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For the Agitator.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

BY M. L. GODDARD.

When shall we meet again? Not till the passing years have silver'd our heads, and dimmed our eyes with tears;

No! 'tis thousand flowers, which now around our path, was bloom,

Have folded their bright petals up and withered in the tomb.

When shall we meet again? Not while our hearts are free,

As hope is singing in our ears her songs of misery; Not with youth's bloom upon our cheeks, its light within the heart,

May we hope to meet again, though now in faith we part;

When shall we meet again? Oh, oft when sad and lone, Will many bring kind faces back; the well rememb'red tone

of friends, whose accents were more dear than music's twinkling strain,

Will wake the longing wish to look on them yet once again.

When shall we meet again? Oh! could we draw the val

Which hides the future from our eyes—how might our spirit quail;

For broken ties, and blasted hopes, and eyes whence light has fled,

Might be the way-marks in the path our several feet must tread.

Where we may not meet,—Oh, in that glorious Heaven

Where our affections chain is linked, to never more be torn,

May our freed spirits find the bliss to mortals here denied,

And drink from life's eternal fount, where death can-not divide!

From Dickens's Household Words.

The Haunted Bed.

BY MARK LEMON.

“Why, Betty, if there isn't Mr. Ponsonby at the door with his baggage, I'll be whipped!” cried the head waiter at the—— hotel, on the evening preceding the regatta.

“Mr. Ponsonby, you don't say so! and I'd give him up, and just put that weak-minded gent as come at ten o'clock in Forty-two—Mr. Ponsonby's room as I call it: and there's not sled to be had in Coway for love or money.”

“What's that, you say, Betty?” said the new owner: “not another bed but mine, eh?”

“That's it, sir,” replied Betty: “I kept it for till the last train; now as that has been an hour, I gave you up, sir. What will you do?”

“Awkward,” exclaimed Ponsonby; “the old clock in the room will break its heart; but I must sleep on a sofa.”

“Not one disgrac'd, sir,” said the waiter.

“No, sir,” added Betty, “not one, sir. There are four small children put to bed in a chest of drawers now in Twenty-four. We let every thing before we would let Forty-two.”

“That's the gent that's got your room,” whispered John, as he ushered Mr. Ponsonby into the coffee-room.

The person alluded to was a very mild, milky-looking young gentleman of twenty-one. His present position was evidently a new one, for he was constantly employed in pulling up his shirt collar and using his toothpick.

“John,” said Ponsonby, “I must have a bed. Bring me a hauled bone and a glass of brandy and water, and put them on the table next to the young gentleman, whilst I speak to Betty.”

What the nature of Mr. Ponsonby's communication to Betty was I don't mean to reveal; but she “laughed consummately,” and was shortly afterwards seen entering No. Forty-two with a warming-pan, and then returning without it.

The bone and brandy and water were duly served, and Mr. Ponsonby took his place at the table. The mild gentleman pulled his collar more frequently and plied the toothpick with increased energy.

“Water,” cried Ponsonby, “Here—take this away.”

“Capital bone, sir,” said John, somewhat astonished.

“Don't tell me a capital bone!” exclaimed Ponsonby. “The bus driver was complaining of the mortality among his horses. Take it away.”

The mild gentleman looked alarmed, and passed in the act of pulling up his left collar.

“Wretched house, this, sir,” said Ponsonby, confidentially; “never come here if I can avoid it; but at regatta time glad to get in any where.”

“Yes, sir,” said the mild one.

“They served me a rascally trick once, and I shall never forget it. I wonder who sleeps in that room to-night—poor devil!”

“May I inquire what the trick was, sir?”

“Oh! certainly,” said Ponsonby, “though I hardly like to tell the story, in case you should doubt my veracity.”

“Oh! sir—”

“Well, it seems absurd to talk of haunted flammers in the nineteenth century;” and Ponsonby paused.

“Not at all, sir,” said the mild one, encouragingly.

“But that there is one in this house I am ready to swear,” exclaimed Ponsonby; “a room with a large, old-fashioned clock in it.”

“No! Forty-two!” gasped the mild one; “that's my room.”

“Hush, for heaven's sake!” said Ponsonby; “I'd known that, I wouldn't have said a word for the world.”

“My dear sir, don't say that; pray go on, sir. I'm not superstitious, neither am I foolishly incredulous;” and the mild one wiped his forehead, and emptied his tumbler at a gulp.

“Well, as you desire it, I will narrate my story,” said Ponsonby. “It was exactly three days ago this very day, that I and my luggage——the chambermaid told me——unite in the——”

“Exactly what she told me—a cockatoo!” interrupted the mild one.

“I was tired by my day's journey, and went to bed exactly as the clock struck twelve.—Though fatigued I felt no disposition to sleep, so I placed my candle on the bed-steps and began to read. I had read about five minutes, when suddenly I received a most violent blow in the stomach, and the clock struck a quarter. I started up; there was no one—noting to account for the phenomenon. At last I concluded it must have been a fancy. I read on for two hours of an hour, when I received another blow of greater violence than the former. I jumped out of bed, resolved to secure

# THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL “MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN” SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

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## In a Balloon with a Madman.

A French paper tells the following relative to the last balloon ascension of M. Goddard:

Monsieur Goddard took with him on that day, as his *compagnon du voyage*, a wealthy, private gentleman, who paid 1,000 francs for the privilege of sharing in the peril of the expedition. The weather could not have been more propitious, and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude.

“What effect does that produce upon you?” asked M. Goddard of his companion.

“Nothing!” said the latter, laconically.

“My compliments to you,” said M. Goddard. “You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude without betraying some emotion.”

“Keep on mounting,” said the traveler, with a gravity supreme.

M. Goddard threw over some ballast, and the balloon ascended some 500 feet higher.

“And now,” added M. Goddard, “does your heart beat?”

“Nothing yet!” replied his companion, with an air which approached closely to impatience.

“The devil!” explained M. Goddard; “you have really, my dear sir, the most perfect qualifications to be an aeronaut.”

The balloon still ascended; when 1,000 feet higher M. Goddard interrogated a third time his companion.

“I should think so!”

“And I saw the pendulum throw a somersault on the floor, and deliberately hop-hop-hop towards the bed. It paused for a moment, and bending its round, brazen face full upon me.

“Nothing, nothing; not the shadow of a fear whatever!” answered the traveler, with a tone positively discontented, and' like a man who experienced a profound deception.

“Goodness me! so much the worse, then,” said the aeronaut, smiling; “but I must renounce all hopes of making you afraid. The balloon is high enough. We are going to descend slowly.”