#### For the Agitator. Twilleht Musings.

My father ! 'tis of thee I think. In this thrice palm and holy hoer, And all thy well meant counsellings O'er me have magic power. And, enter dear, you too will fill . A place in memory's um; And brighter far than other love, That purer flame will burn.

And she to whom we daily went With all our baby grief, (Whose, but a pure, true mother's love So quick could give relief?") Was called from us too soon away To dwell with angels bright; And up in Heaven she pleads for us And strives to guide us right.

But severed is our household band. Perhaps we're ne'er to meet; No more to feel the light caress Nor the kiss of welcome sweet. But ever from this heart of mine, Ascending to the skies, For all the dear one's that I love, Will fervent prayer arise.

## DOMESTIC STORY From the Star Spangled Banner.

HARD TIMES:

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

BP OLIVER OFFIC. CHAPTER 1.

"What makes you look so doll this morn-Ing. Ellen?" inquired Mr. Chester, a young merchant in a small way, of his wife.

They had been married about a year, and thus far not an ill-natured word had been spoken by them. At his marriage, Chester had taken a small, but neat and convenient house in the upper part of the city. He had been able to furnish it only in a very plain manner: but since his marriage his business had added many articles of luxury to his establishment.

The times had begun to tighten up, however, and business was dull. The notes were due, and he had to bestir himself to make his payments. Fortunately for him, however, as the stringency in the mony market begun to weigh the most heavily, his father's administrator placed him in possession of two thousand dollars, which had been reserved to await the contigencies of a lawsuit, and shop. which had now been satisfactorily adjust-

With this sum he had been able to pay off his more pressing demands, and to lay by a surplus of five hundred dollars to meet a note to inform his wife that Uncle Luke would which would fall due some two months dine with them. hence.

The receipt of this sum had also induced him to increase the luxuries of his house.-The parlor had been newly furnished, and the old parlor furniture placed in the room. welcomed the honest old man to the hospital-They had everything that was necessary for ities of her board. comfort, and for a creditable appearance in the world.

"You look very dull," continued the husband, as he rose from the breakfast table. Ellen looked up at him with a languid amile, but made no reply.

"What ails you?" "I was thinking how lonesome I should be

here alone all day," replied she.
"Lonesome! Why dont you go out, then, and take the air? Walk down Washington street, round the Common-it will revive

"How absurd you talk! Walk round the Common in the month of December! Why

I should freeze to death!" husband, chucking his wife under the chin. that." "Go to the Athenæum, then, and see the

pictures." "I couldn't do that every day, and you dont know how lonesome I am."

'Cant you read?"

"I dont want to read all the time."

Read part of the time, then " "But, Fred, I have been thinking of something," and a smile played upon the pretty of all. lips of the young wife.

"I miss something in our house." "Do you?"

"What, Ellen?"

"O, wery much, indeed." "Well, Ellen, what is it ?"

"A piano. It would be so nice to practise these long dreary days. I should be as happy as a princess if I only had a piano."

Mrs. Chester's father was in affluent circumstances, and before her marriage she had been accustomed to many luxuries, which her husband's limited means would not permit him to provide.

"But, Ellen, I cannot afford a piano. The times have not been so hard before for ten years." "You have five hundred dollars in the

bank." "But I have reserved that to pay all

notes." "Dont you expect to make enough to pay

it ?"

"Reis very doubtful; my business hardly of him," said she. pays expenses."

"You will be able to pay that, I know." continued the eloquent petitioner. "Well, well, my dear, you shall have the

piano." "You are a dear husband! You will get me one of Chickering's ?"

"Any kind you please, my dear." And before dinner time the instrument came home, and Mrs. Chester was as happy felt kindly towards them, as he always had, as a piano could possibly make her, albeit and though his words were harsh and cold, he she had little idea of the significance of "three per cent, a month," and protested notes.

# CHAPTER IL

Men said the times would be better, but the failed. Business was duller than it had been os." before for twenty years. Poor men lounged at the corners of the streets, vainly waiting for a job while their wives and children shivcred with the cold, and hungered for even a crust of bread. Ruin and disease were the order of the day, and men wondered where the eye of the youg merchant. would be the end of it all.

Fred Chester's business, did not pay his

his turn to look sad.

# 

### Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Apread of Bealthy Reform.

COBB. STURROCK & CO.,

VOL. 1.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM,"

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1855.

NO. 38.

month, without "collateral," would not procure it. Something must be done. Some friend must get him out of the scrape, or he must certaily fail. His wife's father was wealthy, but he had married his daughter against his wishes, and there was no hope in that quarter. But Ellen's uncle, a blunt,

honest master mason, had always looked kindly upon him, and perhaps he would open his purse strings. The note was due on the following day, and he decided to make the application to Uncle Luke, as he was familiarly called. In the

course of the forenoon, however, he happened to call at the store, and Fred stated his pos-"Ah?" said the blunt old mechanic. "I

thought things were going on swimmingly with you." "So they were, but the times are so deucedly hard, that I cannot make enough to pay

expenses," replied Fred, with a dolorous expression of countenance. "Where's the two thousand dollars you re-

eived from your father's estate?" "I paid my debts with it." "But did'nt you tell me you did'nt owe above

three thousand dollars?"

'I paid off fifteen hundred." "And the rest."

"Well that went in various ways." "And your stock is mortgaged?" "Yes for one thousand."

"You have done a good business." "Yes."

"Well, well, I am in a hurry just now, but will go up and dine with you, and we will talk it all over; and Uncle Luke left the

Fred did not half like his uncle's inquisitiveness, but he had a strong hope that he would get him out of his presant scrape.-Writing a hasty note, he despatched his boy

CHAPTER III. Dinner time came, and so did Uncle Luke. Ellen had a nice dinner ready, and her pretty face was covered with smiles when she

Uncle Luke seated himself at the table .-His accustomed smile had disappeared, and he looked rather stein.

"Fred," said be suddenly, as the young merchant inserted his fork in the breast of the nicely browned roast turkey, "you haven't found the philosopher's stone yet." Fred suspended the operation of carving

the turkey, and gazed with a look of astonishment into the face of the speaker. "What do you mean, Uncle Luke?" asked

"You dont know what the philosopher's

stone is, do you?" "No."

"I found it when I was quite a young man, "Not so bad as that," replied the young and what prosperity has crowned me, I owe to

"Pray explain, Uncle Luke." "After, dinner, I will."

"Somehow in spite of the extraordinary preparations Ellen had made for the reception of her uncle, the dinner did not pass off very pleasantly. There was a reserve on the party, which threw cold water on the whole affair. But it was finished at last to the relief

"Now, uncle, come into the parlor and Ellen shall play you a tune on her piano," said Fred, leading the way.
"On her what!" exclaimed the old man

with a start of surprise.

"On the piano, of course."

"Then you keep a piano?" "Certainly; we could not possibly get along

without a piano, could we Ellen.' "I am sure we couldn't," replied the young wife. "O. it is such a comfort!"

"Such a luxury, you mean," answered Uncle Luke, with a cold sneer, "What did

you give for it?"

"Five hundred."

"Is it paid for !" "Certainly it is."

"And your note due to-morrow which you cannot meet."

Fred glanced at Ellen, who looked as woebegone, as though she had lost every friend she had in the world.

"It was not his fault, uncle; I teazed it out

"Then he is a bigger fool than I took him to be," replied Uncle Luke, contemptuously. "And when he was not doing business enough to pay expenses, you dine on roast turkey, and all manner of fancy stuff."

Uncle Luke, though conscious that he was meddling with what did not concern him. could not control his indignation at the wanton extravagance of the young people. He intended to do them a kindness.

"Yes, and Ellen you wear a silk gown for every day, and to crown all, you have got a piano. Do you expect to pay your notes in this manner, Fred ?" continued he; "here is prophecy was vain. Merchants failed, bro- the secret of hard times-extravagance-silk kers failed, banks and insurance companies dresses, roust turkeys, ice creams, and pian-

"Things were going very well with me when I bought the piano," suggested Fred.

"No matter; you are a fool. Now I will tell you what the philosopher's stone is." Uncle Luke paused and looked coldly into

"Well, uncle, what, is it?" "Live within your means. If you do not shop expenses, to say nothing of his house hold, and when that dreadful note fell due, cents," and Uncle Luke put on his great coat he had not a dollar towards redeeming it .- and edged towards the door, without ever al-Ruin stared him in the face, and it was now luding to the important topic in which Frde

felt so much interest. Five hundred dollars was a small sum, yet But, Uncle Luke, can you lend me the Dovil.

he could not raise it. Even three per cent, a money I want?" asked Fred, dismayed at the thought of failure.

"No, I cannot."

"Then I must fail." "You ought to have thought of that when you bought the piano," replied Uncle Luke, sternly. "Do you know Waters?"

"The carpenter !? "Yes."

"I do," "Apply to him; he will lend you the mon-

"But he is almost a stranger to me." "No matter; go to him," and uncle Luke

left the house. "Oh! Fred, this is all my fault," said Ellen, bursting into tears. "No matter, my dear, it will all come round

Fred did apply to Waters. "What security can you give?" asked the carpenter.

"I dont know," replied Fred, doubtingly. "My stock is mortgaged." "Household furniture?"

"No."

right,"

"What have you got?"

"A piano and "That will do; give me a bill of sale of that. If not paid within thirty days the piand is mine."

Fred assented and received the money .-The papers were executed, and Fred got out of the acrape.

During the succeeding thirty days he tried hard to raise the money to redeem the piano, without success. Waters took it at the appointed time, and seemed perfectly satisfied with his bargain.

A few days after, the young couple were surprised to receive an invitation to dine with Uncle Luke, and, to their astonisment, when they arrived, they found their piano in his

snug litte parlor. "Did you buy this?" asked Fred.

But Uncle Luke would answer no questions, yet he promised to make him a present of it as soon as he had paid all his debts. The dinner consisted of corned-beef and haked notatoes, with an apple pie for desert. Uncle Luke was in unusually good spirits, and never once appologized for the singular fare

he had set before his guests. But they understood the meaning of it. It was intended as a lesson for them, and they profited by it. They brought home the philosopher's stone and began to live by a much humbler system. The hired girl was discharged, and Elled had so much to do in attending to her household duties that she had no time to be lonesome. They were much happier than when she moped all day in the parlor, and better than this, the times began o mend, and Fred's business prospered again. He paid off his mortgage, and the piano was duly returned to them, because they could afford to support such a luxury.

# No Sabbath.

In a "Prize Essay on the Sabbath," written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, there

occurs the following passage: "Yoke fellow! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with which we are identified, Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and continuous and eternal cycle-limbs forever on the rack; the fingers forever playing, the eye-balls forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulder for-

ever drooping, the loins forever aching, Think of the beauty it would effeae: aspirations it would crush; of the sickness it would breed; of the projects it would wreck; of the grouns it would extort; of the lives it would immolate; and of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig ! See them, toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and howing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, razing and storing striving and struggling-in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea on the shore, and on the earth, in days of brightness and of gloom.-What a sad picture would the world present persons who, knowing antidotes for this poisif we had no Sabbath!"

TETUMPH OF LEARNING. - Mind constinow flowing through the land, like another on its bosom, our virtues, our vices, our glotransmit as an heritance. It then in a great measure depends upon the present, whether the moth of immorality or ignorance and luxury shall prove the overthrow of the republic; or knowledge and virtue, like pillars, shall support her against the whirlwind of war, ambition, corruption, and the remorseless tooth of time. Give your children for--porhaps to ruin. Give them education, be a fortuge to themselves and to their counfriend-in death a consolation.

THE PRINTER, the Master of all Trades. He beats the farmer with his fast Hoe, the carpenter with his rules, and the mason in setting up tall columns, he surpasses the Lawyer and Doctor in attending to his case, and

#### Adventure with Rattlesnakes.

I noticed a sketch in the Courier a few days since, entitled "Taugkannuc Mountain," that recalled to my mind an incident that occured to me on those mountains, some twenty-five or thirty years ago. I was at that time a resident of Shoffield. At the time to which I refer, I formed one of a party of young men who made an excursion to the summit of these mountains, to hunt partridges, &c. There are, or were at that time, places there so infested with rattlesnakes that it was dangerous to approach them. To avoid these abodes, we relied on the acquaintance of one of our party with their locality. After chasing over the hills for six or eight hours, we were tired enough to think of returning to our homes. We were proceeding along in an "Indian file," through a defile some four rods wide, one side of which was a mountain; the other some forty feet high, composed of loose tedges that were overgrown with ivys, when a sharp rattle was heard that sent a chill to our hearts. The foremost of our line saw the reptile just ahead of him, and without thought raised his gun and fired! As the report of the gun echoed along the crags a most hideous rat-

tling and hissing arose on all sides. We were in the midst of the "den." Each rock and bush seemed populous with rattlesnakes, and we could see them descending from the higher crags. We stood atill, not knowing what to do. To go back would be as dangerous as to advance; and to remain where we were, as perilous as either, for several were moving in the bushes near us. The slightest touch of a fang was certain death, as we were too far from any habitation to enable us to reach it before the deadly virus would have taken effect. We feared to stir, lest we should attract their attention sooner than if we remained quiet What passed in the minds of my companions I know not, but I remember that my own thoughts were of no very agreeable na-

ture. At this juncture, one of us perceived a large flat rock, some three rods from us, and proposed in a whisper that we should make for it. Having ascertained that none of our assailants were between us and it, we made a rush for it, and gained it unscathed. Our last movements notified our creeping foes of our whereabouts, as well as to irritate them more, and they made for our position.

Our weapons of defence were four guns. two pistols and an axe. We were then so situated as to be able to defend ourselves, in some measure. We cut a comple of very slender sprouts that grew close by the rock stationed ourselves in the center, and as the snakes came on the edge of our citadel we killed them. Only five or six made the attempt, and we pitched their mangled carcasses back to their comrads. It was evident that so long as we remained on the rock we but how to escape was more the we could predict. If we could have killed all of the reptiles on one side, with our guns and cudgels, we should have encountered

more in scaling the ledge. We remained quiet on the rock, and, in a short time the rattlesnakes ceased their attacks, but on our making any movement, they commenced hissing again. These snakes emit a disagreeable order when disturbed, and the air was filled with it. We had noticed a tall tree growing close by us, and one of our party proposed to cut it, so as to cause it to fall against the top of the ledge, and thereby form, if it did not break, a way by the merry heartedness it would extingush; of which we might extricate ourselves. We inthe giant strength it would exhaust; of the stantly commenced cutting it, keeping a sharp look out for the spotted rancals, who were now doubly enraged by the resounding

blows, The tree fell with its top against the summit of the ledge, and we ascended its trunk and escaped. Before we left we just took a farewell glance at our baffled belligerents, who had then taken possession of our rock, and building, digging and planting, unloading and were engaged in snapping a handkerchief dropped by one of us. We formed a line.

and shot at them, and then left. Fatal as is the bite of a rattlesnake, yet there is a weed growing in our meadows, which being properly applied, renders it harmless. Many persons are not acquainted with it, indeed very few are. I have known

on, refuse to disclose them. The weed to which I refer grows from TETUMPH OF LEARNING.—Mind consti-tutes the majesty of man—virtue his true leaves narrow, and grow singly from the nobility. The tide of improvement which is stem from one to two inches apart. This weed is surrounded with small bluish Niagara, is destied to roll on downward to blossoms that have five leaves; three on the latest posterity; and it will bear, then, the lower portion and two above. I see one growing a short distance from me, which ry or our shame or whatever else we may I enclose. If this weed be bruised in cold water and applied, the bite is harmless .-Were I a botanist I might give a better description of it. - Boston Courier.

THE following little incident was related to

us by a friend who vouches for its truthful-A teacher in a neighboring Sunday School tune without education, and at least half the was examining a class of little boys from a number will go down to the tomb of oblivion scripture Catechism. The first question was. "who stoned Stephen?" Ans. "The Jews." and they will accumulate fortunes; they will Second question "where did they stone him?" Ans, "Beyond the limits of the city," The try. It is an inheritance worth more than third question. "Why did they take him begold-for it buys true honor-they can never youd the limits of the city?" was not in the spend or lose it, and through life it proves a book and proved a poser to the whole class. It passed from head to foot without an answer being attempted. At length a little fellow, who had been acratching his head all the time, looked up and said a "Well I dont know unless it was to get a fair fling at him.

The traveling artist who went around the bents the Parson in his management of the country taking likenesses, has been arrested for taking some that didn't belong to him.

# AMUSING SKETCHES.

Anecdote of General Taylor.

If there was one thing that the late President valued less than any other, it was dress. This indifference to the fine arts, of the tailor, as might have been expected, led to a great many amusing blunders on the part of his subordinates. On the day after the battle of Monterey, the General was in company with two other officers, in undress, "talking over matters" in the dining room of a cale. The General was dressed in a white jacket, straw hat and nankeen continuations. The party had been in close conversation but a few minutes, when a young Lieutenant, fresh from Iowa, made his appearance. It was his first day in camp, having arrived that morning by the way of an up train from the Rio Grande. He was, of course, unacquainted with anybody. After looking about him for a few minutes, he took his seat at a marble topped table, and commenced "order-

ing up." "I say, shorty, pass the bill of fare."

This was addressed to the General. "Humor the joke, General," whispered one of the officers, "he evidently takes you for the waiter,"

"We'll see !" said the General. "What do you want?" he inquired.

"A mutton chop and cup of coffee, and suddenly too," responded the lown officer. "James, get the gentleman what he desires," said the General to one of the real

waiters. "No, sir!" energetically and quite indignanily responded the subaltern, "that won't do. If I wanted James to get my dinner, I would have given my orders to James. I want you, old fellow," he continued, rather facetiously, "to attend to the matter. It would do me good to see a man of your build fly around. Hal Hal'

"But I am engaged, sir, and cannot possattend to you. James must wait upon you, or you must wait upon yourself," replied the General. "Well, let James go," the subaltern re-

plied. "Queer people, these," he muttered half audibly, "two big lubbers to get one mutton chop! No wonder they cannot resist James attended to the order. The Lieu-

tenant partook of his mutton chop, and coffee, paid his bill, picked his teeth, adjusted his cap, and sauntered foth to take a look at things. The first person he met on the Piazza, was "shorty," the waiter, arm-in-arm with Gen. Quitman and Col. Duncan. "Well, if this ain't rushing things, you may shoot me!" exclaimed the surprised subaltern. "A getter up of fried potatoes sup-

ported by a live General and a Colonel of Artillery. I wonder who the devil he is, and where he got his impudence. My friend," he continued, accosting another officer, "can you tell me who that little old fellow with a white jacket is, and what he does for a liv-

"What! the one supported by Gen. Quit-

"Yes," "Why that's old Zachariah, and he makes his living by walloping folks," answered the interrogated.

"What Zachariah do you mean?" asked the lowa subaltern. "Why, old Zachariah Taylor, the commander of the Rio Grande army."

"You don't say so! Not General Taylor? Je-ru-sa lem!" exclaimed the dumb-founded subaltern, and left.

# Evading the Law.

Two worthies had occasion a few days since to journey a short distance in the State of Vermont, on business. The weather being some what chilly, the friends concluded to stop at a tavern on their way and warm up. Acting according to their resolutions, the friends walked up to the bar of a public house, and said they "would take a little brandy."

"We do not keep the article," said the man in attendance."

Well, we will take some gin, then, said one of the applicants. 'Havn't got it,' said boniface.

One of the thirsty applicants beginning to get a little impatient asked :
"Do you keep whiskey?"

"No," was the reply. "If you havn't got whiskey, what do you

keep-beer !"

"No eir not a drop?" After muttering some thing about Yankee fanatics and the confounded Maine Law, the friends took a seat by the stove. Presently a trio came in, went up to the bar and after a short consulation, in which the landlord who was heard to say 'they are all right,' one of the party called for a bundle of straw .-The straw was promptly handed over and the man went out. The other two followed his example, and each left with a similar bundle. Our heroes, by this time began to smell the rat,' and one of them stepped up, eaying; that he guessed he would feed, and accordingly purchased three bundles, upon opening which the anxiously sought, 'red eye' made its appearance, enclosed in small black bottles, much to the satisfaction of the friends who after 'warming' departed with the impression that the Maine Law was not a bad

institution after all. "John, how does the thermometer stand?"

"Against the wall, dad." / "I mean how is the mercury !"

"I guess it's pretty well, dad; it hasn't complained lately."

"You little rascal, is it colder than yester, day !" I don't know, dad, I'll go ant and feel."

#### .Theodore Parker.

Somebody in the Boston Transcript, write ting from Jerusalem, in Virginia, tells the following good story, illustrating at once the importance of the letter "D," and the bad odor of Abolitionism in the old Domittion :

Theodore D. Parker, Esq., a merchant in Boston, happened a few weeks since to be a guest for one night at Knapp's hotel in this place. After tea, as he was enjoying the coolness of the evening on the plazze, he no. ticed a gentleman in the office who was examining the books of arrivals, and who after. wards walked up and down the playsa, scapning him (Mr. P,) very closely. Some ten or fifteen minutes passed in this way, when the stranger broke the silence by addressing him :

"Is your name Parker, sir ?" "Yes, sir,"

"Theodore Parker ?"

"Yes sir." "Do you come from Boston, sir ?"

"Yes sir." "Then sir," (with the look as if the identily of the individual were fairly established,) I suppose that you are the man that goes about in New England vilifying the institu-

"Oh, no, no l" answered the astopished Mr. Parker, before whose eyes a bag of feathers and a kettle of tar danced a momentary pas de deux, "I am Theodore D. Parker-I am a merchant of Boston-I am not the Minister of whom you speak. "Ah, that alters the case," responded the

allow me to give you one piece of advice: and that is this, if you are going to travel around these diggins, you had better in future, when you sign your name, be particular, and put that "D." d-n plain." "Will you keep your eye on my horse, my

chivalric Virginian in a milder tone. "But

son, while I step in and get a drink ?" "Yes sir."

[Stranger gets his drink and comes out.] "Where's my horse, boy?" "He's runn'd away, sir."

"Did'nt I tell you to keep your eye on him, you scamp?" "Yes, sir; and I did keep it on him till he

got clean out of sight." A Very Nice Lady.

When the town of Woodstock, Conn., first began to be settled, there was a time when the few and scattered families were filled with the dreadful apprehension of being taken and perhaps killed or carried off by the Indians, No man retired at night without at first have ing his gun well loaded, and placed over his head where he could seize it instantly.

With these and other precautions, one of these brave men, and his no less courageous companion, on a certain night relired to bed. In the dead of night they were awakened by an unusual noise around the house. They listened-presently they heard it again; it sounded like a slight knocking against the window shutter at the opposite end of the house. The man seized his gun, and boldly entered the apartment whence the noise proceeded, and in thunder tones demanded-

"Who's there?" A gentle voice, which he well knew, re-

plied---"I am your neighbor, and have come to get some medicine for one of my children

hat is sick," He lowered his gun, and turned to go and: replace it over his bed, almost in vain strug. gling as he went to let his courage down, and to calm his perturbed feelings; as he entered his bedroom he discovered his wife deliberately changing her inner garment.

"Pray, what, are you about?" h

ed, "at such a time as this?" "Why," she replied, "you see what I am about, don't you? I wasn't going off among the Indians without clean clothes on, I would

#### have you to know." Dobbs in the Legislature.

Owing to a new phase in politics, Dobba was elected to the Legislature. Though gratified, he was also a little intimidated by the honor, and but for the thought that he was not necessarily obliged to speak, would have

declined serving. As it was, he accepted. All things went on smrothly for a time. Mr. Dobbs could vote on other people's motion, though he couldn't make any himself. One unlucky day, however, the proceedings being rather dull, and Mr. Dobbs rather thiraty he concluded to go over to Congress hall, and get a glass of lemonade. As he rose to leave the hall, he caught the speaker's eve. The speaker supposed he intended to address the House, and accordingly announced in a loud

voice r "Mr. Dobbs."

"[—]."

Dobbs started as if he had been shot .---The assembled wisdom of the State had their eyes fixed upon him. He pulled out his pocket-handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration, and feeling it necessary to say something,

blubbered out-"Second the motion." . "There is no motion before the House," said the Speaker,

"Then I--I." The silence was breathless.

Dobbs couldn't think of anything to say, But a bright idea came to him, and he finish. ed the sentence-"I move we adjourn"

The motion didn't go, but Dobbe did, and nothing more was seen of him that day, An Explanation .- In addressing a jury upon one occasion, the celebrated Mr. Jeffrey found it necessary to make very free with the character of a military officer, who was present during the whole harrangue. Upon hearing himself several times spoken of as "the soldier," the son of Mars, boiling with indignation, interrupted the pleader-"Don't call me, soldier, sir, I am an officer." Mr. Jeff. rey immediately went on —"Well, gentlemen, this officer who is no soldier," was the sole

cause of all the mischief that has occurred." A drunken lawyer on going into church, was observed by the minister, who addressed

him thus: "I shall bear witness against you at the day of judgment." The lawyer shaking his head with drunk-

en gravity replied: "I have practiced twenty five years at the har, and have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to turn State's evidence."