dust, like dove loosed from its cage. There is melndy in every place: yes, there are angels in every path, with, crowns for those, who are pressing onward with song and prayer.

"MARRIED MESTERDAY"

It seems now a long distance to the grave,
a long road to the final rost, Hut spon the
shadows will come, and tile loses its summer Then, as the patter of tiny feet is heard about the grandlather's knee, they who were "married yesterday," may hap will urn back to the recorde of the flat, weeping silently the while, remembering that their summer is gone, their harvest ended, and that soon gathering up, their sheaves, they mufirity but non-eas sell concel mod too must pass beyond the gates of peril, where will be but one marriage—that of the Lumb with his chosen people.—Newark Daily

Maroit Maidt und einterel untiffet wit ut

if I was writin to Gineral Jackson again,) I on and try to keep things anuge and tight at say, Gineral;" I'll tell you what 'tis, them home till we get hur Covernment under way three S's, (Sickles, Sunders, Soule,) are the over here, and we'll cut out some work for North America. They make Europe stan things that we don't send over any particular round, and no mistake. Mr. Souley holds Spain between his thumb and fore finger, and crafic law to France, and stans a pretty fair chance of being chose President of the New French Republic after Napoleon goes out; and as for old Johnny Bull, I'll be licked it I think the critter dares to stir an inch while Mr. Sanders holds him by the horns,

I suppose you've seen them letters-how

Mr. Sickles anubbed Peabody, the great Merchant banker, a bout the 4th of July dinner. Capital wasn't it? Ye see Mr. Penbudy gin a 4th of July dinner. He's always doin' wich things, or givin' money away for somethin or other; they say he's got money enough to buy a kingdom, Wall, he invited Mr. Sickles to come in and jine the rest of us and have a good set down. But, we see, Mr. Peabody did not know how much patriotism and real democratic grit there was stored away in Mr.Sickle's breast; he had no iden on't; and that was the rock he split on .-You'll hardly believe me, Gineral, when I suy it, but it's a fact. Mr. Penladaz had Ros Supersus state as beld in Orient, former glishmen there to help ent that dinner! It's were very carful not to hold it in France nor half a table full of camibles we could all a muss with the Governments before it was stood it and fit our way through; but Mr. lune. But Napoleon has been foolish enough Sickles could'nt stand Englishmen. He had to put his foot in it, and now we've all agreed too much Democratic blood in him for that. that he has got to knock under and back out, To mix up Democrats and Englishmen at the or smell thunder. same table is awful. But that was'nt the worst of it. When Mr. Sickles got there he could'nt hardly believe his own eyes; for there was a portraite of the Queen hung right up in the same toom with Gineral Washington! Was'nt that a stumper? No wonder Mr. Sickle's Democratic blood biled over .-But that was 'at the worst of it. When they come to give the toasts they toasted the Queen. The rest of the folks stood up to drink the toast, but Mr. Sickles sot down as hard as a brick; and he felt so disgusted that he could'nt eat another mouthful. And when the music, to increase the insult, struck up "God save the Queen," Mr. Sickles took up his hat and marched out. There is spunk that young America ought to be proud of. That Mr. Buchanan did'at take his hat and march out on, shows that he is an old fogy,

We've held our Congress and got things in middling good train; though as I said before, we hain't brought matters to a head yet: We manage better than your Congress does. We'did'nt stop to make so many long-winded speeches, but talked right to the pint and got through in a few days. The members chose me President of the Congress the first thing ; for they said that I was nearest kin to Gineral Jackson, of any of 'em and the honor belonged to me; no I had to take the cheer,-I returned thanks for the honor, of course, and their proceeded to business. I began by calling for the reports of the committees that had the business in hands before we met.

Lealled for the report on England first, out of respect to her being our venerable old mother. Mr. Sickles who was the head of that commince, reported that John Bull was an obstinate old fogy, and had found it very hard to make any impression upon him. The people all seemed to be tied to the Queen's apron stringer and did nt appear to care no more about Democracy than a horse does about its grandfuther. Still he had faith to believe that they could be made to take it: and when the time comes he was ready to off cont and roll up his sleeves and pitch into `em::// [Cheers.] ∴oa`i : .ee ::

Upon the question of accepting Mr. Sickles's report. Mr. Buchenin rose and enid he oblected to the term old fogy, he never did like the sterm, and the throught rite would ido: moter hair than good in the report; had he moved that it be struck out is a pail-750 as a

Mr. Sanders enid no tithat was the cream of the report, and he cobjected to his being struckiout. All water hen put ito wore, and Mr. Bochinan and Mr. Mason voted to strike it out, and the rest voted to keep it in; so old fogy stands in the (report by a large and robustness, maint it in to shoustness a abit Within called for the reportion France s

MerSunders made a long report sibut the ubmance was that the Dimocracid scent in Prance wasn'i duile ripe enough to harvest It is the custom in Denmark to keep the Napoleom had filled the people's head so fall to get a sound to the same of the Santon war and glory, that they had been being asked how much couldn't think soft nothing else the Being asked how much couldn't think soft nothing else the Being asked how much couldn't think soft nothing else the Being asked how much couldn't think soft nothing else the Being asked how much couldn't think soft nothing else the Being asked how much couldn't think soft nothing else the Being asked how much couldn't think soft nothing else the being asked how much couldn't the WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR | boys; wait a little longer." [Cheers]

I here and doin't he best we can; though we ted that if there was any sichuling target. I here and doin't he best we can; though we ted that if there was any sichuling target. I have midden to teich matters in a head yet sting sunbeams out of se concumber he could but I gaess we are in a protify fair, way for it doors; and he had come; perkyapear kindlin'. Our team's got grit being hit by jingo the clame of Democracy from one and of they'll had the country the had churred the cream thing got by way. Mr. Buchanan' and Sprinten Democracy; churred it well; and the Mid had hit and the land had a protify endough; they are futter began to come and swim on the top of thing had a basish fore tashion and had been been to come and swim on the top of thing had a basish fore tashion and had blive to the hutermille and he thought for skilled the little on the old logy fashion, and not always the buttermilk, and he thought for a while the ready to come up to the scratch, but with business was done; but when he looked into Mr. Sickles spurith up on one side, and Mr. the churn again, to his amazement the witch-Sanders spurrin on tother side, and Mr. Soule ciast of despotism had got the upper hand, driven up behind, we make out to git a good and the butter was all meltin hack into the pull out of them sometimes. We have got buttermilk." But, says he, as true as Inckson fall these things so far whead here that Mr. flogged the British at New Orleans, I'll have Sickles and Mr. Sanders thinks that I had a red hot hotse shoe to put in that churn, and

here. We can't do much just yet, but yuo I'll tell you what 'tis, Gineral, (when I may depend on it there is great times ahead. call you Gineral I sometimes enamost feel as You and Mr. Marcy and the rest must hold directions about, you and the cabinet must Spain between his thumb and fore finger, and try to get along with and manage accordin' which her about jest as he's a mind to, Queen to your best discretion. But, you better be and all; Mr. Sanders lave down the Demofor we may call for 'em, at, any moment.-You bester enlist the old Downingville company, and get cousin Sargeont Joel to take command of it. Get Mr. Marcy to plan out the uniform, and get my friend Cushing to address 'em and fill 'em fall of grit and ginger, so they can't be held back, but will be ready at a moment's warning to "march" and carry democracy all over Europe and Asia and America.

is begun, and warmay have to send over by the next steamer for Surgeant Joel and his company to come on. The French Emperor has got fritened or mad about matters, I don't know which, and has snubbed. Mr. Souley and forbid his settin a foot on his land. fle turned him right out of the doors of France and told him to go about his briness somewhere. This was when Mr. Souley was on his way home to Spain from our a melancholy fact, but it's true. If he had Spain, nor England, so as not to stir up a

Old Deacon Safford,

Old Deacon Safford-or, as he was famile inrly called Deacon Jo-was a rigid disciplinarian, and being the senior church dencon, looked after the delinquents with a share evo. Deacon Jo was in the habit of parcelling out the sermon," giving to each one of the congregation their portion, according as comes. I spect Mrs. Smith kept the old fel-

One warm Sabbath afternoon, the pastor: thinking that those who had no interest in the subject of religion would most likely full asleep, prepared himself to preach directly to the church. The deacon was on hand, to parcel out" the sermon, as fast as it came from the lips of the minister. The pastor commenced with his close fisted, penurious brethren, plainly, but earnestly;

"That belongs to brother Grant," said the

The next remark was designed for those lo, " no mistaking that."....

The pastor continued his sermon, but the deacon, who shall worked hard during the week, fell into a dozing slumber. "Nevertheless; although the body of the deacon was sleeping; the mind was active; and whether ears performed their function or not, each portion was as faithfully "parcelled out," as though the deacon had been wide awake.

"Finally, my brethren," concluded, the parson, there is a class of persons who listen attentively to every sermon, but who are so freehearted and benevolent that they do not retain any for themselves, but parcel it out

" That summe by thunder!" said Deacon Jo. he sound of his voice wanking him seand I desarve it!"

ofer parcelling pull that sermon afterwards, we are unable to eng., but we presume if he dide that he kept assmall portion for himself. Sick yes, bas a wonderful influence on the heart. If we ever feel the doing a gens erous action it is while recovering from a long course of lever and confinement a Health has its uses, but improving our writing and goodness is not one of them. ... All our crimes nce committed by men overflowing with blood

Rom Judge McLenti, in a Interjudgment n a maritime case, said : Rum bas sunk more seamen than all the lampeats that ever received a few relative of Blacis poems, each wald

The following extract of a letter from a Yankee correspondent of the Gulveston News Well; I put up with a first rate, good ha-

fured fellow, that I met at a billard table. I lin het lace was so full of fun. Alier a while after we'd talked about my girl, and about the garden and about the weather in come three or four children, laffin', and skippin as merry as orickets. There was no candle lit, but I could see they were fine lookin fellows, and I started for my saddlebags, in which I had put a lot of sugar for the children as I went along. "Come bere," said I, "you little rogue, and tell me what your name is."

better write a message to you and the cabinet then butter must come. [Cheers] home, and give some instructions how to So you see, Gineral, how things are over

Postscript.-I don't know but the muse

In haste and some agitation I remain your old friend and Minister General at large, MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

they needed.

dencon.

vho went about doing good, but made so much noise and parade about it as to destroy great part of the good they intended to do. "That is sister Grimpkins,", said deacon

among their:brothrem and sisters."

Whether the deacon continued the practice

the mother immediately, and complained of A Kentuckian being asked bow much coen the profunity of her child. After telling her, ndrover, what the had said, and land hindly informed him that third dam brook. The sittle by which the stream was called, to " About ten barrels of whisky, besides what to waste for bread,"

distinguish it foom ! big days brook " situated detengines, it seems to get an appear superior in the statement of the statement of the seatment of the seatme

syouth savisting and an entire of the not youngster, as he held sloft a propeling feeg that he had speated with his mother a slother stick. "There's a big dam brook and a liule dam brook, and we would have had a little dam on this brook only I spect kiese mallitarnitanorsh a damii sa isa isa isa

Fashienable Piety.

Many a printer has appreced fame for worse pictures than the following from the Plaindealer ;

Scene-Fashionable street. Plenty of jured fellow, that I met at a billard table. I four story blocks, big plate windows, with well in and was introduced to his wife, a fine Ophirs of goods behind. Time Winter Moman looked as though she lived on late morning. Shaver and Pinchem discovered walking together towards their places of business.

S. (log.) How's your new church? P. Flourishing finely. The steeple, when finished will be two hundred feer high. Think of that i How's your new church? S; All right. You beat us on steeples; ours is already built, and measures only a hundred and ninety. We give that up. But we shall knock you on organs. Ours cost

P. You do floor us on organs, that's a fact. But per contra, we shall throw your chandsliers into the shade. Ours is ordered from the best firm in Paris, with a carte blancke as to cost. I may mention incidentally, that paid a hundred dollars towards it.

S. Well as to chandeliers. I vield the palm. but our pulpit and fixings will leave you no-where. The pulpit is to be mahogany and so are the solas and chairs. The bible alone comes to two hundred dollars. The covers of the sacred volume are edged and clapsed with gold; actual weight nine ounces. I may add, that I donated all but fifty dollars of it. (Aside-beat him that time.A

P. You have us there again. Such generous rivalry in the great cause of religion is cheering. Though we may differ on some small points, [they belong to different denominations,] we yet work together for the coming triumph of true christianity.
S. Beautiful! My sentiments exactly.

(A child with a skeleton face, and her little leg, with cold, solicits charity. S. and P. by common impulse look very hard into va-concy ahead. The child importunes. At last S. almost stumbles over her, and is forced to notice the tiny wretch.)

S. (Majestically,) Can't help you. Never give a cent to beggars. Invariable rule. P. (Putting on an extra touch of frigidity,) Just my principles. Thank you for expressing them so well. If folks will be lazy, let 'em starve.

"I sin't jokin' at all," says I; " they are (S. and P. move at a faster gait, while the morsel of a mendicant sits down on a chilly stone, sticks her dirty knuckles into her eyes, and has a good cry.)

P. Here's my place. Good morning.

Assac-Shrewth humbing P., but I'll get the start of him yet. start of him yet. 🚟 P. Good morning. Aside-Sharp fellow,

but I'll knock him on the next trade. (S. writes a notice to a family of poor ten-

found out how things stood. If I hadn't kiss. ants, while P. goes down to the store and ed the nasty things, I could a got over it; but bullies the clerks.) Curtain falls.

Popping The Question.

Jededigh Hodge was dead in love with the beauteous Sally Hammond, but owing to an unconquerable feeling of diffidence, he had never been able to screw up his courage to the sticking point requisite to enable him to inform her of his predilection. Three several times he had dressed up in his " Sundaygo-to-meeting-fixin's," and made his way to her father's house, determined this time to "do or die." But, unluckily, his courage oozed away, and became small by degrees, and beautifully less, (as the politicians say,) till, when he was fairly in her presence, he was barely able to remark that it was a warm evening, Sally, at length, got tired of this off-reiterated observation, and resolved to help him out of his predicament, for, like a true woman, she had not failed to perceive what Jedediah was trying to come at, but couldn't; For the fourth time, Jedediah came, but did not succeed any better. Sally commenced her attack by informing him that Mary Somiers, and intimate friend, was going to be mar-

"You don't say so," said Jedediah, that be, ing the only idea that occured to him, except one, and that he didn't dare give utterance

"" Yes," said Sally, " she's going to he married next week. It seems rather queet that she should be married before me, conside ering she's a year younger."

There was a pause.
"Jededich," resumed Sally, after a little hesitation, "I'll tell you I something, If you'll promise, certain, true, that you won't never ell anybody." "No, I won'l," said Jedediah, stoutly proud

of the confidence reposed in him. "It is nt much after all," said Sally, care ting down her eyes, "only a dream, and I don't know whether I ought to tell you after all, though to be sure there was something

about you in it."

"Do tell mo," pleaded Jedediah, his curiosity overcoming his bashfulness in a do-

"But I'm afraid you'll tell after all." No. Won't certain true. I hope I may be horsewhipped if I do. "Then—don't look at me, Jededinh, or I can't lell it if dreamed that—that will and I-I never shall be able to rell you that you and I were going to be married the day before Mary Somers. ledediah started, as if struck by a galean.

ic battery, and should snihusiastically
So us will, gostful you'll only say the
word.
Of course Sall was anomabed at this sudden application of her dream, and could not

believe he was in enthes. At length she wielded her consent, and her dream was verticed at the altar, in less than a week.

Ladies that have bashfullovers take need

Be just and lear not.