Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of Ose Dol-Lie per annum, invariably in advance. It is inlend-ed to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired; by the stamp which he has paid such nave express by the last paper.

Time Out, on the margin of the last paper.

The paper will then he stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man

can be brought in debt to the printer.

The Activator is the Official Paper of the Cour 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 most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County.

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THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER, BY CHARLES MACKAY.

What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower? Is the day breaking? comes the withed for hour? Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,

If the bright morning dawns upon the land. The stars are clear above me-scarcely one Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun; But yet I see, on the horizon's verge, Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge

Look forth again, Oh! watcher on the tower-The people wake, and languish for the lour; Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine For the full daylight that they know must shine.

I see not well—the morn is cloudy still; There is a radiance on the distant hill-Even as I watch, the glory seems to glow; But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow.

And is that all, Oh! watcher on the tower? Look forth again, it must be near the hour. Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes And the green woods beneath them on the slopes? A mist envelopes them: I cannot trace

Their outline; but the day comes on apace The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes, And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks! We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower; But look again, and tell us, hour by hour, All thou beholdest; many of us die

Ere thy day comes; Oh, give them a reply! I see the hill-tops now; and chanticleer Throws his prophetic carol on my ear:

I see the distant woods and fields of corn,

And ocean, gleaming in the light of morn.

Again, again, Oh! watcher on the tower-We thirst for daylight, and we bide the honr, Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be A bright, calm, glorious day-light for the free?

I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song, Vivid as day itself, and clear, and strong As of a lark—young prophet of the noon, Pouring in sunlight his scraphic tune.

What doth he say, Oh! watcher on the tower? Is he a prophet " Doth the dawning hour Is he a prophet Doth the dawning hour luspire his music Is his chant sublime. With the full glories of the coming time?

He prophesies-his heart is full-his lar Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day ! A day not cloudless, nor yet void of storm, But sunny for the most, and clear and warm.

> RESIGNATION BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

There is no flock, however watched and tended,

But one dead lamb is there, There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended But has one vacant chair

The air is full of farewells to the dying And mournings for the dead.
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying, Will not be comforteu.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions Not from the ground arise, But oftentimes celestial benedictions

Assume this dark disguise We see but dimly through the mists and vapors, Amid these earthly damps:
What seem to us but dim, tunereal tupers.

May be Heaven's distant lamps. There is no death; what seems so is transition; This life of mortal breath, le but a suburb of the field Elysiat.

Whose portal we call death. She is not dead—the child of our affection—

But gone unto that school Where she no longer needs our poor protection But Christ himself doth rute

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion By guardian angels les Saie from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,

She lives, whom we call deau Day after day we think what she is doing In those bright realms of air.
Year after year her tender steps pursuing

Behold her grown more fair Thus we do walk with her, and keep unbroken The bond which nature gives:

Thinking that our remembrance, tho' unspoken,

May reach her where she lives. Not as a child shall we again behold her.

For when with rapture wil.

In our embrace we once again enfold he:, She will not be a chil. But a fair maiden in her father's mansion

Clothed with celestial grace: And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion. Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion And anguish long suppressed. The swelling heart heaves, moaning, like the ocean

That cannot be at res We will be patient, and assuage the feeling We cannot wholly sta:
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way

A Good litt. - A Methodist divine of this city on last Sunday administered a most severe rebuke to a common custom in those gays, of reading advertisements from the pulpit. A paper was handed to him giving notice that the "introductory lecture of the annual course would be delivered on Monday night," &c., at a certain Medical Institution in this city. The preacher said he had conscientious scruptes against cheating the printer by making such announcements in the pulpit; that he never heard such advertisements read in church without reminding him of the old deacon in Alexandria, who on a certain occasion exhorted in a most earnest and vehement language, the sinners in his congregation to repent or they would all go to hell as sure as there was flour for sale in

any man in the city. - Columbus (O.) States. Anxious Farmen -"What am I to do with you, sir-what am I to do with you, Do you know if you continue in your present course of cruelty and cowardice you will be

Alexandria, and he was sure there was flour

there, for he had received the day before an

assortment, which he would sell as cheap as

fit for nothing but a member of Congress?" DISTRACTED MOTHER .- "Oh don't say that, father, don't father! you will humiliate

LOUNG AMBRICA .-- A father holding his little son across his knee and spanking him, the little urchin bit him severely on the leg; on which the parent said: "You young dog, now dare you bite me " The boy turned said, I'll tell you all about that to-night; his nead, and tooking him in the face replied, and then the man-"Pather, who began it hirst?

there is a second of the property of the prope

Devoted to the Extension of the Aren of Freedom and the Spread of Pealthy Reform

VOL. 3. WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1857. NO. 35.

Select Infocelland. MICHAEL AND POWLESKA.

A REMARKABLL SPIRIT REVELATION.

A circumstance fully as remarkable as any recorded occurred at Odessa in the year 1842, An old blind man named Michael had for many years been accustomed to get his living by senting himself every morning on a beam in one of the timber yards, with a wooden bowl at his feet, into which passengers cast their alms. This long continued practice had made him well known to the inhabitants and as he was believed to have been formerly a soldier, his blindness was attributed to the numerous wounds he had received in battle. For his own part, he spoke little, and never contradicted this opinion.

One night Michael, by some accident fell in with a little girl ten years old, named Powleska, who was friendless and on the point of perishing with cold and hunger. The old man took her home and adopted her; and from that time he went about the atreets in her company, ard asking alms at the doors of houses. The child called him "father," and they pursued this mode of life for about five years when a misfortune befell them. A theft having been committed in a house which they had visited in the morning, Powleska was suspected and arrested, and the blind man was once more left alone. But instead of resuming his former habits he now disappeared altogether; and this circumstance causing the suspicion to extend to him, the girl was brought before the magistrate to be interrogated with regard to the place of concealment.

"Do you know where Michael is?" said the magistrate. 🕠

"He is dead," replied she, shedding a torrent of tears.

As the girl had been shut up for three days without any means of obtaining information from without, this answer, together with her unleigned distress, naturally excited considerable surprise.

"Who told you he was dead?" they inouired.

"Nobody !"

"Then how can you know it!" "I saw him killed!"

"But you have not been out of prison!" "I saw it, nevertheless!"

"But how was that possible? Explain what vou mean!"

"I cannot. All I can say is, that I saw

him killed." "When was he killed and how?"

"It was on the night I was arrested." "That cannot be; he was alive when you

vere seized." "Yes, he was; he was killed an hour after

that, They stabbed him with a knife!" "Where were you then !"

"I can't tell; but I saw it."

The confidence with which the girl asserted what seemed to her hearers impossible and absurd, disposed them to imagine that she was either really insane or pretending to be so. So leaving Michael aside, they proceed ble; and then all standing silently round I to interrogate her about the robbery, asking took Sir John Franklin's portrait from its her if she was guilty .-

"On, no?" she answered. "Then how came the property to be found about you?"

"I don't know; I saw nothing but the murder.'

"But there are no grounds grounds for supposing Michael is dead; his body has not

been found." "It is in the acqueduct."

"And do you know who slew him?" "Yes; it was a woman. Michael was walking very slowly, after I was taken away from him. A woman came behind him with a large kitchen knife; but he heard her and the duty of us all, enjoined by gallantry as turned around, and then the woman flung a piece of gray stuff over his head, and struck him repeatedly with the knife; the gray stuff and sick; and that this must be regarded by was much stained with blood. Michael fell at the eighth blow, and the woman dragged the body to the acqueduct and let it full without ever lifting the stuff which stuck to through, and to remember each man for himhis face."

As it was easy to verify these latter assertions, they dispatched people to the spot; and there they found the body, with a piece of stuff over his head, exactly as she had described. But when they asked her how she knew all this, she could only answer;

"I don't know,"

"But you know who killed him?" "Not exactly; it is the same woman that put out his eyes; but perhaps be will tell me her name to night; and if he does I will tell it to you."

"Whom do you mean by he?" "Why Michael to be sure."

During the whole of the following night, without allowing her to suspect their intention, they watched her; and it was of abserved that she never lay down, but sat upon the bed in a sort of lethargic slumber. Her body was quite motionless, except at intervals when this repose was interrupted by violent nervous shocks which pervaded her whole frame. On the ensuing day, the moment she was brought before the judge, she declared that she was now able to tell them the name of the assassin.

"But stay," said the magistrate; did Michael never tell you when he was alive, how he lost his sight?'

"No-but the morning before I was arrested, he promised me to do so; and that was the cause of his death.'

"How could that be?" "Last night Michael came to me, and he pointed to the man hidden behind the scaffold. ding on which he and I had been sitting. He showed me the man listening to us, when he

"To you know the name of this man?"

"It is Luck. He went afterward to a broad street that leads to the harbor, and he entered the third house on the right --- "

"What'is the name of the street?" "I don't know; but the house is one story lower than the adjoining ones. Luck fold Catharine what he had heard, and she proposed to assasinate Michael; but he refused saying, 'It is had enough to have burnt out his eyes fifteen years before, while he was asleep at your door, and to have kidnapped him into the country. Then I went to ask charity and Catharine put a piece of plate into my pocker, that I might be arrested, then she hid herself behind the acqueduct to wait for Michael, and she killed him."

"But since you saw all this, why did you keep the plate-why did you not give information."

"But I did not see it then. Michael showed it to me last night," But what should induce Catharine to do

this ?" "Michael was her husband, and she had forsaken him to come to Odessa and marry again. One night fifteen years ago, she saw Michael, who had come to seek her. She slipped hastily into her house, and Michael, who thought she had not seen him, lay down at her door to watch; but he fell asleep, and then Luck burnt out his eyes, and he carried

him to a distance." "And it is Michael who had told you this ?"

"Yes; he came very pale and covered with blood, and he took me by the hand and showed me all this with his fingers."

Upon this, Luck and Catharine were arrested; and it was ascertained that she had actually been married to Michael in the year 1819, at Kherson. They at first denied the accusation, but Powleska insisted, and they subsequently confessed the crime. When they communicated the circumstances of the confession to Powleska, she said, "I was told of it last night."

The affuir naturally excited great interest, and people all around the nieghborhood hastened into the city to learn the sentence.-Night Side of Nature.

A Sketch of Dr. Kane.

The following account of Dr. Kane, of the departure of himself and party from the Brig Advance, in which they had sheltered themwinters is illustrative of the beautiful Christ- in the same way." ian spirit that adorned his character, and his entirely unselfish appreciation of duty. "Our last farewell to the brig was made

with more solemnity. The entire ship's company was collected in pur dismantled winter chamber to take part in the ceremonial. It chamber to take part in the ceremonial. It bie for the above Living has thrown around was Sunday, our moss walls had been torn it. The vulgarism and excitements of the down and the wood that supported them ball-room have no more to do with the simburned. Our beds were off on the boats.-The galley was unfurnished and cold, everything about the little den of refuge was deso- mand, in whom they induce disease, have to of the copper mines, silver is found to greater however, Cuffy thought to succeed better by late.

frame and cased it in an India-rubber scroll. I next read the reports of inspection and survey which had been made by the several commissions organized for the purpose, all of them testifying to the necessities under which I was about to act. I did not affect to disguise the difficulties that were before us; but I assured them that they could all be overcome by energy and subordination to command; and that the thirteen hundred miles of ice and water that lay between us and North Greenland could be traversed with safety for most of us, and hoped for all, I added, that as men and messmates, it was well as religion, to postpone every consideration of self to the protection of the wounded every man and under all circumstances as a paramount order. In conclusion I told them to think over the trials we had all of us gone self, how often an unseen Power had rescued him in peril, and I admonished them still to place reliance on Him who could not change, I was met with a right spirit, after a short

conference, an engagement was drawn up by one of the officers, and brought to me with the signatures of all the company without an exception.

We then went upon deck, the flags were hoisted and hauled down again, and our party walked once or twice around the brig, looking at her timbers and exchanging comments upon the scow which reminded them of every stage of her dismantling. Our figure head, the fair Augusta, the little blue girl with pink cheeks, who had lost her breasts by an iceberg, and her nose by a nip of Bedevilled Reach, was taken from our bows and placed aboard the "Hope." . "She is at any rate wood" said the men when I hesitated to give them the additional burden, "and if we can-

not carry her far we can burn her." No one thought of the mockery of cheers, we had no festival liquor to molest our perception of the real state of things, when all hands were quite ready, we scrambled off over the ice together, much like a gang of stevedores going to work over a quay full of broken cargo. - Kane's Arctic Explorations

A GIFT AND "A SELL."-Dewy, the Burlington, Vt., grocer, (who judging by his advertisments, must have got his "license" from Apollo, sent to the editor of the Free Press, which was found to consist of a ham and an empty cigar box, accompanied by the following note.-"I send you a box of cigars and a ham both well smoked." The editor, being neither a, Jew nor a smoker, was pleased with praises upon the tomb-stones of those who his present, and made his acknowledgements slept beneath, oxclaimed, "I wonder where accordingly.

Physician's Evidence on Dancing.

That beautiful, graceful accomplishment of dancing, so perverted by late hours and the indecency of fashionable attire, has outraged many sensible people, and led them to deprive the young of one of the most sim-ple and healthful enjoyments, because it has been abused. For myself, I can testify not only to its healthful, but to its recuperative power. The fortieth, nay, the fiftieth year of my age, found me enjoying this life-cheering exercise. It should be one of the earliest amusements of children, and care should be taken by parents that it is understood as an amusement. While I am on this topic, I will mention a case that occurred in my practice. A thoughtful, anxious mother, who had lost three children, brought to me her only remaining child, a daughter-her temperament nervous bilious-the nervous fearfully predominant, with great irritability of the system-peevish, passionate, dyspeptic, sleepless-of course exacting, arbitrary and un- and certainly is very beautiful. The site two comfortable; the poor child looked sad, old, morbid and miserable. She had been to school because her parents thought it an amusement for her to be with other children. After critically examining her physiognomy, I said to her mother:

"What is the temperament of your husband?"

"The same as my own," she replied. "Then the child is doubly stamped," I continued, "and very rigorous measures must be point, it being the western end of lake naviused if you expect to restore her to health. Divorce her immediately from anything mental, so far as memorizing is concerned; then | tank is the great Pacific railroad, by way of send her to a dancing school, that she may combine exercise with order and melody, and thus some of her rough edges may be rounded."

The child-her large eyes wide open with wonder and delight-interrupted me with: "Dancing school! Oh! how I've longed

to go; but mother says it's wrong and leads to wickedness."

What a dilemma for a physician! What: diiemma for a child! "Did you ever intend your daughter to play

the piano, guitar, or other musical instru-ment?" said I to the mother. "O, yes," was the answer. "Why," I continued, "why show such

partiality, to the upper extremities? The selves from the severity of the two Arctic melody; the feet are rendered equally happy

A nice afternoon school received the little girl, who grew in health and harmony every month as she followed the hygienic rules prescribed for her. Dancing is a healthful, graceful recreation, and is not responsi-

ple enjoyment of the dance than the rich mines, silver, in masses of several pounds wines and sumptuous banquets of the gour- weight, is found in a pure state; and in all

Badly Sold.

Ben, a speculator in bivalves, had taken in counterfeit three dollar bill, and not relishing such dead capital, he conceived the idea of giving it to Tom who was a rollicking sort of a fellow, and could make it go if any, body could. Accordingly, he approached the contemplated dispensing medium one day, when the following conversation ensued:

"I say, Tom, here's a pretty good sort o a three. If you'll pass it I'll divide." "Let's see the plaster," said Tom; and after examining it carefully, put it in his vest pocket, remarking, "It's an equal divisiondollar and a half apiece?"

away." A few minutes after he quietly stopped into the office of his friend Ben, purchased a can ovsters for one dollar and a half, and lays down the three dollar bill in payment for them. The clerk looked at the bill rather doubtingly, when his suspicions were immediately calmed by Tom, who told him there was "no use looking, for he had received that bill from Ben himself not ten minutes since." Of course the clerk, with this assuranc, im mediately forked over the dollar and a half change, and with this deposit and the can of ovsters Tom left.

Shortly afterwards he met Ben, who asked

him if he had passed the bill. "Oh yes," said Tom, "here's your share," at the same time passing over the dollar and a half to Ben.

That night when Bon made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the same old counterfeit three in the drawer. Turning to his looum tenena he asked !

"Where did you get this cursed bill ?-Didn't you know it was a counterfeit?" "Why, Tom gave it to me, and I suspected t was fishy, but he said he had just received

it from you, and I therefore took it." The whole thing had penetrated the woo of Ben, and with a peculiar grin he muttered "Sold," and charged a can of cysters to profit and loss account.

So Much for Opinions.—The Northern Independent, a progressive Methodist paper, started to represent the more decided antislavery sentiment of that body, has, in six months, attained a circulation of 10,000.

A LITTLE GIRL, walking in Greenwood Cemetery, and reading one after another the things, I remain as ever, all the sinners are buried !"

Letter from the West.

[The subjoined letter is from a citizen of this County, now traveling in the West. A friend has handed it in for publication, together with several others of the same series. The reading will doubtless be interesting to many our readers.]

DEAR WIFE: According to previous promise I will now give you a partial description of this place and surrounding country;

Superior is situated at the west end of Lake Superior, on the south side of Superior Bay, which is subdivided into the Bays of St. Louis and Allones', and is formed by the mouths of three Rivers, the St. Louis, Nemyi and Allones. The city is platted on either side of these rivers, each of which is deep enough to admit of steamboat navigation for several miles above their mouths. This harbor is somewhat difficult to enter, as the passage is narrow between Minnesota Point and Wisconsin Point ; but when entered, is perfectly secure and very commodious. The site of Superior is an elevated plain, (some 30 feet above the water in the bay,) of even surface years ago was a wilderness with no habitation of more pretensions than an Indian wigwam, and had one white inhabitant. Now it is a flourishing town, or city, spread over an extent of two or three miles each way, and contains many buildings which may well pretend to elegance. As a business town it is not excelled by any of its size in the West.

This place is, no doubt, destined to be in advance of even Chicago as a commercial gation and the starting point of a number of railroads, among which, not the least impor-Pembina to Puget's Sound. This Bill will probably pass the present Congress, but whether it does or not will not make this point the less important; for you will see by reference to the map, that this is the only outlet to the great agricultural and mineral wealth of the north-west; and this will be the great commercial emporium of the west, and where all its products will be obliged to come for shipment.

The country about Superior is good for agricultural and grazing purposes in particular. For a distance of some 20 miles back it is a level plain, covered by a dense growth of spruce, tamarac, cedar, &c. The trees are small, very straight and tall, being evidently a second growth; as the remains of hands are rendered happy as a medium of large trees are everywhere to be seen.— About 20 miles from the lake shore on the south, you come to the Ronge as it is called, which is nothing more or less than a continuous ridge of trap rock, some 500 feet high, rich with copper, iron, and silver ores. A number of copper mines are now being successfully worked, the copper being found in its pure, metallic state, obliging the operators e-parate the large masses as removed, by the use of the cold chisel. In many of these n, which offer is refused by the owners.

from two to four pairs woolen stockings and dis boat, sure's you live!" from two to three pairs of "Nips"-which are pieces of flannel about eighteen inches square, which you wrap around your feet; and over all this, a pair of buckskin moccasins; about your ankles a pair of wollen leggins, and your feet are dressed. You will readily perceive that the general appearance of the foot must be elegant; but should I step on the sales of his songs, he depends for a into an eastern village thus equipped, the first question would probably be, "have you frozen "All right," said Tom, and he sauntered your feet?" All would conclude that at least ever the English language is spoken, while had a "sore toe." Flannel shirts are a great institution, and the number one wears varies from three to eight. The balance of the wardrobe consists of furs, woolen mittens. comforters, three or four pairs of drawers, and a pair of pants, and over all this a Mexican blanket. Picture the above to your imagination and you have before you your humble servant as he stands at his desk inditing this epistle, and as he appears in his daily walks. The above costume would not be nec- and as many more in England. "My Kenessary in an old settled country; but in this tucky Home" and Old Dog Fray," each had country people do not depend upon stoves, a sale of about 70,000. All his other songs warm rooms and soft beds, but lie down and sleep when night overtakes them, using the vlean white snow for feathers, and the broad canopy of the Heavens for a covering; and indissolubly with its best associations. were the people of Penn, to adopt the same habits they would probably require the same

costume. 'poor Indian, whose untutored mind," &c., large numbers of whom are daily to be seen in our streets. You will also see daily, numerous "dog trains," conveying men, women and children, as also freight of various kinds. Snow shoes may be considered as another of our peculiarities. Along the shores of the lake may be seen large numbers of the bark canoes of the Indians lying in wait for the spring time that they may glide over the dark blue waters of the lake.

correspondence, but for the present you must

Yours affectionately. Superior, Doug. Co. Wis., & C. V. E. Jan. 37, 1947.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 conts for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than resurteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half Yearly and Yearly advertising:

2 months. 6 months. 12 may 15 Squares. 12 100 \$6 00 \$6 00 \$8 00 \$2 Squares. 19 00 15 6th. 20 00

k column, 1000 1500 2000
1 column, 1800 3000 4000
All udvertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until or-

dered ont, and charged accordingly.

Pesters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobling done in country establishments, executed nearly and promptly. Justices', Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to drawn?

HAD EN AT EAST. A young man from the "rural districts," went to the post office the other day for a dollars worth of postage stamps. He was told that paper money was not received. He went away, and shortly returned with four Spanish quarters, "We don't receive them now," said the attendant, "for more than twenty cents apiece." The countryman thought Uncle Sam was mighty parlicular, so he went away again and obtained a dollar in coppers. "Now," said he on returning to the office, and laying down the "pile" at the window of the delivery, "I guess I can suit ye." The man inside looked at the display of "specie currency," and coolly said, "We never take more than three cents in coppers at any one time-it is not legal fénder above that sum,"

The countryman looked at the composed official for the space of a minute and a half without stirring; and then he belched out. "Look here you, ain't you mighty kind of particular for fellers locked up in such a jail as this 'ere? You don't take only three cents in coppers at a time, hey? Well then, s'pose you give mo three cents worth of stamps, anyhow," The official very politely out him off a single stamp, and passed it out, for which the countryman laid down three cents, He was about to pass away, when the latter oried out, "Look here, you! Hold on!-That ere's one time. Now s'pose you gin me three cents worth more on 'em.'

Uncle Sam's clerk was not slow in discovering that he had caught a tartar. He turned back to the window. "How many coppers have you got?" he asked. Wall, only about ninety-seven of 'em; I had a hundred on 'em when I begun." "Pass 'em in," was the gruff reply. "Pass out your stamps fust, and then I will," said Jonathan, "but I reckon you don't ketch me agin." The stamps were passed out, the coppers were handed over. when the countryman went off saying, "I s'pose because a teller holds office under Uncle Sam he thinks he's smarter than creation; but I guess they larnt something that ime."-Lowell News.

THE DARREY AND THE DEER .- "Mack," the Detroit correspondent of Porter's Spirit, is responsible for the following a

"The good steamer Ion was coming down the beautiful St. Clair, when a noble buck was seen swimming across ahead of her.—
To lower away a boat and give chase was only the work of a moment, and with a stout line he was taken by the antiers, and safely brought upon the steamer's deck. A good deal of admiration was excited by his fine proportions, and among his admirers was the cook, a goodly specimen of "Afric's clime," who imagined that, from the docile appearance of the animal, he was quiet as a sheep. He therefore undertook to caress him, and to lay his hand upon his haunch, when he was astonished by a vigorous kick, that laid him sprawling on the deck. Nothing daunted, do with the temperate repasts that satisfy the or less extent. Workmen offer to work these the head, but the deer, liking this no better, We read prayers and a chapter in the Bi- natural wants of the body. -Dr. Harriot K. copper mines for the silver they may find in made a but that laid the darkey out again, and opened an ugly gash on his wooly head We see many things which seem novel to This was too much of a good thing, so Cuff's pastern people in the customs and habits of when he recovered himself, stood a respectthe people here. Owing to the rigor of the able distance, and eying the old buck, said, climate it becomes necessary for the "pale -"Now look a heah, Mister Dee," I do no face" to don the blanket and moccasin, a la whose dee you is, or who you belong to; but Indian. The dressing for the feet consists of if you do dat ar agin dar'll be wenzon board

> WHO WRITES THE NEGRO SONGS !- The principal writer of our national music, is Stephen C. Foster, the author of "Uncle Ned." "O Susannah," &c. Mr. Foster resides near Pittsburg, where he occupies a moderate clerkship, upon which, and a percentage living. He writes the poetry as well as the music of his songs. These are sung wherthe music is sung wherever men sing. ... the cotton fields of the South, among the mines of California and Australia, in the sea coast cities of China, in Paris, in the London prison, everywhere, in fact, his melodies are heard, "Uncle Ned" was the first. This was published in 1845, and reached a sale un. known till then in the music publishing business. Of "The Old Folks at Home," 100-000 copies have been sold in this country, have had a great run. All his compositions are simple, but they are natural, and find their way to the popular heart and link themselves

IF we wished to make a novel remarkone that would electrify the world with its Another nevel sight to eastern folks, is the | dazzling brilliancy and entire originalitywe would very modestly suggest that "Winter lingers in the lap of Spring." If any of our cotemporaries should see fit to quote this lightning flash of intellect-as we feel quite certain that more than half of them will in their next weather article-they need not be particular about giving us credit for it; as, unon a due consideration of the dizzy fiterary eminence its utterance might place us upon, we have concluded not to make it.-Olean Advertiser.

But enough of this; these things will soon! The language would be inadequate to the pass away before the march of civilization, subject. "I would not half express the enor-A few days and all these shall be among the I mities of Old Winter's doings of late. He things that were. There are many other not only "lingers in the lap of Spring," but things I would like to mention, but for want the embraces her with his icy arms and impuof opportunity will be obliged to desist. Per- I dently blows his chilling breath in her face. The principal editor is the Rev. William haps at some future time I will resume the And what is the strangest of all, Miss Spring -the immodest little huzzy-seems to entov be content. Hoping you will soon be with the attentions of the heary headed old sinner. me to have occular demonstration of these If she would only snivel about the matter. and shed a profusion of tears, old Winter I might in a melting mood, desist his importunities, and act decently hereafter .- independent Whig, March 17.