Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pub lished every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subsoribers at the new increased in the property is a policy to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp "Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man

can be brought in debt to the printer.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the Coun ty, with a large and steadily increasing circulation-reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose mostconvenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$4 per year.

> For The Agitator. THE BELLE.

Ob. Effic is youthful and Effic is fair,
With her eyes of dark hazel and soft, curling heir,
And Rffic has sultors, too numerous too tell—
Of every gay beli-room the beanty and belle.
Gold, jewels and satins, and costly array,
Take up her attention completely each day;
No time for sweet pleasures at home can she find,
For Fashion authroned, rules her heart and her suite

But as to her mind—why, a word or two more Will express all there is to be said on that score, For at school, French and ribbons, and grammar and I were mingled with thoughts of her own pretty face. But school time is over, and Effic now says She can scarcely endure to look back on those days; Fducation is needed indeed for the plain. For the belle and the beauty, what end can it gain?

And as to her heart-ye admiring Youth And as to her heart—ye admiring Youth
Think not that your proffered devotion and truth,
Without rent-rolls and silver, can e'er win the girl
Who spends half an hour in adjusting a curif
What a wife she would make!—at each party and ball
You'll be told that your lady outrivals them all'
And your trials at home, Sir, you never must toll,
If so rush as to marry a beauty and belle.
VIRGINIA.

Select Miscellany.

THE HERO WOMAN.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

In the shadow of the Wissahikon woods not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood, at the time of the Revolution, a quaint old fabric built of logs and stone, and encircled by a palisaded wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn, perhaps years before the great apostle of neace first trod our shores as a block-house intended for defense against Indians.

And there it stood, with its many roofs, its numerous chimneys, its massive square windows, its varied front of logs and stone, its encircling wall, through which admittance It stood in the midst of the wood with ageworn trees enclosing its veteran outline on every side.

From its western window you might obtain a glimpse of the Schuylkill waves, while a large casement in the southern front commanded a view of the winding road as it sunk out of view under the shade of thicklyclustered boughs, into a deep hollow, not more than one hundred yards from the man-

Here, from the southern casement, on one of those balmy summer days which looked close of November, a larmer's daughter was hands

Well might she gaze earnestly to the south and listen with painful intensity for the slightest sound. Her brothers were away with the army of Washington, and her father a grim old veteran-he stood six feet three in his stockings-who had manifested his love for the red-coat invaders in many a desperate contest, had that morning lest her alone in the old mansion, alone in this small champer in charge of some ammunition, intended for a hand of brave larmers about to join the nosts of freedom. Even as sher stood there. gazing out of the southern window, a faint gumpse of sunlight from the faded leaves o powe.

Leaning from the casement, she listened a dim back ground to the scene. with every nerve quivering with suspense, to Hark! the sound of axes at the hall doorthe shouts of combatants and the hurried shouts, curses, hurrals! tread of armed men, echoing from the south, i

There was something very beautiful in that picture The form of the young girl, contrast between the rough timbers that enclosed her and that rounded face, the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating, the cheeks giossy masses around her face

Suddenly the shouts to the south grow with bayonets fixed, as if to strike their vic-) worth a farthing's purchase now. um down ere he advanced ten paces nearer

ing from the window He reaches the block. powder keg. again' he dashes aside his foes-with one glare into the room. void movement he springs through the gatelogs and stone, and vent their anger in drun- light utters this short yet meaning speech:

Now look to yonder window! where the young girl stood a minute ago, quivering with for his life, now stands the old man himself, his brow bared, his hands grasping the rifle, a soldier dares cross the threshold. Imbrued with his gray hairs waving back from his as they are in deeds of blood, there is some wrinkled and blood-sprinkled face! That was thing terrible to these men in the words of a one picture of an old veteran, nerved for that young girl, who stands there with the his last fight—a stout warrior, preparing for rifle laid against the powder keg. us death struggle.

Death struggle? Yes, for the old man, isaac Walpole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers-tricked, toiled, cheated them too often to escape now; beard, grasped his musket and leveled it at A few moments longer and they would be re- the young girl's breast. inforced by a strong party of refugees. The powder, the arms in the old block housereward. There was scarcely a hope for the unpleasant emphasis upon his ear. oid man, and yet he had determined to make a desperate fight.

THE TIOGA COLNTY AGITATOR

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Bealtho Actorn

COBB. STURROCK & CO.,

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 26, 1857, NO. 31. VOL. 3.

the whole eight shots are fired-that will keep them on the other side of the wall for a few moments, at least and then we will have of the rifle-already the troopers are secure to trust to God for the rest!"

over the edge of the wall. The old man lexels his piece—that British trooper falls back with a crushed hand upon his comrades'

suddenly grown firm, the young girl passes a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently awaits the result. For a moment all is silent below, the British bravos are somewhat loath to try that wall, when a stout old rebel, rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window. There is a pause-low, deep murmurs-they are holding a council. A moment passes, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once. Hark! the old veteran has fired three shots; there are three dying men groveling in the yard, beneath the shadow of the wall.

" Quick, Bess the rifles !"

And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father. There are four shots, one after the other; three more soldiers fall back like weights of lead upon the ground, and a single red-coat is seen, slowly mounting on the top of the wall, his eyes fixed upon the hall door,

which he will force ere a moment is gone. Now the last ball is fired, the old man stands there, in that second story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle. At this moment the wounded party below are joined by a party of some twenty refugees, who, clad in their half-robber uniform came rushing from the woods, and with one was gained by a large and stoutly built gate. bound are leaping from the summit of the

> "Quick, Bess, my rifle!" And look there-even while the veteran stood looking out upon his foes, the brave girl-for slender in form and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a hero woman, had managed, as if in an instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and then loaded another and another. Was not that a beautiful sight? A fair young girl,

sing and falling in her slender fingers. Now look down to the wall again. The in upon the dreary autumn, towards the refugees are clambering over its summit; again a horrid cry, and another wounded gazing with dilating eyes and half-clasped man is toppling down upon his dead and dying prairie, and on the black Sierra. Grown comrades.

grasping powder and ball, with a ramrod ri-

But now look! A smoke rises there, a fire blazes around the wall; they have fired the gate. A moment, and the bolt and the lock will be burnt from their sockeis; the passage will be free. Now is the fiery moment of loads, he continues to fire with that deadly aim; and now, oh horror! he falls, he falls, with a musket ball driven into his breastthe daughter's outstretched arms receive the father, as, with the blood spouling from the wound, he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible picture ! above, nouring over her mild face, shaded floor, the young daughter bending over him, and bliss, where countless myriads bask by clustering brown hair, not ten paces from the light from the window streaming over her, eternally in the golden sunlight of God's ner suie, were seven loaded rifles and a keg face, over her father's gray hairs, while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords

"We have the old rebel at last !"

tramed in the square massive windows—the and then falls back again, his eyes glaring as his heart.

Now watch the movements of that daughsomething very beautiful in that picture—a rests its barrel on the head of that powder young girl leaning from the window of an old keg, and then placing her finger on the trigmansion, with her brown hair waving in ger stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers came thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken nearer, and then emerging from the deep hol- the hall door to fragments, they are in poslow, there came an old man, running at full session of the old block-house, they are rushspeed turning round to hee a rifle, which he ing towards that chamber, with murder in loaded as he ran. He was pursued by a party | their hearts and in their glaring eyes. Had or ten British soldiers, who came rushing on, the old man a thousand lives they were not

Still, that girl, grown suddenly white as the handkerchief around her neck, stands On and on the old man came, while his there, trembling from head to foot, the rifle daughter, quivering with suspense, hung lean. in her hand, its dark tube laid against the

muskets are leveled at his head, he is down forms are in the doorway, with muskets in at their feet grappling for his life! But look their hands; grim faces, stained with blood,

Now, as if her very soul was coined into at instant, and it is locked. The British the words, that young girl, with her face pale soluters, mad with rage, gaze upon the as ashes, her hazel eye glaring with deadly

"Advance oue step into the room, and will fire this rifle into the powder there!!" No oath quivers upon the lips of that girl suspense, as she beheld her father struggling to confirm her resolution, but there she stands alone with her wounded father, and yet, not

They stood as if spell-bound, on the thresh-

old of that chamber. At last one holder than the rest, a bravo. whose face is half concealed in a thick red

Still the girl is firm; the brave advances a step, and then starts back. The sharp click pernaps that daughter herself was to be their of that rifle lock falls with a significant and

"Bess, I am dying," gasps the old man, faintly, extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we We must bluff off these rascals!" he foiled the Britishers! Come, daughter, kneel ordinary ones which lie directly in the road misfortune to upset our sleigh, but were soon said with a grim smile, turning to his daugh. here—kneel and say a prayer for me, and let before us. When we read we fancy we again on our way. We arrived at the House "Now Bess, my girl, when I fire this me feel your warm breath upon my face, for could be martyrs; when we come to act, we spoken of about 10 o'clock P. M., pretty cold tike, ao you hand me another, and so on, till I am cold—oh, dark and cold!"

Look I as those accents fall from the old man's tongne, those fingers unloose their hold of one victim at least, a young and heautiful Look down there and see a hand stealing girl; her affection for her father is mastering the heroism of the moment-look! she is about to spring into his arms; but now she sees her danger; again she clutched the rifle; again, although her father's dying accents are No longer quivering with suspense, but in her ears, she stands there prepared to scatter that house in ruins, if a single rough hand assails that veteran form.

There are a few brief, terrible moments of suspense; then a hurried sound far down the mansion, then a contest on the stairs; then the echo of a rifle shot and the light of a rifle blaze; then those ruffians in the doorway fall crushed before the strong arms of Continental soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and a girl-that hero woman-with one bound springs forward into her brother's arms and nestles there, while her dead father-his form yet warm-lies with fixed eyeballs upon the floor.

Guardian Angels.

There are many who believe that it is the especial privilege of the "loved and lost" to be hereafter the guardian watchers of the living who are lest behind them. Such a persuasion has dried many a mourner's tears. In the overwhelming grief that death brings, s a relief unspeakable to think that the la. mented parent, the cherished partner, or the darling child are with us, separated only by a thin division of air, sympathising with us, watching over us, and silently persuading us to holy action. Often has such a conviction. checked the rising thought of evil, and turned the tempting and erring back to the path of virtue. We would fain believe that those aweet innocents who are given to their parents for awhile, and who are taken away just as they have begun to weave themselves about our hearts, are angels in disguise, sent to wean us from earthly things and revive in our souls a longing for Paradise. God spiritualizes us in this way when all other means fail. There are praying mothers whose sons are far away, to whom this relief has sometimes come with peculiar beauty. Oh! what inexpressible joy to think that guardian angels attend the wanderer in the watches of the night, in the storm at sea, on the wide men, separated by vast oceans from their early homes, often feel as if some invisible presence was with them; as though a celestial spirit, won by a mother's petitions, was constantly protecting their footsteps. There is a German legend which says that

appointed, who remains with us till death, unless driven away by our remorseless wickedness. Alas for those who have banished their invisible attendant. What a dissolution there must be as they go into the dark eternity to come, lonely wanderers, whom no messengers from Paradise take by the hand The old man, writhing there on the oaken to conduct their spirits to the realms of purity

THE PROCESS OF SUGAR REFINING .- By the introduction of machinery and steam the old system of purifying and refining sugar with animal albumen, in the form of bullock's The old man raises his head at the sound; blood, which formed a new source of deteriomakes an effort to rise, clutches for a rifle ration in the sugar, has been superseded .-The raw sugar from the West and East Inthe herce pain of that wound quivers through dies is chiefly imported in cases; from Jamaica, St. Domingo and St. Croix, in hogsheads; from Manilla and Mauritius, in double flushed with nope and fear; and there was ter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she sacks, plaited or woven from the leaves of reeds. The quality varies in degrees, from white Havana to the dark brown, moist and sticky. The more coarsely granular, the harder, drier and whiter, the greater is the value of the sugar. The first operation of the refiner after removing the sugar from the hogsheads, boxes, &c., is dissolving the suunr in a pan by means of steam passing thro' perforated pipe in the bottom of the pan .-The color is then extracted from the solution by means of chemical and mechanical means, when it is passed to what is known as the vacum pans, heated by steam, for the purpose of being boiled. By this means the liquor is so concentrated that the sugar is only held in solution by the high temperature, so on cooling a rapid crystalization takes place, which produces that uniform fine grain, such as is required in loaf sugar. The syrup, after boiling sufficiently, is poured into the moulds, which are of the funnel or sugar-loaf form, for the purpose of assisting the separation of the mother liquor. The syrup or liquor which runs from the mould is again boiled, from which the lower grades of sugar is produced. The syrup coming from this second process is sold for molasses. The production of molasses is about one-lifth from each hogshead. To produce fine grain or irregular conglomeration of crystals, the liquor must be poured into the moulds at a certain temperature, just when the crystals have begun to form, and as the liquor leaves the vaccumpan at too low a temperature, for the purpose. it is heated up in a vessel, furnished with a false bottom for the admission of steam, and then cooled to the granulating poin in vessels capable of holding the entire quantity of liquor boiled in a day. As the temperature falls, the formation of crystals of too large a size is prevented by stirring. The larger the bulk of syrup the slower is the cooling, and

> WE are apt to mistake our vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise

the more regular the crystalization.

LINES.
There's mourning in the household—
There's a wall on the air of Night!
There's a crushed and braken spirit.
Crushed when their hopes were bright.
The felt distriper's missioned;
Again the fond heart's term.
Again, from the arms of affection,
A cherished one is barne. There's joy among the angels—:
There's music in the spheres,—
Another has joined their number—
She a white-robed form appears!
And there, in her saint-like beauty,
She roams, a spirit blest,
"Where vire wicked cause from troubling,
Any rus Warns and years aren" AND THE WEARY ARE AT REST

*These fine lines were received, and mislaid, many month since. The author will please accept this apology for their

Communications,

Letter from the West. (The subjoined letter is from a citizen of this County, now travelling in the West. A friend has handed it in for publication, logether with several others of the same series. The reading will doubtless be interesting to many our readers.) Eb. Au

DEAR WIFE :- In my last letter I believe closed my narrative for the time-being at Prairie Duchien, where I will again resume t. We lest this point about dark, and soon after began to meet with floating ice, which continued to grow thicker during the night as we passed up the river, so as to seriously impede our progress-being able to make only about 2 miles per hour during the latter part of the night. About 3 o'clock in the morning we again ran upon a Sand Bar, but were soon off and on our way up stream. This night was mostly spent by a portion of the passengers in "tripping the light fantastic toe," and by the balance in looking on, as it was im-possible to sleep, for the ice making so much music in comming in collision with the boat. The music consisted of a Violin and Harpthe latter susposed to be the veritable one "with a thousand strings;" "for he played on a Harp," &c. About 8 o'clock A. M. we arrived at Lacrosse and found it impossible to proceed with the boat any farther on account of the ice-the River being entirely closed above. We had paid our fare to Prescott, (\$20) but the captain in the fulness of his generosity refunded \$8 each, making us pay only \$12 a piece for a ride of 161 miles. It was a complete robbery, but we were compelled to undergo the process of " skinning" with as good a grace as possible, as this was but the beginning of the end. We disembarked. and as the stages had not commenced funning, we, in company with two other gentlemen bound for Hudson, (making five in number, y thired a team to take us to Sparta, 28 wiles distant, (the county seat of Monroe Co. Wis.) and the cheapest we could get was \$14. This we considered a continuation of the skinning process.
We louist the snow trops

deep, and good sleighing; but we could get no sleigh and were obliged to ride in an open wagon without springs, and foot it up and down all the hills, which constituted full half the whole distance. We passed up the Lucrosse Valley, along the river by that name. The country here is rolling Prairie, very fertile, well watered and tolerable well timbered with Burr. White, and Black Oak. This is by far the best country we have yet seen for a residence. We arrived at Sparta a little after dark, and put up at the "Munroe House," where we had very good accomodations, marred only by the odor of bad whisky. the use of which, I find is the besetting sin of West. Sparta is a fast growing town, with good prospect for the future-the country round it being good for agricultural purposes for some distance. I noticed two new churches in course of erection, which do much credit to

The next morning (Saturday) we hired a team and sleigh to take us to Black River Falls, (the county seat of Jackson Co.) 30 miles from Sparta, for \$10-or \$2 a piece .-We found the country through which we journeyed for the first four or five miles, very beautiful, but mostly unsettled. We then came to a rough uneven country, pretty well timbered, but the soil not very good, being nothing but mountains of sand. The country continues to grow worse all the way to Black River-the timber changing at Robinsons Creek, 15 miles from Sparta, from Oak to scrub Pitch Pine, White Birch and Black Cherry. It looks worse than any section of the east I ever saw. At Robinsons creek we found a large sawmill and a good stack of logs, but the timber was of a poor quality. We arrived at Black River Falls at evening, croseed the river in a Ferry Boat and put up at the "Black River House," called for supper and when it was ready went in to eat; but found the victuals so poor and so dirty that, notwithstanding we had had no dinner, we could not eat. Left without molesting anything, and went across the way to another tavern which looked worse than the first. Lest this and went to another House called the "Shanghai." Here we again called for supper, but upon sitting down to the table, discovered it was but little if any better than the first; but we managed to eat enough to sustain nature, and after looking about town a while concluded to leave, as it gave evidence of being the hardest town that any of us had ever met with.

We found no stage leaving until Monday forenoon, and not then with any certainty, so we hired the team that brought us from Sparta to take us to Hudson. We paid him 84 per day and bore all expenses. We started about seven o'clock on Saturday evening for a House on the Prairie, 10 miles distant, without any knowledge of the road and country, for we considered any place as preferable to Black River Falls, even if it wore a great and rare virtues, and stepping over the camp on the Prairie. Soon after we had the find we cannot bear a provoking word. I but all well. The owner soon got up and

built a good fire and took care of our team and then gave us a very comfortable place to sleep for the night, and we were all thankful that we had escaped from Black River Palls; which is quite a large town situated on the bank of the Black River, which is large enough to raft lumber from this place to the Mississippi. .. The country about is not much of a farming region, but the place is chiefly supported by the lumbering business, the logs being cut in the Pineries some 25 miles above this place, and run down to this point to be manufactured. The town is noted all through his country for its drunkenness and Rowdy. ism and is called the worst place (morally) in Wisconsin; and I think not inaptly.

On the next morning (Sunday) we again started on our journey through a rolling Prairie country to Beef River station, 22 miles distant, it being the next stopping place on he route. We passed through the Trumbeeau Valley and crossed the stream by that name, which is very small at this point, as is also Beef River where we crossed it. There is some good land along each of these streams, but between them there is not much worth having, as there is no timber on it, and the land is not of the first quality. It snowed all this forenoon, but not very fast, and from this point to Hudson the snow averaged about 1 foot in depth. We got dinner at Beef station, and then journeyed on till after dark, when we found a House on the Prairie 12 miles from Beef River. It was a little bit of thing, one story high, and in it lived a Dutchman, his wife, hired man and thirteen children! Here we proposed to stay all night, for we could not find the road in the dark, and this was the only house for a number of miles each way; so we crowded in-eight in number-and we soon had an addition of two more benighted travellers like ourselves, and of course they must stay also. We could get no supper, but made a bed on the floor with our Buffalo Robes, and as many as could, laid down; and after the floor was filled, there were yet four lest standing-myself and Mr. Jones among the number. We got a ladder and crawled up through a trap door to the garret of this one story house .-There was not room to sit up and undress, so we had to lie down to it, but we managed to get a very good night's rest. In the morning a question arose as to how we were to get our pants on in such a tight place; but after a season of consultation. Mr. Jones verified the saying that " necesity is the mother of invention," for he conceived and put into execution the expedient of dropping his pants throgh the trap door, and then dropping himself into them. By this means we soon got dressed and on our way. We could get no breakfast until we got to Eau Clare, (proa distance of 12 miles, where we arrived at 10 o'clock A. M. This morning we passed through the most beautiful country we have vet seen. Eau Clare is the county seat of Eau Clare Co., and is situated on the banks of the Chippewa River, two miles below the falls where there is a large lumbering estabshment and splendid water nowers. are run down the Chippewa from some 25 miles above this point, where the whole country is said to be one extensive Pinery. I think the lumber is not as good quality as we have in Pennsylvania.

Eau Clare is upon the whole a desirable point-the Chippewa being navigable with steamboats up to this point, and the surrounding country being good for agricultural purposes. The town is but six months old, and has two large taverns, a steam mill and several stores, shops, dwellings, &c., and is destined no doubt to become a large town in a very few years. But as I lack room to write more at present. I will now close and resume at this point in my next communication.

Yours affectionately Surerion, Doug. Co. Wis. & C. V. E. Dec. 20, '56,

ECONONY OF THE ARTS.—The horseshoe nails dropped in the streets, carefully collected, reappear in the form of swords and guns .--The clippings of tinker's shops, mixed with the pairings of horses hoofs, or cast off woolen garments, appear afterwards in the form of dyes of the brightest blue, in the dress of courtly dames. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituents of lucifer matches -phosphorus. The dregs of port wine, carefully rejected by the post wine drinker in decanting his lavorite beverage; are taken by him in the form of Seidlitz powders. The washings of coal gds reappear carefully preserved in the ladies' smelling bot le as an ammoniacal salt.

THE THREE PHYSICIANS. - The celebrated French physician Dummoulin, on his death-bed, when surrounded by the most distinguished citizens of Paris, who regretted the loss which the profession would sustain shame and grief, he dared no longer look in his death, said: "My friends, I leave behind me three physicians much greater than myself." Being pressed to name them, each desparing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, of the doctors supposing himself to be one of the three, he answered, "Water, exercise and Diet!"

-Advorsity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favor of adversity; but the worst of it is it has no friend.

POETRY .- It is the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blash of morning.

TIME AND AIR. -Time, like air, is invisible, and must be estimated by its uses and ef-

Rates of Advertising. Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one or three insertion, and 25 cents for eyery absequent insertion. All advertises ments of rots that fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rather till be charged for Quarterly, fight Yearly, and, Yearly, Avertising. 1 Square (14 lines) - \$2.50 94 50 8 60 2 Squares 1 \$4.00 8 600 8 90 1 \$4.00 8 90 1 20 00 1 columny : **** 5518:00 80 00: 40.00

All advertisements not having the number of in-sertions marked upon them, will be kept in until or-dered out, and charged accordingly.

Pusiers Bandbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jestoing dans in country catablishments, executed again, and promptly. Justices', Constables, and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to other.

The Turks at a Fire.

Twas not long in Constantinople before I came in for what is of very frequent occurrence there, namely a fire. Indeed, I feeleve that, as a storm is said to be always going on in some part of the sea, so a conflagration, larger or smaller, is always raging in some part of the narrow wooden streets of

Stambout.

The people have lew public amusements, and this is considered one of the best, if I may judge by the demeanor of the crowds, whose singular bearing was to me more interesting than the spectacle I witnessed in common with them. At first I knew not what it meant. I had observed that vast multitudes were moving with what, for a Turk, is haste, towards the court of one of their mosques, and stationing themselves as soon as they reached it. on the steps, balustrades, and every spot whence a view was commanded.

Joining the company, I discovered the cause of their assembly in a whole street from which the smoke was rising, and from which it was every moment expected that the flames would burst. Nothing could exceed the businesslike alacrity of those who struggled for a place in the balconies, or the placid enjoyment of those who had attained one. In expectation of the great event, piles of carpets, pillows, and cushions had been already brought from the neighboring houses, and placed wherever room could be found.

On these comfortable seats the multitude had established themselves—the men in one part. sedately smoking; the women in another, now looking on, and now playing with their children. In a moment refreshments of all sorts were provided; sweetmeats, confectionary, and sherber, by a number of rival purveyors, who advanced with unalarmed alacrity, amid the smoke and fulling spars, plainly considering the scene of destruction a sort of "Benefit," got up for their especial behoof and unceremoniously elbowing to one side the police, who rushed, with pails of water on their heads, to the rescue of the burning houses.

In a few minutes more the flames burst out with a loud crash, mountain high into the heavens, and flinging an exciting and pleasurable heat into the face of the crowds, who, without ever removing their pipes, (except to drink,) gazing with silent but impassioned interest on a seene which, to them, was no more a matter of surprise than a street preacher would be in Edinburgh, a "Funziane" at Rome, or Punchinello at Naples. Amongthe calm crowd of speciators were the proprietors of the burning houses, smoking like their neighbors, and well assured that their loss had been determined by Allah long be-fore the prophet was born.—De Vercy Sketches.

THE Two ROADS .- It was New Year's. night. An aged man was standing at a winflow mournfully raised his eyes. towards the deep blue sky, where the starsfloating like lillies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the carth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goalthe tomb. Already he had past sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where the serpents hissed and

He looked towards the sky, and cried out. in his anguish :+-" O. youth, return! O. my further, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes and then disapear. "Such." he said. "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and vanish in darkpess athwart the church-yard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remoree struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound falling on his ear recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with towards that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one my early days! Come back!"

And his youth DID return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked . God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still live on the threshold of life. doubting which path to choose, remember that when years' shall be passed, and you will cry bitterly, but cry in vaid, "O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!" -Richter.

-Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on cas's self.