

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

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

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 13, 1855.

NO. 21.

For the Agitator.
A WINTER EVENING SCENE.
Come, close up the shutters and bring in the lights,
Whoo! up the sofa before the fire so bright,
For the wind in the street makes a doleful moan,
But it troubles not us in our snug little home.
Here happy we sit and chat to the rain,
As it patters its music on shutter and pane,
And the sullen roar of the storm-spirits' voice
Only bids us the more in our comfort rejoice.
No, not for the mirth found 'neath pleasure's broad dome
Would I leave the enjoyment that cluster round home,
For 'twould mean to see boots and the soles of my feet
The long winter evenings too quickly pass by.
But off as the storm its loud clarion rings,
It thoughts of the homeless and wandering brings;
Of the lonely and friendless to whose weary heart
The low light of home no fever impacts.
But the raging storm does but his commands,
He will 'temper the wind to the shorn lamb.'
And though friendless on earth heart aching and sore,
Bliss thought there's in Heaven a friend evermore.
Oh how bliss to our lot as life's pathway we roam,
If time's changes but leave us to turn to a home,
That place where love's flame ever burns pure and bright,
From whence angels are winged for the realm of light.
Northumberland, Pa. ALLEE.

A Domestic Story.

I DID NOT THINK OF THAT.

One day as Mr. Lawson, a merchant tailor, stood at his cutting board, a poorly dressed woman entered his shop, and approaching him, asked, with some embarrassment and timidity, if he had any work to give out.

"What can you do?" asked the tailor, looking coldly upon his visitor.

"I can make pantaloons and vests," answered the girl.

"Have you ever worked for a merchant tailor?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I have worked for Mr. Wright," replied the girl.

"Has he nothing for you to do?"

"No, not just now; he has regular hands who always get the preference."

"Did your work suit him?"

"He never found fault with it."

"Where do you live?"

"In Cherry street, No. —."

Mr. Lawson stood and mused for a short time.

"I have a vest here," he at length said, taking a small bundle from the shelf, "which I want by to-morrow evening at the latest.—If you think you can do it very neatly, and have it done in time you can take it."

"It shall be one in time," said the young woman, reaching out eagerly for the bundle.

"And remember, I shall expect it well made. If I like your work I will give you more."

"I will endeavor to please you," returned the young girl.

"To-morrow evening, recollect."

"Yes, sir; I will have it done."

The girl turned and went quickly away.

In a back room, in the third story of an old house in Cherry street, was the home of the poor sewing girl. As she entered, she said in a cheerful voice to her sick sister—

"Mary, I have got work; it is a vest, and I must have it done by to-morrow evening."

"Can you finish it in time?" inquired the invalid in a feeble voice.

"Oh, yes easily."

It proved to be white Marseilles. As soon as the invalid saw this, she said—

"I am afraid you will not be able to get it done in time, Ellen; you are not fast with the needle, and besides, you are very far from being well."

"Don't fear in the least, Mary; I will do all I engaged to do."

It was after dark the next night when Ellen finished the garment. She was weary and faint, having taken no food since morning. The want of everything, and particularly for herself and sister, made seventy-five cents, the sum she expected to receive for making the garment, a treasure in her imagination. She hurried off with the vest the moment it was finished, saying to her sister, "I will be back as soon as possible, and bring you some cordial and something for our supper and breakfast."

"Here it is half-past eight o'clock, and the vest is not in yet," said Mr. Lawson, in a fretful tone. "I had my doubts about the girl when I gave it to her. But she looked so poor, and seemed so earnest about the work, that I was weak enough to entrust her with the garment." At this moment Ellen came in and laid the vest on the counter, where Mr. Lawson was standing. She said nothing, neither did he. Taking the vest, he unfolded it in a manner which plainly showed him not to be in a very placid frame of mind.

"Goodness!" he ejaculated, turning over the garment, and looking at the girl. She struck back from the counter and looked frightened.

"Well, this is a pretty job for one to bring it," said the tailor in an excited tone of voice. "A pretty job indeed!" at the same time tossing the vest away from him in angry contempt, and walking off to another part of the store.

Ellen remained at the counter. At length he said to her, "You need not stand there Miss, thinking I am going to pay you for ruining a job. It is bad enough to lose my material and customer. In justice you should pay me for the vest; but there is no hope for that; so take yourself off, and never let me set eyes on you again."

Ellen made no reply; she turned round, raised her hand to her forehead, and bursting into tears, walked slowly away.

After Ellen had gone, Mr. Lawson returned to the front part of the store, and taking up the vest brought it back to where an elderly man was sitting, and holding it towards him, said, by way of apology for the part he had taken in the little scene.—"That is a beautiful article for a gentleman to wear, isn't it?" The man made no reply, and the tailor, after a pause, added, "I refused to pay her as a matter of principle. She knew she could not make the garment when she took it away. She will be more careful how she tries to impose herself upon customer tailors as a good vest maker."

"Perhaps," said the elderly gentleman in a mild way, necessity drove her to undertake a job that required greater skill than she possessed. She certainly looked very poor."

"It was because she appeared so poor and miserable that I was weak enough to place the vest in her hands," replied Mr. Lawson in a less severe tone of voice. "But it was an imposition for her to ask for work she did not know how to make."

"Mr. Lawson," said the old gentleman who was known as a pious and good man, "we should not blame with too much severity

ty the person who in extreme want, undertakes to perform a piece of work for which she lacks the skill. The fact that a young girl, like the one who was just here in willing, in her extreme poverty, to labor instead of sinking into vice and idleness, shows her to possess true virtue and integrity of character, and that we should be willing to encourage, even at some sacrifice. Work is slack now, as you are aware, and there is but little doubt that she had been to many places seeking employment before she came to you. It may be that she and others are dependent upon the receipt of the money that was expected to be paid for making the vest you hold in your hand. The expression as she turned away, her lingering steps, her drooping form, and her whole demeanor, had in them a language which told me of all this, and even more."

A charge came over the tailor's countenance. "I didn't think of that," fell in a low tone from his lips.

"I did not think you did, brother Lawson," said his monitor; "we are all more apt to think of ourselves than others. The girl promised the vest this evening; and so far as that was concerned, she performed her contract. Is the vest made very badly?"

Mr. Lawson took up the garment and examined it more closely. "Well, I can't say that it is badly done, but dreadfully soiled and rumpled; and it is not as neat a job as it should be, nor at all such as I wished it."

"All this is very annoying, of course; but still, we should be willing to make some excuse for the short-coming of others. The poor girl may have a sick mother to attend to which constantly interrupted her, and under such circumstances, you could barely wonder if the garment should come somewhat soiled from under her hands. All this may be the case; and if so, you could not find it in your heart to speak unkindly to the poor creature, much less turn her away angrily, and without the money she toiled so earnestly."

"I did not think of that," was murmured in a low, suppressed tone of voice.

Ellen on returning home, entered the room, and without uttering a word, threw herself upon the bed by the side of her sick sister and burying her face in a pillow, endeavored to smother the sobs, that came up convulsive in her bosom.

Mary asked no questions. She understood the cause of Ellen's agitation. It told her that she had been disappointed in her expectation of receiving the money for her work.

Just at that moment there was a knock at the door, but no voice bid the applicant for admission to enter. It was repeated, but it met with no response. Then the latch was lifted, the door swung open, and the tailor stepped into the room.

The sound of feet aroused the distressed sisters, and Ellen raised herself up, and looked at Mr. Lawson with a countenance suffused with tears.

"I felt that I did wrong in speaking to you in the way that I did," said Mr. Lawson, advancing toward the bed, and holding out to Ellen the money that she had earned.—"Here is the price of the vest. It was better made than I first thought it was. To-morrow I will send you more work. Try to cheer up."

"Mr. Lawson, finding that his presence was embarrassing, withdrew, leaving the two sisters so deeply affected that they could but look at him with thankfulness.

Shortly after this they received a basket, in which was a supply of nourishing food, and a sum of money to procure such articles as might be necessary for the sick sister. Though no one's name was sent with it they were not in doubt as to the individual who sent it. Mr. Lawson was not an unfeeling man, but like too many others in the world, he did not always think.

QUACK DOCTORS.—There is no disease of dreadened name for which these oracles cannot furnish a cure. Asthma and consumption are disarmed of their terrors; gout is now but an harmless bugbear; and if any suffer or die of cancer, it must be the fault of their own obstinacy or incredulity. The diseases of childhood need give little concern; they are anodynes which allay the pain of teething; there are worm lozenges which no reptile can resist; and there are washes which infallibly cure and beautify the skin. Laborious investigation of disease is unnecessary; the doctor does not need to see his patient, who has only to send a letter describing his case, with the usual fee; and the remedy will come to the remotest corner of the kingdom. Even this trouble may often be dispensed with; a patient has merely to consider whether he is bilious or nervous; whether his skin or his bowels are in the fault; whether he needs stimulants or evacuates; and pills, and cordials, and balsams of unerring efficacy, are to be found in every town, ready to his hand. Of the truth of these statements there cannot be a doubt, as numberless cures are attested by those who have tried them, and whose benevolence prompts them to publish, for the benefit of mankind; the advantage they have experienced in themselves or their families.—*Macaulay's Dictionary of Medicine.*

Let a bachelor get a scratch upon his face, and it is said he has been in an awful fight; but when a married man appears with two black eyes, a swollen face, and a severe headache, it is only said that he has fallen into a little "love spat."

A printer down South offers to sell his whole establishment for a clean shirt and a meal of victuals. He says he has lived on promises till his whiskers have stopped growing.

The Interior of an Arab House in Damascus.

Translated by the Tribune from M. Bray de Bussy.

During my travels I had often expressed to Ibrahim my earnest desire to see the interior of an Arab house, and to come to a better understanding of the peculiar customs of the domestic life of the Arabs. Ibrahim had given me encouragement of this, saying that on our return to Damascus he might perhaps find an opportunity to satisfy my curiosity. I did not forget this promise, and reminded him of it on the very day of our arrival in this city. "I will broach the matter in my own family," he answered, "and if I do not meet with too serious objections you shall dine with my brother." This pleasing prospect gave me great happiness, and I expressed to him my perfect satisfaction at the arrangement. Two days afterward he sent me word that I was expected to dinner next day by his family. I joyfully accepted the invitation, and I begged him that nothing might be changed from their usual customs and that they would receive me as if I were really one of the family. "You will see," I added, "that the least innovation will be fatal to the object which I have in view." "Rest assured," he replied, "that everything shall be according to your wishes." The appointed hour came. Ibrahim called to take me to his brother's house and introduce me to his family. Bending the head to the knee, I entered a little square room around which were seats of stone. It is in anterooms of this kind that the Mussulmans receive visits, and one seldom succeeds in penetrating into the interior of their houses. A door leads from this room into a court paved with white marble, in the center of which is an octagonal basin with a fountain; a double row of pillars with ornamental arches run around it. Before the door by which I had entered was a staircase leading to the single rooms. The room into which I was ushered was furnished in the usual Moorish style. There was a wood divan, the walls were covered to the height of six or seven feet with rhomboidal plates of delft ware, and a mat, also checked off in rhomboids, covered the floor. The aged father of Ibrahim and his brother, a youth of about eighteen, sat barefooted and cross-legged on the divan, solemnly and earnestly smoking their chibouques. At my entrance the old man gave me a friendly greeting and invited me to sit down by his side. Coffee and a chibouque were ordered forthwith. A table about a foot high stood in the middle of the room; carpets and pillows supplied the place of chairs. In a few minutes Ibrahim reappeared with three young women dressed ornamentally and picturesquely; they approached me, took my hands and pressed them respectfully to their lips. Two of these women were not without beauty, the third was rather graceful than pretty; their golden-yellow complexion was not without its attraction; their eyes and black hair gave a boldness to their expression which was somewhat softened by the magnificence of their long pendant lashes. The apparent size of these was still increased by narrow black lines in prolongation at the corner of the eye. Upon the bosom they wore two little blue flowers, and they were tattooed, one on the upper part of the nose between the eyebrows and the other on the chin. Their feet were bare; their finger and toe-nails were stained reddish-brown, and their ankles were ornamented with heavy metallic bands. On the head they wore little red caps with golden borders and a large golden tassel in the shape of an acorn pendant from the top. Long braids of hair, on which were strung small gold coins, completed that part of the toilette. A very short velvet jacket with a rich border like that of the cap, served them in some measure as a bodice, it was quite open in front, leaving the neck entirely uncovered. The Moorish women have not adopted corsets, and even yet corpulence is considered among them to be the perfection of beauty; but upon Europeans whose idea of beauty differs from that of the Mussulmans, this sort of display has but little effect. A silk tunic with open sleeves reaches a little below the knee. Wide trousers of the same stuff were seen below over the bare ankles. A rich damask girdle bordered with silk and gold, with both ends hanging down, encircled the hips loosely, and the bare arms were ornamented with bracelets. The whole dress was, if one did not judge it by a too rigid rule of propriety, very pretty and picturesque. Immediately after the entrance of these ladies, about a dozen dishes were set on the table, a sort of soup, game, *koos koos*, consisting of chopped fish and rice, dumplings fried in oil and served up on grape leaves, grapes also, dates, pomegranates and confectionary. All these were set on the table at the same time, and every one loaded his plate with different things at once; it was a real "Macedoine." A single glass, a very large one, filled with cold water, served for guests and hosts; hands undertook the service of knives and forks. Only one of these ladies sat at table, the other two waited on us. My place was by the side of the lady. The particular pieces which one preferred he took from the dish with his hand. It was not, however, until after little delay that I could resolve to follow their example, but I soon conquered this fastidiousness and took hold as the rest did. I was tolerably well acquainted with this singular custom from stories that I had heard, and so strange as it seemed to me, I was not astonished. But one thing was quite new to me, that it was admissible to take from the plate of one's neighbor the choice bits which he had selected for himself. My astonishment may therefore be comprehended when my charming neighbor reached her pretty hand to my plate to pick out, without any ceremony, what suited her taste. I was

really amazed at the confidence of the dainty hand when it took possession of a morsel which I was just about to put in my own mouth. So great familiarity surpassed my comprehension. My host noticed the impression made upon me and endeavored to remove it by saying that such a freedom was customary; that I also had the right to do the same thing, and it would not be considered improper. So I made use of this right by taking, a moment afterward, a piece of game from the plate of my fair neighbor, taking care, however, not to select the most delicate.

This adventure, which I consider to be a remarkable piece of good fortune, gave me great happiness, and I did not dream of meeting anything so much more piquant in my study of Arab customs as to show me that my picture was yet a mere sketch. Listen: I had not yet recovered from the consternation into which my beautiful brown neighbor, whom I had begun to look upon with peculiar pleasure, had thrown me, when I saw her take up a small quantity of hashed meat in the hollow of her hand, and shape it into a little ball. I could not divine the destination which she intended for her performance, and followed every movement with anxious eye. When she had finished it, she bit off a piece, and then holding it in her fingers, without farther ceremony, she tried to put it in my mouth. Astonished at this incomprehensible familiarity, and a little frightened at the consequence which it might have, I drew back my head, and threw a painful questioning look at Ibrahim, who burst out laughing. This led me to the conclusion that my pleasant Moorish was playing a joke upon me, and making herself merry at my expense. I did not conceal my vexation from my patron, who answered: "Be assured she is not esteeming with you as you think; on the contrary, she is showing you great favor and high esteem; take it willingly. Our women never see foreigners, and know nothing of their manners; they think they must treat you in the same way in which they treat us." After this explanation, I received the peculiar gift, yet not without casting a shy, distrustful glance on the charming hand which offered it. It however remained faultlessly open. I was now curious to know whether the expressions of favor and esteem which I had already received would not be followed by still others; for after what had happened the most impossible thing could not have surprised me. At last a young negro went round the table with a metallic basin filled with water, into which the guests dipped their fingers and dropped a few drops of essence.

We had now been sitting at table two hours, and gradually I became weary of the Turkish dinner, but especially of my companion. I feared every moment some new expression of esteem on the head of the beautiful odalisck, and my European ears could not dwell upon the loud sounds of satisfaction and of digestion which were continually heard from all present—the lady who had shown so great interest in me during the meal not excepted—and which were always received with the same greeting which is given to a sneeze in some portions of Europe. Wearing with long sitting, I at last begged our kindly host that we might be excused, as my knees had been in such a position during meal that they were almost broken. We therefore took seats on the divan where coffee and chibouques were immediately handed us. Now began the most deafening noise that I ever heard in my life. The ladies wished that the foreigner from France should receive the best possible impression of the loveliness of the Arabian fair, and they desired to set the crown upon the friendly reception which they had already vouchsafed to me; they therefore began to beat away with two sticks on their Sarabuke, and struck up such a barbarous and inharmonious song that I nearly lost sight and hearing. Every stanza ended with a sharp cry given by all three together; then for a refrain they beat away again on their noisy, monotonous instruments. It was unendurable, and had not an idea of propriety restrained my impatience I should have begged them instantly not to take so great pains.

FRESH AIR.—Horace Mann has well said, "People who shudder at a flesh wound and a trickle of blood, will confine their children like convicts, and compel them month after month to breathe the quantities of poison. It would less impair the mental and physical constitutions of children, gradually to draw an ounce of blood from their veins, during the same length of time, than to send them to breathe, for six hours in a day, the lifeless and poisoned air of some of our school-rooms. Let any man who votes for confining children in small rooms, and keeping them on stagnant air, try the experiment of breathing his own breath only four times over; and if medical aid be not on hand, the children will never be endangered by his vote afterward."

HALL tells a good story of an old maid living in his neighborhood, who became very desirous of getting married; we suppose she was twenty-six or seven, that being about as old, as they generally get. She got a new wig and a set of teeth, but all failed; so she concluded to offer up prayers for the purpose. Accordingly, she went to the woods about dark, thinking that a very appropriate time and place. After praying awhile, she raised her voice to a scream and said: "O Lord, do send me a husband!" This awakened an owl in a neighboring tree who cried out, "Hoo! hoo!" Supposing this to be an answer to her prayer, she replied, "Anybody, Lord rather than none!"

The Bucks County Intelligencer calls Shenandoah, "travelling coracuss." Very truthful designation.

Ethan Allen.

A good story is told of that rare old reprobate, Col. Ethan Allen, whose services to his country, in the "times that tried men's souls," were only equalled by his daring assertions of the right of private opinion on the theological matters. A well known Divine, the pastor of the village church, called one evening, on the Colonel, and while enjoying his true New England hospitality at the supper table, the conversation turned upon church matters. Quoth the minister, "Colonel how does it happen, that a man of your extensive influence and information, has never seen it to be his duty to join our society. You know we want laborers in the vineyard; especially such laborers as you. Your example would tend greatly to strengthen our hands, and fortify our hearts against the dire assaults of the evil one."

"Well, brother," replied Allen, "I have often thought as you do about the business, and one day I had almost made up my mind to fall into the ranks, but that night I had a dream which caused me to give it up."

"Ah!" exclaimed the minister, "what did you dream?"

"Well, I thought I was standing at the entrance of Paradise, and saw a man go up and knock."

"Who's that," asked a voice from within.

"A friend wishing admittance," was the reply.

The door was opened and the keeper stepped out.

"Well, sir, what denomination did you belong to down yonder?"

"I was an Episcopalian," replied the candidate for admission.

"Go in then, and take a seat near the door on the east side."

Just then another stepped up, he was a Presbyterian, and the guardian directed him to a seat. A large number were admitted and received directions where to seat themselves. I then stepped up to the entrance.

"Well, sir, what are you?" asked the guardian.

"I am neither High-Churchman, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Calvinist, Catholic or Jew, but I am that same old Ethan Allen that you probably have heard of from down below."

"What the man that took Ticonderoga?"

"The same," I replied.

"All right Ethan," said he, "just step in and sit down wherever you please."

A picture in the Book of Life.

"Please kind lady have pity on the poor boy's mother ma'am," was the appeal of a half starved little fellow as I was passing along one of the by streets in the great world of New York.

The plaintive tone so unlike those which almost every moment met my ears, interested my sympathies, and I determined to find the "poor boy's mother" who was forced to the dire necessity of exposing her little one to the temptations which await children in the streets. Wealth and Pride shudder at the thought of Five Points, nor would it descend into the alleys and by ways of this noted place—noted for its poverty and wretchedness, its sin and shame, its crime of every hue.

It would slumber here, and would rather exhibit itself in popular and fashionable places, sending money to enlighten the heathen of a Boroboolagha, yet here in their very midst is heathenism such as the world never before saw, hundreds and hundreds who know nothing of a God, and whose minds are perfectly benighted.

"Oh consistency; thou art a jewel!"

In company with the benevolent missionary who has there begun a work of charity, I found myself in the room, shall I say, rather the den of the "poor boy's mother."

Upon a pallet of straw she lay pale and emaciated, want pictured in every furrow of her wrinkled face. Her "poor boy" came in with the paltry pittance of a benevolent christian (?) community. The crusts which even the dogs would refuse, were what he brought his starving mother.

"Have you no doctor?" asked Mr. P. "I have no money for the doctor sir," was her reply.

As I passed from alley to alley, scenes much more painful than this met my astonished eyes, and I left that place with a determination to use my influence for the suffering heathen at home, rather than the stranger abroad, and the thought arose

"Cursed is he that provideth not for his own household."

A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that these boys were very late, and were called to account for it.

"You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?"

"Please sir," said the favorite, "I was dreaming I was going to California, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat bell I was going in."

"Very well, sir," said the master, glad of a pretext to excuse his favorite; "and now, sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?"

"Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "I— I— was a waitin' to see Tom off!"

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—Our ladies are getting to be, with their large skirts hooped with whale bone! We shall be compelled to enlarge our sidewalks or the females must carry their petticoats edgewise as they walk along.—*Phila. Sun.*

A BARRISTER observed to a learned brother in court, that the wearing of whiskers was unprofessional. "Right," responded his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too bare-faced."

YOU AINT DRUNK.

I don't know what you call it, but I assure you've got something inside of you that is more tangible than anything you see or hear at your Spirit Circles. I think it is one of the old Spirits himself that has crawled into you, and come home with you. You needn't hitchup to me, for every time you open your mouth you part friends with a portion of your family of spirits. I'll not turn over, I can't help the beds going round—how can you expect it to do otherwise—it don't go round to me. Hold on, then, if you don't want to go overboard. You can't hold on to me. You will spill out into the floor.—I hope so, for this bed is not big enough for two such as us and the brood of spirits you have bro't home with you. Did you take hold of hands at your circle to-night?—*Slightly exhilarated.* Is that what you call it? I'll tell you what I call it. *Be reasonable.* Yes, I'll be reasonable. You are beastly drunk speaking from the impressions I have got on the subject. *No right to impressions.* Of course not; women have not right to anything except drunken husbands, and I can get the first premium on that. *No matter how you come home, drunk or sober.* Yes it does matter. Them spirits circles and taking hold of the mediums' hands is almost as bad as getting drunk.—*You haven't been to any spirit circles.*—You've been somewhere, where they've put a circle into you as big as a cart wheel, and you've rolled the dirty thing into a pair of clean sheets, by the side of me, and if you have got any spirit friends in or out of the spirit world, I wish they would come and take you a way. *You don't mean to go any more.* That has been the talk for the last six weeks; You are full of good promises, after you've been out all night carousing with the spirits, and taking hold of the mediums' hands. I suppose if I should go to the spirit land, you would be the last person to call for my spirit to come and rap on the table or to tip the table for you. *Conjugal affinity.*—Conjugal fidelities. Just what I've been expecting all along, that it would come to free love doctrine; and that's just what you want, and you would be glad this very night if you could get rid of me, so that you could indulge in your free love doctrine, I won't die—I will live, and I will be a thorn in your side as long as I can.—*Buffalo Publication.*

SHOOTING STARS.—"Talking of shining and starlight puts me in mind of something I observed one shiny night, in Broadway," said the Colonel.

"There was a man, who, when the stars were all out above, and the municipal stars were complaisant below, used to rig up a telescope, wherewith to study astronomy at a sixpence a squirt."

"One night as he was getting under way, I saw two Irish gentlemen taking an observation of his movements. Both were policemen."

"Jamey, ye divil," said one, "what in the wurried is you fellow afther wid his masherery?"

"Whist, ye spalpeen," whispered the other—sure an' can't you see that it's an air gun cannon that he's got. He's afther shootin stars—he is."

"Hada't ye better be gittin' out av the way, thin?" inquired his friend.

"Sure an' it's not us," was the answer.

"Didn't ye never hear of shootin' stars?"

"By this time the telescope man had arranged his instrument, and squinted through it up at the stars. The policemen gazed up likewise, in wonder. Just then, by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky.

"Bedad he hit it—he's fetched it down, cried both the Paddies in a breath. "Shure an' that's the greatest shootin' I ever saw in all me life!" But a sense of duty coming upon one of them, he rudely accosted the man of science:

"Ye'll jist stop that now, Musther, av ye please.—The night's dark enough now, an' plinty—av ye go on shootin' stars at that rate, sorra the man'll find his way about the strate." And the telescope man had to pack up and be off."

A REMARKABLE MAN.—A correspondent, of the Kentucky Statesman gives the following sketch of an old citizen in Pulaski County named Elijah Denny, who is, perhaps, the oldest man in Kentucky:

He was one hundred and eighteen years of age on the 10th of September, and is as active as many men of forty. He works daily upon a farm, and throughout his whole life he has been an early riser. He informed the writer that he had never drunk but one cup of coffee, and that was in the year 1848. He served seven years in the war of the Revolution, and was wounded at the Siege of Savannah and at the battle of Eutaw Springs; he was also present at the battles of Camden, King's Mountain and Monk's Corner. He served under Colonel Horry and Colonel Marion, and an eye-witness of the suffering and death of Colonel Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina, an early victim of the Revolution. He is sprightly and active, and would be taken at any time to be a man of middle age. He is a strict member of the Baptist Church, and rides six miles to every meeting of his Church. He has four sons and five daughters, all living, the eldest being now in his seventy-eighth and the youngest in his fifty-first year. Such is a brief sketch of this aged soldier and republican, who is, perhaps, only surviving soldier of Francis Marion, Sumpter and Horry.

THE individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg, is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a bellows, and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

A FEELING REPLY.—Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages, to which he replied:

"No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

A WESTERN BOY.—"I understand your father is dead," said a man to a little boy, as he entered the house. "You're right, now, old hoss," said he, "he's laid out in 'other room as cold as a wedge!"

THE best cough mixture that has been made is a pair of tick boots, mixed with lots of air and exercise. People who hug the stove and grow lean, will take notice.