

An Anticipated Deluge.

At the end of the fifteenth, and early in the sixteenth century, Steffler, the celebrated astronomer, was professor of mathematics at Tubingen. This eminent man rendered great services to astronomy, and was one of the first who pointed out the way of remedying the errors in the Julian calendar, according to which time was then computed.

But neither his abilities nor his knowledge could protect him against the spirit of his age. In 1524 he published the result of some abstruse calculations, in which he had been long engaged and by which he had ascertained the remarkable fact that in that same year the world would again be destroyed by a deluge.

That this should be done, was the wish of the imperial general, who was then stationed at Florence, and by whose desire a work was written recommending it.

But the minds of men were too distracted for so deliberate a plan; and besides, as the height of the flood was uncertain, it was impossible to say whether it would not reach the top of the most elevated mountains.

In the midst of these and similar schemes, the fatal day drew near, and nothing had yet been contrived on a scale large enough to meet the evil. To enumerate the different proposals which were made and rejected, would fill a long chapter.

So, when we found a mysterious box on the table as we returned from dinner on Saturday, a glow of pleasure pervaded our soul and body and measurably quickened our pulses.

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. Cobb, Editor & Proprietor.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

Thursday Morning, Jan. 6, 1859.

All Business and other Communications should be addressed to the Editor to insure attention.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., 119 Nassau St., New York, and 10 State St., Boston, are the Agents for the Agitator, and the most influential and largest circulating newspapers in the United States and the Canada. They are authorized to contract for us at our lowest rates.

We cannot publish anonymous communications.

Subscribers for the Tribune Almanac, as also all others wishing to procure that valuable Annual, will find it at the Book Store. Price 1 shilling.

Farmers will do well to read the advertisement of Mr. A. Bixby. He sells reasonably and keeps the best quality of Plaster. Try it—extensively.

Merchants and business men will find a very excellent as well as convenient thing, in the shape of a folio Counting House Diary for 1859, at the counter of Smith & Richards.

By reference to this week's new Advertisements it will be seen that Mr. Thos. Harden has become sole proprietor of the Store lately occupied by Messrs. Baillys & Garden.

The CARRIER, MASTER RANKIN, desires to return his grateful acknowledgments for the liberality of our village patrons on New-Year day.

It is pleasant to be remembered kindly by those who do not see us every day in the year. Those meetings one daily cannot forget one if they would.

So, when we found a mysterious box on the table as we returned from dinner on Saturday, a glow of pleasure pervaded our soul and body and measurably quickened our pulses.

We direct the attention of School Directors and all others interested in the education of youth, to the very liberal proposition of our enterprising Booksellers, Messrs. Smith & Richards.

The Pyramids and the wondrous Temples of Ind were twice-built. The life of each true man is twice-lived. Every joy is twice-enjoyed, every pain twice-endured.

We have examined Brown's Grammar, not critically, but as a student first, and later as a teacher. It is a common sense treatise by a common sense man, and remarkably free of useless technicalities.

Castle-Building.

The Pyramids and the wondrous Temples of Ind were twice-built. The life of each true man is twice-lived. Every joy is twice-enjoyed, every pain twice-endured.

Man is a builder of Castles-in-the-Air. If he project a more extravagant creation than he may be able to "embody forth," the wise laugh at him—call him visionary and a fool.

Be patient with the Castle-Builder. Be charitable. He is aiding to work out the problem of life. Souls cannot be idle; they constantly seek out new paths to happiness, not all practicable, perhaps, just at the time, but which time and change will render practicable.

Every departure from established customs is considered freakish and visionary. The man who undertakes to better the world must not look for sympathy and co-operation in the morning.

And therefore we repeat that castle-building can never work harm to the world, or to the builder, though he may never set foot within the structure. The joy he pictures may never crown the hour to which he looks forward; the good he craves may never enter into his life in visible form.

a creative world, as real to him as is this visible earth to others. He beholds life as a diorama—now shimmering in the glare of noon, now dusky with twilight shadows.

Man cannot comprehend an impossibility—he means the impossible to him. True, he cannot comprehend the Possible to Creative Wisdom; but who will say that the line bounding the Possible to man, does not likewise bound the Impossible to him, and the clearly Possible to Omnipotence?

It is something to create a world and to people it with shadows which appear not to the eyes of others. It is well enough to fashion a world whose dwellers walk in millennial sunshine, "whose ways are pleasantness and all whose paths are peace."

All day-dreams seem stupendous fallacies to those who hear and behold not. The world puts little confidence in that which appeals not directly to some one of the senses.

Plainly, it will not do to glorify a bad thing—not even ironically. Somebody will take your glorification in terrible earnest and presume upon it to the damage of community.

Last week we decried upon glories of many kinds, muscle among others. We even placed the acknowledged musculer of this age and country, Heenan and Morrissey, in the galaxy of Honorable men.

We direct the attention of School Directors and all others interested in the education of youth, to the very liberal proposition of our enterprising Booksellers, Messrs. Smith & Richards.

We have examined Brown's Grammar, not critically, but as a student first, and later as a teacher. It is a common sense treatise by a common sense man, and remarkably free of useless technicalities.

Castle-Building.

The Pyramids and the wondrous Temples of Ind were twice-built. The life of each true man is twice-lived. Every joy is twice-enjoyed, every pain twice-endured.

Man is a builder of Castles-in-the-Air. If he project a more extravagant creation than he may be able to "embody forth," the wise laugh at him—call him visionary and a fool.

Be patient with the Castle-Builder. Be charitable. He is aiding to work out the problem of life. Souls cannot be idle; they constantly seek out new paths to happiness, not all practicable, perhaps, just at the time, but which time and change will render practicable.

Every departure from established customs is considered freakish and visionary. The man who undertakes to better the world must not look for sympathy and co-operation in the morning.

And therefore we repeat that castle-building can never work harm to the world, or to the builder, though he may never set foot within the structure. The joy he pictures may never crown the hour to which he looks forward; the good he craves may never enter into his life in visible form.

for such you have undesignedly proved. Obedying our inmost convictions of the true policy to be pursued, we must vote for some of those whom we opposed a year ago, or vote not at all. No one is advised by this.

On Monday the 27th of Dec., the house of Mr. Josiah Griffin in Charleston was consumed by fire at about 2 o'clock p. m., together with the furniture, clothes &c., of the family.

It is something to create a world and to people it with shadows which appear not to the eyes of others. It is well enough to fashion a world whose dwellers walk in millennial sunshine, "whose ways are pleasantness and all whose paths are peace."

All day-dreams seem stupendous fallacies to those who hear and behold not. The world puts little confidence in that which appeals not directly to some one of the senses.

Plainly, it will not do to glorify a bad thing—not even ironically. Somebody will take your glorification in terrible earnest and presume upon it to the damage of community.

Last week we decried upon glories of many kinds, muscle among others. We even placed the acknowledged musculer of this age and country, Heenan and Morrissey, in the galaxy of Honorable men.

We direct the attention of School Directors and all others interested in the education of youth, to the very liberal proposition of our enterprising Booksellers, Messrs. Smith & Richards.

We have examined Brown's Grammar, not critically, but as a student first, and later as a teacher. It is a common sense treatise by a common sense man, and remarkably free of useless technicalities.

Castle-Building.

The Pyramids and the wondrous Temples of Ind were twice-built. The life of each true man is twice-lived. Every joy is twice-enjoyed, every pain twice-endured.

Man is a builder of Castles-in-the-Air. If he project a more extravagant creation than he may be able to "embody forth," the wise laugh at him—call him visionary and a fool.

Be patient with the Castle-Builder. Be charitable. He is aiding to work out the problem of life. Souls cannot be idle; they constantly seek out new paths to happiness, not all practicable, perhaps, just at the time, but which time and change will render practicable.

Every departure from established customs is considered freakish and visionary. The man who undertakes to better the world must not look for sympathy and co-operation in the morning.

And therefore we repeat that castle-building can never work harm to the world, or to the builder, though he may never set foot within the structure. The joy he pictures may never crown the hour to which he looks forward; the good he craves may never enter into his life in visible form.

Communications.

Zero. For the Agitator.

In consequence of the technical meaning of the term "zero, a great deal of metaphysical discussion has arisen, as to the propriety of employing it in mathematics; and in treating the subject under consideration I hold that it is not within the province of the essayist to attempt to clear such a technical term as zero, of its ambiguity and vagueness.

Many eminent mathematicians respectfully differ as to the true signification of zero; Robinson for one commits a grave error, when he says, in substance, that "zero is analytically, absolutely nothing."

I have known the literati—men of undoubted abilities, liberal education and long experience in the science and art of teaching, fail to make the intelligent pupil see that the infinite term of a decreasing geometrical series was absolutely nothing.

Yes, another year is passing—going—gone. Already are we performing the funeral ceremonies of eventful 1858 which is just making its final exit, and henceforth it is only to be known among the things "that were, but are not."

The New Year.

Such is the public opinion of to-day, that the mode of "holding" New Year is far the most popular which offers the best inducement for driving away all thought of surrounding things. Now, while I am strongly opposed to the sniveller—to one who is continually witnessing the "war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," still it is not well at times to leave the common duties of life—to leave our mouldy pursuits for a moment, and briefly indulge a few thoughts as regards our "being, end and aim?"

With this day another year expires!—Since we celebrated the advent of Eighteen hundred and fifty eight, an important part of our time on earth has transpired—one of man's allotted three score and ten has gone from us forever. A year! How long!—How short! Long, when considered in reference to our limited time of sojournment here; Short, when we think how little has been accomplished wneso much remains to be performed.

And it seems to be just the proper time—when the dying year is flickering in its socket—for every reflecting man to ask himself a few home questions—questions which concern every one of us individually which I

would have them something like the following: "In the year passed have I done anything worthy of a man? Have I used the passing moments to the best possible advantage? Have I improved myself morally, physically, and intellectually? Have I put forth every effort in the cause of a common humanity? Have I, in short, conducted myself in such a manner as to receive the approbation of that still small voice which chides us when wrong and encourages us when right? And if we have come short of our mark, now is the time to resolve anew to do something worthy of an earnest, intelligent and redeeming man. If we have failed in the past, let us once more gird on our armor anew, and to-morrow enter life's battle thinking of naught but final success. But good intentions are of no value without earnest, efficient action, for every one knows that a man may resolve and re-resolve still live and die the same."

The man of to-day has every thing to encourage him. Ours is truly an age of improvement. Old Sibirian forms are fast crumbling. What was new a half century ago, is entirely behind the age in which we live. True, some lament that they were not born in an age of chivalry where the deeds of daring might have shone out brightly on the historic pages of their times.

Others mourn that they had not lived in the days of our own revolution where they might have displayed their patriotism by manfully assisting the foe of our early fathers. But we are not blinded by the reflection of our gone days—if we will look about us and our country as it is, and intelligently see the relation we sustain to our country and the relation that that sustains to future civilization, humanity and progress, we will hold more to call forth the energies of the true worker than during the much boasted days of ancient chivalry.

Young man, look around you. Do you not behold from ocean to ocean a land filled with churches and school houses? You see that the native forests have vanished before the axe of the hardy pioneer. You see cities and towns springing up on every hand; our nation's commerce whistles every where; labor-saving and space-annihilating machines have broken down mountain barriers and brought all sections of the country together, and all of these things have been brought about by labor—nothing but labor.

Considering these things then in their true light, will you not consecrate yourself anew to the god of toil, either, or both physically and mentally. If you would sunshine you must not be afraid of a little sunshine or a little storm. Enter the arena of life like a man, determined to fight manfully and to struggle on, with a resolution and a will satisfied with nothing but a final crowning of your early hopes. Suppose you do meet with disappointments—suppose you meet with reverses, they should only cause you to struggle on the more devotedly, remembering ever,

"That labor, all labor, is noble and holy. Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God." Middlebury, Dec. 30, 1858. FRANK.

Common Schools.

Over one quarter of the schools in the County have already been visited, and the far in most of them a marked improvement is observable. The drawing and singing method of reading has given way to a more natural and easy one. The "how" method of teaching has been superseded by that of the "why" or the mechanical by the rational. But the greatest improvement of all is the ability of the teacher to get through with a thorough review of the class at the of the studies without using the book, and the ability of the pupils to give a complete synopsis of all they have been over. For of the schools last winter were able to do this, but many of them are now. The teacher seems to know what I mean when I call for a review of the class.

The schools are generally well supplied with teachers, but the reduction of wages and the rejection of those unqualified have somewhat thinned the ranks. There are enough however to supply all the schools. Those who are teaching without certificates, and have as thorough an examination as others, and if found unqualified will have to leave their time. The excuse "I did not think teaching" is not a good one, and if it were allowed, there would not be a half dozen teachers in the County forward for examination at the regular time. N. L. REVOLVER, Co. Sgt.

SKATING INCIDENT.—Forty policemen visited the Back Bay to put a stop to skating in that locality on the Sabbath. The ice was cleared in a moment, with a single exception. One untried individual refused to yield, and set at naught all devices to secure him. He skated like the wind, and favored the helpers with an eccentric series of rare and brilliant evolutions. Like the Irishman's flea, of familiar memory, he was not where you thought he was. Finally, after repeated unsuccessful attempts to accomplish their purpose, a line was formed, and "terrible" army with banners, the "blue and red" dignitaries marched down upon the skater. He was trapped; thirty were sent to a match for one—but just at the point of securing him, after executing one of his most rapid and bewildering exploits, he dashed through the advancing line, and was back. Loud applause greeted the discontinuance of the police.—Boston Transcript.

A MAN SUDDENLY STRUCK DEAF.—The saw in the city on Saturday morning last, Mr. Muchmore, a young farmer of Lake Co., who is the victim of a sudden and remarkable loss of speech. It seems that about a week ago, while in the full enjoyment of health, with no ailment whatever, he suddenly lost all power of speech. He could not utter a word. He has not suffered to the least with a disease of the throat, nor was at the time, nor is he since, troubled with any sickness whatever. Indeed, with this single affliction, he is enjoying perfect health. The last day or two he has been able occasionally to utter a slight whisper which is to be understood. He is in hopes that this is the forerunner of the restoration of his voice. It is a most singular case throughout the Daily Cincinnati Times.