

# THE AGITATOR.

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

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## THE DYING WIFE.

LAY the gem upon my bosom,  
Let me feel her sweet, warm breath;  
For a strange thrill o'er me passes,  
And I know that it is death.  
I would gaze upon her treasure—  
Scarcely given ere I go—  
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers  
Wander o'er my breast of snow.  
I am passing through the waters,  
But a blessed shore appears;  
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest,  
Let me kiss away those tears,  
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,  
Strive from midnight until day;  
It may leave an angel's blessing  
When it vanisheth away.  
Lay the gem upon my bosom,  
'Tis not long she can be there;  
See! how to my heart she nestles—  
'Tis the nest I love to wear.  
If in after years another  
Sits beside thee in thy chair—  
Though her voice be sweeter music,  
And her face than mine more fair—  
If a cherub call thee "FAZUKA,"  
Far more beautiful than this—  
Love thy first-born, oh, my husband!  
Turn not from the motherless.  
Tell her sometimes of her mother;  
You will call her by my name!  
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,  
If she errs, oh! gently blame.  
Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping,  
I will answer if she calls;  
And my breath shall stir her ringlets,  
When my voice in blessing falls.  
Her soft, black eyes will brighten  
With a wonder whence it came,  
In her heart, when years have wasted,  
She will find her mother's name.  
It is said that every mortal  
Walks between two angels here;  
One records the ill, and blots it,  
If before the midnight drear  
Man repenteth; if unceasing,  
Then he seals it for the skies,  
When the right hand angel weepeth—  
Bowling low with veiled eyes.  
I will be her right-hand angel—  
Sealing up the good heaven;  
Striving that the midnight watches  
Find no misdeed unforgiven,  
You will not forget me, husband,  
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod?  
Love the precious jewel giv'n us,  
As I love thee—next to God.

## Humorous Sketch.

### The Red Cotton Umbrella.

BY HENRY ALGER, JR.

The other day as I was walking up Washington street, my attention was drawn toward an object which seemed to receive considerable notice from the passers-by, and especially the boys, of whom a large company were in close pursuit.

Looking more narrowly, I discovered it was a man with a red cotton umbrella hoisted above his head. He presented an appearance so strange that I did not at all wonder at the vociferous greeting of the boys—"Say, old fellow, what'll you take for your umbrella?" "Look here, stranger, what do you call that ere?" "Do they raise them down East, where you came from?"

I was surprised, however, when in the bearer of the umbrella, I recognized my old friend, Jones.

"Why," said I, as I got within hailing distance, "do you carry about such a thing as that?"

"It is rather odd looking," answered Jones, mediatively, "you are right, there."

"Then why do you carry it?" I asked impatiently.

"Do you think," said he, anybody would be tempted to steal it?"

"Steal it! Not the least danger of that; but why don't you answer my question?"

"Because, to do it I must give you a leaf from my experience. I think I will on the whole. It will relieve me to unburden my sorrows. You will stop me when you get tired?"

"Certainly! Proceed."

"From early boyhood," resumed Jones, musingly, "I was ambitious to own an umbrella. Watches, breastpins and rings, such as boys generally are desirous of possessing, I cared nothing about. But I was determined not to have one until I could get a good one. At length, when sixteen, the desire of my heart was fulfilled. I became the owner of a silk umbrella. It was a proud day for me. I was never tired of looking at and admiring my umbrella. How ardently I longed for rain, that I might have an opportunity to display it.

"On Wednesday evening there was a Lyceum lecture to which I was engaged to escort a young lady—a cousin of mine. To my great delight, as the hour approached it began to rain a little, but not enough to prevent our going.

"I walked to the hall door with a happy heart, carefully shielding my cousin from the rain with my umbrella. In the pride of my heart I could not help asking her how she liked my umbrella, but my ardor was checked by her indifferent reply—

"Very well, what did you give for it?"

"I was about to carry it into the lecture room, but the door tender told me this was not allowed. I accordingly hid it behind the door, in what I imagined a safe place. There was but one other one with it—a faded coarse cotton umbrella—which, in its palmy days, now long gone by; might have cost fifty cents.

"Though under some apprehensions, I managed to sit quietly through the lecture. At the close I darted out in search of my treasure. Alas! I was too late. Mine was gone, and the faded cotton one left! Picture my consternation—my dismay. But I was forced to put up with the loss, or rather exchange, and, horror of horrors! escort my cousin home, as it was still raining; under the odious cotton one.

"Thus was my first boyish dream rudely broken in upon. I need not say that I did

not set eyes on my umbrella again. As for the one I got in exchange, I hated the sight of it, for it recalled the memory of my loss. I took the earliest opportunity to lead it, and it was never brought back again.

"In the process of time I got another umbrella. It resembled as nearly as possible the first one I possessed. To make sure that it would not be taken, I had inscribed upon it in large letters—

"Stolen from John Jones, Jr."

"Walking out with it one day, I suddenly felt a heavy hand placed on my shoulder, and turning round, faced a policeman.

"Ah ha, my fine fellow, so you carry round stolen property, do you?"

"It is mine, sir," said I trembling.

"O, yes, no doubt; but as I am bound for the Watch-House, I'll trouble you to go with me and hold the umbrella over my head."

"I was forced to go. The next day it was easily proved that I was the bona fide owner, but the property had disappeared in some unaccountable manner.

"After I had somewhat recovered the shock produced by this loss, I procured another, though of not so good a quality as the two preceding. This one I kept for some time; but one day a lady who had made a short call at our house, being overtaken by a shower, and yet anxious to return, ask me to lend it to her. Could I refuse?

"As it was not returned the next day, I went to inquire after it. It was sought for in vain. Reflection came to the lady's aid, and she pleasantly exclaimed—

"I have it; James returned to boarding school yesterday, and as likely as not he took your umbrella with him by mistake. When he comes back at vacation you shall have it."

"How long will he be gone?" I inquired.

"Six months."

"My heart sunk within me. In six months it might get broke or lost. At all events it would not be new. I felt a presentiment that I should never see it again, and I never did."

"I began to be discouraged. However I purchased an umbrella the next day, and as I had no doubt that I should lose it, I bought one for fifty cents. It was more useful than ornamental, certainly.

"A week afterwards, it rained, and I looked around for it, but it was nowhere to be found. I asked my wife (I was a married man now), "Have you seen an umbrella in the entry, lately?"

"Nothing but a cheap cotton one, and that I knew could not be yours, so I gave it to Bridget."

"I sighed, and departed to the umbrella shop to purchase another. This time I purchased a good one. Three days afterwards a friend borrowed it without leave. The next I heard of him, he had sailed for Europe and carried it with him.

"You see my dear friend, from this short narration, to what miseries I have been subjected on account of umbrellas. Were I to give you a faithful detail of my losses, it would fill a volume. But I will not worry you any longer. During the last fifteen years I have purchased one hundred and fifty umbrellas. Where they are now I don't know. Scattered all over the globe, I have no doubt.

"At length I have resorted to this expedient. This umbrella I have had made of red cotton, expressly for me. "You don't think," he added with a faint smile "they will take this, do you?"

I shook my head and my friend departed, leaving me to muse on his unhappy fate. My meditations were brought to an end by hearing a shout of derision. I turned round and discovered that a gust of wind had turned the red cotton umbrella inside out, and injured it beyond repair.

Poor Jones! I have not seen him since. I shall call to-morrow at the umbrella merchant's, round the corner. I shall be sure to hear of him there.

A Keokuk correspondent sends us a story of Rev. Julius Caesar, a colored preacher of Missouri, which he thinks goes to show that some of the sable brethren are quite as cute as any of the Hard Shells of whom we have heard so much of late. Mr. Caesar had made an appointment to preach about twenty miles from his master's plantation, and there he made his appearance with his saddle-bags on his arm and gave out at once that he had come to preach the Gospel to the niggers thereabouts. "Yah! Yah!" responded a hundred voices; but one of the negroes more bold but not worse than the rest, sung out:—

"Well, now, look a heah, nigger, if you mut dun sumfin; preachin' am too slow for dese yere chillen." He procured a pack of cards and after some manuevering the preacher commenced operations, and after some five or six hours' playing had skinned everything round, cleaning them out of all the loose silver they had picked up in many a day. Caesar shoved the documents into the bags, and starting off again, told them by way of a parting benediction, that whenever they had a little more money to support the Gospel in that way, just to let him know.—Knicker.

A DARING YOUNGSTER.—A friend of ours who has two charming daughters, one of whom has been drawn this way by matrimony, that makes sad breaks in families sometimes, declared that if any one should come after the remaining daughter, he would shoot him. A queer customer, who saw her for the first time a few evenings since, and was struck by her grace and beauty, said on being told of the threat—"Well, that's all right enough; though if I was a young man, I'd risk one shot, any-how."

MORALITY depends a good deal upon your wages. There is many a person who now passes for a saint, who would be one of the biggest scamps in the world, were his income reduced from roast beef to No. 3 mackerel.

## The Bachelor and Baby.

"What shall I do?" and the old bachelor stamped about the sitting room in a perfect rage of doubt, looking first at the napping babe in the little willow cradle, and then at the busy French clock on the mantel shelf. As sure as my name is Joseph Phelps, that little two fisted, large lung'd nephew of mine is waking, and it wants one whole hour of the time which mother appointed for her return.

Whew! I actually sweat thinking about it. What can I do with it—how can I treat it to sugar what d'ye call 'ems, or hold it, or trot it, or do anything with it?"

At this juncture, a faint wail from the baby receptacle brought Joseph to his taps. With an energy and an alacrity that would not ill become a husband and baby tender, he commenced rocking the cradle; sending the indignant baby into a perfect tremor of kicks and squalls. Backward and forward from one side of the pillow to the other, the round red face rolled; the infant fists were clenched with a force that purpled them; while from the white, plump throat came a cry that sent the bachelor wild with fear.

Again Joe looked at the clock.

"What the deuce can I do?" he exclaimed again viewing wofully the little inflamed face before him.

He sat down in a big chair before baby—spread a double cradle quilt over his knees, and with a look of terror upon his face proceeded to take baby from his resting place.—He drew the young hopeful into his lap, just as a very neat old lady would pick up a pocket-handkerchief, with his thumb and fingers. A fresh yell from the rosy mouth, was the only expression of thanks as he commenced the never out of fashion baby trot.

"It must be that something is pricking him. Shoo! s-h-o-o!" said Joe, commencing a search for the aggravating pin, that was driving the child in such a rage. But no pin was to be found, and he made an attempt to turn the baby over; but oh, the clumsiness of his fingers—the little eel like form slid out of his lap to the floor, sending out a cry that was "louder, clearer, deadlier than before."

"Lord save me I've broken it's neck!" was the exclamation as he picked baby up, and in the agony of despair tried to comfort him. A thought struck Joe. He saw a *basque* hanging against the wall of the adjoining bedroom, and with a smile of delight upon his countenance, he went for it. Sure enough, there it was, stuffed, boddice and all! a real monument of feminine ingenuity. He was wild with joy. He pinned it over his coat, and fastened the sleeves behind him. He took the baby and laid its head against the false breast works.

"Shadows of Southern plantations and cotton factories!" exclaimed Joe, as the baby rooted its nose into it about a mile, then cuddled down for a snooze. Then the bachelor commenced singing:

"Women are all a fleeting show,  
For man's delusion given;  
When filled with bran and stuffed with tow,  
They look quite well—"

A tap upon the door stopped Joe in the midst of this suggestive song, and before he had time to disarray himself, the door was opened, and a roguish, laughing pair of eyes peered in upon him.

"Your sister is not at home is she?" chirruped the visitor.

"No ma'am" stammered Joe, growing very red in the face; "and I have turned nurse."

Miss Hayes laughed; offered to relieve him of his charge, which he willingly consented to; sitting near by, the while intently watching her. She managed the baby to a charm without the *basque*, and Joe was captivated.

Joseph Phelps married Fanny Hayes—'pon my word, he did.

A STUBBORN STRIPPLING.—A big stripling, awkward youth, fresh from Vermont, once entered the Dummer Academy at Byfield, Mass. At that time the boys and girls were kept in one apartment, only the middle aisle separating them. One day this Vermont stripling who had just been helping one of the girls through a hard sum, thought it not more than fair that he should take toll for his services; accordingly he threw his stalwart arms around the rosy damsel and gave her a sly but rousing smack which startled the whole assembly. "Jedediah Tower, come up here!" roared out the preceptor.

The delinquent appeared: his face glowing with blushes like a red hot warming pan—and looking as silly as a nunny. "Hold out your hand, sir!" said the pedagogue.—"I'll teach you not to act thus in this institution."

The huge paw was extended in a horizontal line toward the instructor, who surveyed its broad surface with a mathematical eye—calculating how many strokes of his small ferule it would take to cover the large number of square inches which it contained.

"Jedediah," at length he said, "this is the first time that you have been called up for any delinquency; now, sir, if you will say that you were sorry for what you have done, I will let you off this time without punishment."

"Sorry!" exclaimed the youngster, striking an attitude of pride and indignation; "sorry! No, sir, I am not. And I will do just so again, if I have a chance. So, put on, old fellow, just as hard as you like. By the jumpin' Jehosifaf, I'd stand here and let you lick me till kingdom kum afore I'd be sorry at that."

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## "My Lord—It's a Wafer."

The manner in which a shrewd attorney entraps a lying witness is well illustrated in the following sketch of the trial of a forged will case before Lord Denman, in England, in which Samuel Warren, Esq., author of the "Diary of a Physician," "Ten Thousand a Year," &c., was the associate prosecuting attorney. Carelessly placing his thumb over the seal, Mr. Warren held up the will, and demanded of the witness if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantle-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will—he signed it in his bed, at his request you signed it, as subscribing witness, you saw him seal it—it was with red wax he sealed it—a piece of wax, two, three or four inches long—he lit that wax, with a piece of candle which you found on the mantle-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath, you did it?"

"I did."

"My Lord—IT'S A WAFER!"

WHAT A POOR MAN'S WIFE OUGHT TO BE. The majority of young women, indeed, enter the marriage state wholly unfit to discharge the important and responsible functions of their new office. The consequence is, that we find them at open war with their husbands before they have been married a month.—The art of "making home happy" is not understood by them. Exceptions, of course, there are; but the majority lack cleanly and tidy habits—habits of order, and habits of punctuality. When children cluster around them, their work is more difficult; but a large number lose their influence over their husbands before the difficulty is increased by these maternal troubles. It is mere thoughtlessness. They are out gossiping and idling when they ought to be preparing for their husbands return from his work. The man comes home from the field or the factory to find an untidy room, and no symptoms of preparation for the evening meal. His wife has made no attempt to smarten herself; and his first growth of disappointment, in all probability, is responded to by a sulky face and a sharp tongue. It may also be laid down as a rule, that the man returns home, after his day's work, more or less in an ill humor. He is tired, hungry and thirsty, and has, perhaps, had to endure some hard rubs in the course of his day's labor. He has been rebuked and threatened with dismissal, justly or unjustly, by his taskmaster; or he has quarrelled with his comrades; or he has had bad weather to encounter; or he has broken or damaged his tools, and been altogether unsuccessful in his work. He goes home out of humor with the world, but still hoping to find comfort and consolation where he has a right to look for it. He is disappointed, and he is at no pains to conceal his disappointment.—The wife excuses herself and resents his querulousness. There is an end to the happy, quiet evening he had promised himself. And if he does not betake himself to the pot house, he sulks in the chimney-corner, over an unseizable pipe, and wonders he was such a fool as to marry.

A GOOD ONE.—David Crockett happened to be present at an exhibition of animals, some time ago in the city of Washington, where a monkey seemed to attract his special attention, and he abstractedly observed:

"If that fellow had on a pair of spectacles he would look like Major Wright, of Ohio."

The Major happened to be just behind Crockett, and overheard the observation, and gently tapped Davy on the shoulder. Turning around David very formally remarked:

"I'll be hanged, Major, if I know whose pardon to ask, yours or the monkey's."

Mr. Jones, after having spent an evening over his bowl, went home a little "how come you so?" He was fortunate to find his better-half asleep. He went to bed, and after a moment's consideration, he thought it would be best to turn over, lest his breath should betray him; when Mrs. Jones opened her eyes, and in the mildest manner in the world, said:

"Jones, you needn't turn over, you're drunk clear through!"

## OUR NATION'S CURSE.

I passed along the crowded mart,  
Where human cattle stood,  
Where man, with cold and flinty heart,  
Dealt in a brother's blood;  
I saw a mother, worn and wild,  
Amid the motley throng,  
Clasp to her breast a darling child  
To shield it from all wrong;  
I saw that infant rudely torn  
From that last, fond embrace;  
Then to the auction-block 't was borne,  
And cursed, like all its race.  
I marked that mother's tearful cheek,  
I heard that infant's cry,  
And knew, tho' it was low and weak,  
'T was heard by The Most High.  
I turned away, all sick at heart,  
That things like this should be,  
Within a land whose pride and boast  
Is that of "LIBERTY!"  
"O, man!" I cried, "who thus can brook  
A crime so stark and glare;  
How dare ye up to Heaven look  
And ask for blessings there?" LENA.

For The Agitator.

## The Location, Construction and Maintenance of Common Roads.

Besides the increase of draught, the wear and tear of carriages, loss of time, etc., on steep inclinations, there are other reasons why they should be avoided. In summer the heavy rains wash the soil from the stones, making the surface very rough; gully out the road and often times causing as much expense in repairs as would be required to make a permanent and good road in the proper place.

Some of the faults of direction and slope have now been shown, as also some of the requirements of roads in these two particulars. Then, in recapitulation; roads as to their direction should be as straight as possible, on account of its being the shortest route, but should always be sacrificed to obtain an easier grade; and as to slope, should not exceed 1 in 30 or 35 except for a very short distance.

These two requirements are all that are needed to "lay out a road," and if properly put in practice will be a grand step toward the improvement of our public highways; the benefits of which will be reaped by present as well as future generations.

It will be seen by our first article that hills are the great antagonists of the road maker, meeting him at every turn, and continually throwing a barrier in his way. At first thought these may seem to have no design or order in their arrangement; but science shows them to be the beneficence of an all wise Providence, and the result of a uniform action of nature's laws which the physical geographer readily understands. Road viewers often seem unmindful of the fact that in almost every case that can be proposed for a road, nature has so moulded the surface of the earth by the great geographical changes that have been going on for ages, as to facilitate the location of a road, and partially cancel the difficulties of hills.

These most usually occur in chains or ridges, sometimes in groups, and at others in isolated peaks. In the former arrangement the hills are composed of a principal ridge, from which offshoot as it were, secondary, tertiary, &c. ridges, with hollows or valleys intervening, in which are streams "which ramify in the hills like the branches of a tree, or the veins of the body." These streams show the lowest points or *thalwegs* of the valley, as well as the line of greatest slope. "These watercourses" says Leconte, "are to be the engineers guide in his location, as they mark the lowest points of the valleys.—Knowing the above, we may profit by the following principles:

- 1st. If a principal ridge is met by two secondary ridges at the same point, the point of meeting is the maximum of height.
- 2d. If a principal ridge is met by two *thalwegs* at the same point, the point of meeting is the minimum of height.
- In locating a road which is to cross the principal ridge, it should follow up the valleys, going around the projecting points, instead (as has often been done) of going over them, until it reaches the minimum height."

If the slope is found too steep toward the heads of the streams and hollows, the road must zig zag across them as previously directed to ascend a steep slope, and the same *modus operandi* in descending.

Some cases will occur where two valleys do not meet at the same point on the ridge, and in such cases the viewers should take all possible advantage of the hollows, and where the termini of the road are not situated opposite each other, it is better in most cases after leaving the hollows, to join them by a line running to the right or left up the hill as the case may be, instead of a more sinuous one by zig zagging up it. This is also advocated by some, where the termini are opposite each other, as it saves unnecessary curving, giving it some advantage over the other in some localities.

Sometimes the two termini are upon the same side of the principal ridge, but upon different levels, with secondary ridges intervening, but which can be crossed by a uniform slope from one end of the road to the other. Many will ask the question, Is it best to join these by a uniform slope or by an undulating line?

This question has been often asked and warmly argued on both sides. Professor Mahan, of West Point advocates undulating roads because "it seems more natural for a horse to travel upon these than upon a level, on one of uniform slope." This seems to be the main reason for constructing common roads on this principle, although some contend that the carriage runs enough easier in

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going down hill to compensate for the increase of draught in ascending.

It has been said by some that the muscles of the horse are relieved by one set being brought into play in ascending, and that these rest while another acts in descending, and vice versa. Professor Gillespie says "the speculations in favor of undulating roads are untrue both mechanically and physiologically; for considering it in the former point of view, it is apparent that new ascents are formed, which offer resistances which are not compensated by the descents, and in the latter we find it contradicted by the structure of the horse."

Dr. John Barclay an eminent comparative anatomist says in answer to this question, that "it is demonstrably a false idea that muscles can alternately rest and come into action in cases of this kind, neither can I explain how a horse should be more fatigued by traveling on a uniformly level road, than over a like space on one that crosses heights and hollows."

Thus we see that undulating roads are false, and therefore should be avoided whenever it is possible to do so, and especially when descending a slope, as every hill ascended in descending the main hill, has only to be descended on the other side, making two hills instead of one.

An instance of hill-saving of this kind, occurred on the Cazenovia and Chittenango plank road where the former place is 800 feet higher than the latter. "The most level common road between them rises more than 1200 feet in going from the latter to the former, and rises more than 400 feet in going from Cazenovia to Chittenango, in spite of this latter place being 800 feet lower. But the plank road laid out by Mr. Geddes, rises only the 800 feet by following the creek, thereby saving the other 400 feet of ascent in descending the road."

A great amount of future expense can often be saved in the location, by going over different routes, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with the ground, and choosing that which is the best adapted to road purposes, viz., the shortest route, the easiest grade, best soil for bed, least cost of construction, ease of drainage, convenience to the traveling public, &c.

One great obstacle in the way of the viewers is, obstinacy and prejudices of land holders to letting the road wind through their farms, placing more value upon the squareness of their fields, than the convenience of a good road, over which they must travel year after year; often wasting more labor in traveling over these steep roads than they would by the inconvenience of irregular shaped fields. Even our road laws rather help to perpetuate this evil, for by our road orders, the viewers are ordered "to lay out the road in such a manner as to do the least injury to private property."

Ought the caprices of one or two individuals to have greater weight with the viewers than the benefits to a whole community, or the convenience of the traveling public? If so, then roads are not for the convenience of the masses, but their location is at the beck of a few individuals, whose public spirit doesn't go deeper than the top of their pockets. "The greatest good to the greatest number" is the only true rule to be followed, else the public will be made to suffer for the follies of a few.

C. L. H.

BAPTISM OF ONE HUNDRED MORMONS AT CHESTERFIELD.—A singular, and it may be added, a most disgraceful scene, took place on Thursday evening. On the outskirts of the town runs a narrow stream among the fields, called the river Rother, over which, on the Hasland road, is a bridge called Stoney-bridge. About 100 or 150 persons, chiefly women, are scattered on the verge of the water, waiting for the appearance of the deluded fanatics who are to be "dipped." They call to each other from opposite sides, and crack jokes of a most indecent and shameful character. It is past eight, and quite dark; the moon being obscured and not a single star to shed even a glimmer of light. Two or three candles are brought down to the water, and stuck in the mud by the side, and presently a coarsish featured man descends into the middle of the stream, and takes up his position under the arch of the bridge. This is the priest, who is to perform the ceremony: He has nothing on but a pair of trousers, tucked up at the knee, and a waistcoat with sleeves. He intimates to the attendants that he is ready, and in a few minutes emerge from a house two or three hundred yards off, men (some half, and others entirely naked,) and they walk over the ground, which is strewn with pieces of broken bottles, bricks and tiles to the water. They are compelled to pass through the women who line the banks, and the remarks which ensue are revolting and indelicate beyond description. One by one they are received by the priest, who, amid shouts of laughter, dips each individual, pronouncing over them the formula—"I, being commissioned by Jesus Christ, baptize thee for the remission of thy sins, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." As he utters these words, he lays them beneath the water, and the individual who is being baptised being in every case blinded by the water, there is a struggle to rise, and on several occasions both priest and baptized rolled over together in the stream. As may be imagined, this affords immense amusement to the mob, who testify their approbation by clapping of hands, shrieks, and roars of merriment.—Manchester Examiner.

BEAUTIFUL is the love and sweet the kiss of a sister.—Old Raper.

Exactly, and of a pretty cousin, too. If you have not a sister or a cousin, try some body else's sister or cousin—it's all the same.