Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably in advance. It is intended 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 County, 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 postoffice may be in an adjoining County.

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

FOUND DEAD!

THEY found her dead
One snowy morning in the open street,
Her cold cheek resting on the pearly sheet
Around her spread.
And on her lips a quiet smile reposed,
As if in sleep, life's weary dream had closed.

She slept the last, last sleep;
Death's seal was on her brow, and she has passed,
Tired and suffering, to her home at last,
Leaving no friends to weep,
No loving ones to come at sunset hours
To sprinkle on her bosom trees and flowers.

No warm and gentle hand
Clasped hers in tenderness, as in the night
She went out gently from this world of light
Into the shadowy land.
No earthly watcher lingered at her side
To hear her last low murmur when she died.

But did she die alone?
No! not alone: One friend kept watch with her,
One gentle voice, one loving smile was near
The desolate unknown;
One hand of mercy led her o'er Death's foam,
Into the better land, to friends and home.

SKIPPER GEORGE'S STORY.

A TOUCHING ADVENTURE ON THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

"You had the best lookout in the neighborhood," said Mr. Debree, walking to the spot on which Skipper George had been before standing and looking abroad from it. "This tree didn't grow here," said he, looking up at the gray trunk glistening in the moonlight.

"No sir; 'twas set there," said the fishermen.

"Is it a landmark?"

"Is sir, it may be in a manner; but not for pilum on those waters. 'Twas set there when riches was taken aw'y. Riches came agen, but 'twas laved, for 'e'd larned partly how to value riches."

The gentleman looked, as the moonlight showed, interestedly at the speaker: "Another story with a lesson in it?" he said. "If it were not keeping you out so late, I would ask you to do me the favor of telling it."

"Ay sir," said Skipper George. "I said there were many lessons sent us. This one comed nearer to me again than the tother. I hope I've learned somethun by that story! Fishermen don't heed night hours much; but it's late for you as well, sir. Mebbe 'ee'd plase to walk inside a bit?" he asked, with modest urgency. "It's a short story, only a heavy one.

"Another time perhaps," said the strange gentlemen: "not now, if you'll excuse me; but if it woldn't be too much trouble I would thank you for it where we are. One hour or another is much the same to me."

At the first words of this answer Skipper George turned a look of surprise at the stranger and when the latter had finished speaking asked.

"B'ee stayun herabouts, then sir?"

Perhaps he may have thought it strange that one who looked so like a clergyman should be staying for any length of time in the neighborhood without being better known.

"I am a clergyman," said the gentleman, frankly; "but not of your church; and I don't feel free until I'm better known."

Skipper George apparently wieghed the answer. He did not urge his invitation; but his open face became clear and kindly as ever.

"Then sir," said he, "ef 'ee'd plase to be seated here, I'd tell the story. I know it well."

Before beginniug it the fisherman cast a look at his house, and then gazed awhile upon the restless waves which here glanced with the gleam of treacherous eyes, and there were dark as death.

"Do'ee mind about ten years ago in Newfoundland, sir? began Skipper George, turning his steady eyes to his hearer, and speaking as if the date or the years since the date had been painful to him: "the hard year that was when they had the 'ralls,' they called 'em?"

"Yes; though I was in England at the time, I know pretty well what happened in Newfoundland. It was a sad time."

"Ay sir, 'twas a sad time. Many people suffered: some wanted food, and more agen got broken in spirit, (and that's bad for a man,) and some got lawless like. 'Twas a sad time, indeed!" Skipper George having lingered thus before his tale, began it abruptly: "Well sir, 'twas on the sixteenth day of January—a Thursday 'twas—I was acomun down Backside from the Gosh, hau'ling a slide-load o' timber, an' my youngest son wi' me. It had abeen a fine day, first goun off, (for a winter's day,) wi' just a flurry o' now and agen, and agen, and a deal o' snow on the ground, tull about afternoon it begun to blow from about west and by nothe, or thereaway, heavy and thick, an growun heavier an' heavier, an' bitter cold. Oh! 'twas bitter cold! We didn' say much together, George an' I, but we got along so fast as ever we could." 'Twas about an hour or two before night, mubbe; and George says to me, 'Let's have the slide, Father!' 'Twas n' but he could ha' kep' on wi' it, though 'twas tarrible cold, hard work; but 'twas somethun else!

"So we turned the slide out o' the way and haved her, and comed on. 'Twas blowun gales up over Backside; we could sca'ce keep our feet an' I hard somethun like a voice—I supposed I was thinkun o' voices—an' I brought right up into the wind. 'Twas just like beun at sea, in a manner and a craft drivin' right across our wake, an would ha' been out o' sight an' beeun in a minute. Then I knowed by the sound 'twas the Minister—(we did n' have for a reverend gentleman of our own in they days: but e' lived over in Sandy Harbor and 'twas dose to go all round the Bay.) We could sca'ce bide together, but I was proper glad to meet un, (for a minister's comfort, 'ee know, sir;) an' 'e said, 'Is anybody out?' 'There's two o' brother Izik's orphans sir, I'm afeared, and others along wi' 'em,' I said. So e' said, 'God help them!' 'Where are your two other boys, James and Maunsell?' 'Along wi' brother Izik's two,' I said, 'twas blowun tarrible hard, and cold, and thick; an' the Minister turned wi' us, and we comed up, ploddun through the driftun snow, and over the rudge. When we opened the door, first the mother thought there was four of us; and so she said, 'James!' for we was all snowed over; but she sid there was only three, and 'twas the Minister wi' us two. So she begged his pardon, an' told un our poor boys were out agunnun, an' she was on ole punt they had. We were all standun (for we didn' think o' nawthin but the boys) when two comed into the door all white wi' snow. 'Twas n' they two sir, but 'twas my nevvy Jesse an' another. 'Haven't they comed?' 'e said. 'Dear, what's keepun they?'

"Jesse had abin out too, wi' Izik Maffen and Zippity Marchant, an' they were over to backside o' Sandy Harbor together; on'y our poor young men were about three parts of a mile further down, mubbe. So when it comed on to blow, Jesse an' his crew made straight for Back-Cove an' got in, though they were weak-handed, for one had hurted his hand-wrist—and so in about three hours, they got round by land, an' thought the tother poor fellows would do so well. 'What can us do, Uncle George?' 'e said; for he's a proper true-hearted man, sir, an' 'e was a' mos' cryun. 'First, we can pray' said the Mipister; an' so he said a prayer, I make no doubt I was thinkun too much over the poor young fellows; and the wind made a tarrible great bellowing down the chimney and all round the house, an' so I was ruther aw'y from it more an' I ought. Then the Minister an' Jesse an' I started out. My mistress didn' want me to go; but I couldn' hide; an' so, afore we'd made much w'y up harbor agen the wind, an' growiun dark, (though twasn' snowun,) we met a man comun from tother side, Abram Frank, an' 'e said last that was seen of our four was, they were pullun in for Hobbi's Hole, an' then somethun seemed to give way like, wi' one of 'em rowun, an' then they gave over and put her aw'y before the wind, an' so as long as they could see anything of 'em, one was standun up sculling astarn. (That was my James sir!")

A very long, gently-breathed sigh here made itself heard in the deep hush, and as Mr. Debree turned he saw the sweet face of Skipper George's daughter turned up to the father, with tears swimming in both eyes and glistening on her cheek. She had come up behind, and now possessed herself quietly of her father's hand.

"So we turned back, un' the Minister wi' us, ('twas a cruel night to be out in) an' the wind a'mos' took an' lifted us, an' sot us down by the foot o' the the path over the rudge; but when we got atop here and it comed athwart, it brought us all down kneelun, and we could sca'ce get over to the door. The poor mother got up from the chimley-corner and came for'ard, but she needn' ask any thin; an' there was a pretty young thing by the fire, (this girl was a little thing asleep, but there was a pretty young thing there) that never got up nor looked round; 'twas Milley Ressle, that was trothplight to James. They was to have been married in a week, ef the Lord willed; bed 'twas for 'e's house we were drawun out an timber. She just rocked herself on the bench. She's gone, long enough ago, now sir!

"So the Minister took the Book and read a bit. I heard un an' I didn't hear un; for I was aw'y out upon the stormy waters wi' the poor young men. Oh, what a night it was! it's no use! blowun and bellowun an' freezun, an' ice all along shore to leeward!

"Well, then sir, about two hours o' night, there comed a lull, and then there was a push or shake at the door, an' another—an' another—an' another—(so it was we all thought,) and then the door hanged open. 'Twas nawthing but cold blasts comed in, an' then a lull agen for a second or two. So I shut the door; an' the poor mother broke out acryun', an' poor Milley fell over, and slipped right down upon the hearthstone. We had a heavy time of it that night sir; but when the door banged open that time, this child, that was a little thing then, lyun upon the bench sleepun, made a soart of gurgle like, when the first sound comed to the door, and when the flaws o' wind comed in she smiled, and smiled agen, and laughed, as ef a body m'y be sayun pooty things to her in d'ytime. Jesse sid it, an' plucked me by the coat-sleeve, and I sid it too.

Well sir, night passed: 'ee may be sure we didn' sleep much, on'y cat naps; and once or twice I falled into a kind of dwall, an' started, thinkun they was speakun to me. Mornun comed slow and cold, colder than night. So the neighbors comed in at mornun, and sat by; and now an' agen one 'ould say they were fine young men; an' after a bit another 'd say James was a brave heart, and how he saved a boat's crew three years ago, scullen them into Bay Harbor; an' so they said how he begun to teach in Sunday-School Sunday before; an' how brave 'e was, when they sid the last of un scullun aw'y round the point and over the b'y, for t'other side, or for Belle Isle, or some place to leeward. So they said James 'ould take 'em safe, plase God, an' we'd hear of 'em some place over the b'y in a d'y or two. Then they said they wondered ef the young men could keep from freezun their hands, an' said mubbe they wouldn' git touched, for they was all well-clothed, an' James 'ould keep up their spirits, an' brother Izik's little George was a merry boy' an' great play-game for the rest; an' my Maunsell an' 'e'es tother cousin John, were steady young men, an' wouldn' given up very easy; but they were both quiet, and looked up to James, though John was good bit older.

"Wull sir, the day went on, cold, cold, cold, an' blowun heavy an' the water black an' white, wi' while shores, an' an' slob-ice all along; an' more agen, an' heavier, to leeward, sartenly. We could n' stir hand or foot that day, nor next; but the Lord's day came in a softer, an' we got a good crew an' a stout punt to sarch for the four poor boys that had been three days a missun, and old Mr. Williamson, the clerk that is now sir, made a prayer over us before we laved. When we came to put off, they, left me standun; I make no doubt but Jesse maned to spare me; but I called un back for I said, why should I be settun we' my hands folded, or walking about, looking out over the water, and I may just so well be doun somethun like a father for my sons an' for my brother's orphans?

"We made for Broad Cove; for so we thought the wind ha' driven the poor young fellows a-Thursday; but we couldn' get into Broad Cove, for the slob an' cakes of ice. The shore looked tarrible cruel!"

Skipper George sat thoughtful a moment, and then began again.

"At Port'gal Cove" he continued, looking over the water, "they did n' know about e'er a punt, an' no more they did n' at Broad Cove, nor Holly-Rood; for we staid three days, an' walked an' searched all over. An' so a Thursday morn agen we comed back home; 'twas cold, but still. So when we comed round Peterpont Point, (that's it over at the outside o' Blazun Head yonder) every man, almost looked over his shoulder, thinkun mubbe they'd got in; but 'twas n' so. They hand n' come, nor they hadn' been hard from. So my mistress, an' Milly an' George, an' I, an' this maid kneeled down after I'd told 'em how twas, and prayed to the good Lord.

"An' so we waited, an' did n' hear from the four poor boys, not for a good many days!"

Skipper George stopped here again for a while.

"Awell, sir, then there comed word over, that some men had abin found at Broad Cove! It was n' known who they were; but we knowed. So they got Mr. Worner's boat, an' a crew of 'em went round, an' Skipper 'Enery Ressle, and Skipper Izik Ressle (that was Milly's father) an' Skipper Izik Marchant, ('e was n' Skipper then, however,) but a many friends goes in her—I could n' go that time, sir.

"'Twas about sun-goun-down, she comed in. Never a word nor a sound! She looked black seemunly; an' no colors nor flag. 'Twas they! Sure enough, 'twas they!

"A man had sid a punt all covered wi' ice, an' hauled her up; an' when he comed to clear away the ice, there was a man, seemunly, in the for'ard part! He called the neighbors, an', sure enough, there 'e was, an' another one, along wi' un; an' both seemunly a-kneelun an' leanun over the for'ard th'art. They were the two brothers, John an' little George, frozen stiff, an' two arms locked together! They died pr'yun, sir, most likely; so it seemed. They was good lads, sir, an' they knowed their God!

"So, then, they thought there was n' no more——"

The fisherman here made a longer pause, and getting up from his seat, said "I'll be back, after a bit sir;" and walking away from Mr. Debree and his daughter, stood for a little while with his back toward them and his head bare.

The maiden bent her gentle face upon her knee within her two hands. The moonlight glossed her rich black hair, glanced from her white cap, and gave grace to her bended neck. At the first motion of her father to turn about, she rose to her feet and awaited him. Upon him too—on his head, bared of its hair, above, on his broad, manly front, and on his steady eye—the moonlight fell beautifully. Mr. Debree rose, also, to wait for him.

Skipper George came back and took up his broken story.

"Bumbye, sir, when they comed to the afterpart of the boat, there they found a young man lyun in the starn-sheets, wi' no coat' an' his—an' his—his poor, lovun arm under 'is brother's neck;—an' the tother had the jacket rolled up for a pillow under his head, an' I suppose 'e died there, sleepun upon the jacket, that 'is brother rolled up for un."

The voice of the father was very tender and touching; but he did not give way to tears.

"So, sir, that young man had done 'is part, and sculled 'em safe right along wi' the terrible cruel gale, aw'y over a twenty miles or more, to a safe cove, an' his hand-wristes were all worn aw'y wi' workun at the oar; but 'e never thought of a cruel gate of ice right afore the cove; an' so we made no doubt when 'e found that, in dark night, and, found'e could n' get through, nor'e could n' walk over, then'e gave hisself up to his God, an' laid down, an' put his tired arm round his brother; an' so there they were, sir, in short after that, (it couldn' ha, been long,) there was four dead men in their boat, awaitun, outside o' Broad Cove, tull some one 'ould come an' take their poor bodies, an' strip aw'y the ice from 'em an' put 'em in the ground, that comes more nat'ral, in a manner, sir!

"—They did n' find e'er an oar—whatever becomed of 'em but they found their poor guns, an' the two orphans had their names cut 'John Barbury,' George Barbury an' one of 'em had 'Pet—' 'for Peterport, an' couldn' cut no more, for cold an'death.

"There was three guns cut; an' one had 'James Barb—,' that poor Maunsell must ha' cut, poor fellow, afore the deadly cold killed un. So the kind people that found the poor boys, they thought James was a respectable young man, an' when they come to lay 'em out, in the school house, (they were proper kind, sir,) they put a ruffle-shirt on him, o'linen.

"So, sir, the Minister comed over an' buried the dead. Four coffins were laid along the aisle, wi' a white sheet over every one, because we had n' palls; James, an' Maunsell, of George of Izik; an' we put two brothers in on grave, an' two brothers in another, side, by side, an' covered them!

"There was two thousand at the funeral; an' when the Minister couldn' help cryun, so I think a most every one cried, as ef 'twas their own; an, so we heard that people that lived on Kelley's Island hard singun goun by in the dark, like chantun we haves in church. They said 'twas beautiful, commun up an' dyun aw'y an' so, goun aw'y wi' the wind. It's very like, sir; as Paul an' Silas sang in prison, so they sang in storm!

"Then Milly, poor thing, that never goed back to 'er father's house, took a cold at the funeral, seemunly, an' she died in James' bed a three weeks after! She was out of her mind, too, poor thing!"

"After another silence, in which Skipper George gazed upon the restles deep, he said.

"I brought home wi' me the best stick from the timber, and laved the rest, an' no one ever touched it, an' there it staid. So next winter sir, my tother poor young man died in the woods, o' masles; (thank God! we never had to move in still I lost my fine boys,) an' the next sixteen day ef January I set up my pillar, as Jacob set his pillar, an' this is my pillar, sir. I said the Lord gived, an' the Lord have took away; Blessed be the name of the Lord. All the riches I had I thought 'twas gone."

"You said riches came again," said Mr. Debree, deeply interested and affected.

"Ay sir. My maid is gone back to the house. I can' tell 'ee what she is, sir. There's plenty in the harbor will speak o' Lucy Barbury, sir. I hope 'ee'll excuse me for keepin 'ee so late."

"I thank you, with all my heart, for that beautiful story," said Mr. Depree, shaking the fisherman's hand. "Good night, Skipper George! You have learned a lesson, indeed, and with God's grace, it shall do me good.—It's a noble lesson!"

"The Lord showed me where to find it in my Bible and my Pr'yer book, sir. I wish 'ee a good evenun sir."

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.

VOL. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, 1859. NO. 25.

Rates of Advertising.

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

	3 months.	6 months.	12 mo's
Square, (14 lines,) -	$2 50	$4 50	$6 00
2 Squares, - - - - -	4 00	6 00	8 00
¼ column, - - - - -	10 00	15 00	20 00
½ column, - - - - -	18 00	30 00	40 00

All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

For the Agitator.

SPIRIT STRIVINGS.

SINCE life's bright shining flieth
As a gleam when daylight dieth,
And its thrills exhaust their power
Ere they hallow one short hour;

Since the spirit hath a measure,
Deep and large, for untold pleasure,
And its longings seem for Heaven,
Where meet joys alone are given;

Since on earth all ties dissever,
And, though plighted, break forever;
While the heart, of hope unheeding,
Is neglected, lone and bleeding;

Since the wing of mystic fleetness
Wafts from earth all earth-born sweetness,
And the throbs of life and feeling
It is fast and faster stealing:

Oh environed, wildered spirit!
Would thou aught of earth inherit?
Then, no longer captive driven,
Turn thou hence!—thy home is Heaven.

Charleston, Pa. MEETA MELGROVE.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Agitator.

Familiar Letters on Geology, Etc.

NUMBER EIGHT.

DEAR MARY; The infinite variety of human face and form is seen everywhere, but yet each face is marked as a general thing, by certain peculiarities which enable you to refer it to a particular class, or variety. If you go out on the plantations of the South you see almost as much variety of feature as you do at the North, but there are certain characteristics that are common to all, by which you class them all as the Negro race. Those same varieties of the Negro race are permanent varieties, belonging to them in their native land,—not family varieties, but varieties belonging to particular locations, or nations. I once heard a man who was familiar with the African race, say that he could give the African locality of the forefathers of any pure, unmixed African by barely seeing him, even if those forefathers had been brought from their native land six generations past. I have no doubt of the truth of his statement, for he had been familiar with the coast, and knew something of the slave trade. Indeed we have ocular demonstration here at the North of those permanent varieties. It is stated that the pure-blooded descendants of the first blacks of New England have hardly undergone any perceptible change, and that this variety of African races can be seen there now as plainly as it could in the beginning. You can all over our country pick out from the mass of population, among the descendants of the first European immigrants, the English, the French, the Irish, Scotch and the German; they retain still when not intermarried with other varieties, the fatherland features and form.

No later than about seven hundred years after the flood, taking the Usher Chronology, there was on the borders of Egypt a nation of pure Negroes having the same features as now; and we find on Egyptian monuments three thousand five hundred years old, representations of a people with features like the Caucasian. If more than three thousand years has made no perceptible change in these features, is it likely that seven hundred years would have changed a race so as to manifest such extreme difference as then and now exists between the Negro and Caucasian? The Jewish race has not perceptibly changed since they came up out of Egypt, more than three thousand three hundred years ago.

More than seventeen hundred years ago a colony of Jews settled on the Malabar coast, near ten degrees of north latitude, and yet Dr. Buchanan in his Asiatic Researches, stated that they were perfectly Caucasian still, in all their features.

Can it be possible that the entire race of woolly-headed Negroes have changed from the white race in so short a time as four thousand years, or which is far more improbable, in seven hundred years? Did the Malays, the Polynesians, the Australians, the Terra del Fuegians, the Aleutians, the Mongolians, the red Americans, and the Negroes, *four thousand years ago*, exist as one family of three brothers, children of one father, and all of one complexion, or must we go still farther back to find this common brotherhood? May we not without doing any violence to the Scriptural account of man's origin, go back into the almost infinite, certainly into the unknown past, to find that period of a common brotherhood, and a common parentage? Yea, does not all science crowd us back, perhaps thousands of centuries to the cradle of our existence?—to the time perhaps when the Pacific was a Continent, and Asia submerged?—to that time when by the action of the earth upon its axis, the cooling continent formed a band around the earth on each side the equator, and man was created to dwell beneath the fierce heat of a vertical sun?—are we not lost in the mazes of the past when we look back and endeavor to trace man backwards to the time when God said, "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness?"

Another argument in favor of the great antiquity of man may be drawn from the radical dissimilarity of languages. I know that it will be contended that at the building of the Tower of Babel, when man was dispersed, the languages became essentially different. Admitting all that the most radical literalist may contend for, I think that no man will contend that this "confounding of languages at Babel" will account for all the differences. If any such there are, I beg leave to say I have no controversy with them, for they are not among those that reason. In a few hundred years I know that words, and languages change, but they retain a similarity to the original. The French, Italian and Spanish are derived mostly from the old Latin, and though now very different in many of their features, yet a good Latin scholar with a very little practice, can read them all: *Sol*, the sun in Latin, remains *sol* in Spanish, and becomes *soliel* in French. But in Greek sun is *helios*; among the different tribes of New Guinea, it is respectively *djanw*, *orohengeroe*, and *rera*; on the Arru Islands adjacent to New Guinea it is *lavat*; on the Andaman Islands, *whay*; among the tribes of Australia it is respectively, *mowan*, *moye*, *muri* and *manity*; among the Huastecas of Mexico it was *apuicha*; among the Mayas of Yucatan, *kin*; among the Poconchis, *kih*; with the Chortis, *eyeh*; with the Otomis, *hiadi*; in Mexico proper, *tomaliuh*; among the Caribs it is *weyu*; among the Waraus, *ya*; among the Arawaks it is *adaili*; in the old Saxon it is *sunna*; Gothic, *sonni*; German, *sonne*; Dutch, *zon*; Sanscrit, *sunah*; Danish, *soen*; Sclavonic, *sonze*; Welch, *tan*; Irish, *teine*.

I have token this one object to which a name must necessarily have been given by all when first looking out upon nature, and which was and is every day the most patent object to the sight, to show the extreme dissimilarity among nations and tribes most remotely related, and the most manifest similarity in nations and tribes more nearly related, though by ties that were severed thousands of years ago. I might take a thousand other words, and pursue them through the innumerable languages and dialects now existing with the same result.

You will observe that the word for sun in the English, Saxon, Gothic, German, Dutch, Danish, Sclavonic, Welch and Irish are nearly identical, and show that they came from the same original root; all evidently derived from the ancient Sanscrit, from which it is hardly changed in a period of upwards of three thousand years. The Italian, Spanish and French, through the Latin, show a relationship to the Sanscrit and cognate words, still more remote however, but the Greek word for sun bears not the most distant resemblance.

Among the different tribes of Australia you perceive a relationship but no similarity to the word for sun in the adjacent Arru, and Andaman Islands. Among the tribes of New Guinea, they have among most of the tribes entirely different words, and different too from their neighbors on the adjacent Islands. If you come to the Continent of America, we shall find among the tribes of both North and South America the same total dissimilarity among many, and among others a similarity showing that they are related tribes.

What I have cited above is but a small part of this vast dissimilarity in the name of the object most prominent to man. Has it all resulted in the short space of four thousand years? Among all the nations whose languages have come down from the ancient Sanscrit it is nearly the same. Over the vast continent of New Holland, nearly all the various tribes use the same word. If the Andaman Islanders, and the Arru Islanders, the Papuans, the Australians, the aborigines of the American continents, the Gothic, and the cognate nations only four thousand years ago looked upon the sun and called it by the same name, why have they all now different names? and why has there been such a total change among some, and yet among another larger class of nations, no change for the last three thousand years. Others may reconcile it with the fact that four thousand years ago all the dwellers upon earth spoke the same language. I can not.

[I see Mr. Cobb has headed these communications, "Familiar Letters on *Geology*." I will endeavor in the two or three more that I may write to make them such.

Yours truly, J. E.

For the Agitator.

Leaves By the Wayside.

'I'm monstrous glad to see you, Miss Beardsley! not that I've been alone all day—Jane Jenks has been here the heft of the day; but you see I don't feel much edified by *her* conversation. She spends most of her time lamenting over the sorrow and gloom of this habitable globe and the gossipping propensities of her neighbors.

'I am well convinced that life is chock full of trouble; but the best way to do when the dark clouds come is to grin and bear it. That's the way I allers do, though I feel awful all the time I'm in tribulation.

'Grin and bear it' don't seem to you a very elegant expression. According to my mind it expresses just the idea of a person trying to smile, when 'grief sits heavy on the heart.'

'After all, Miss Beardsley, life is good and the world is nice, wonderful! The folks are all to blame for the bad. Some let their minds run to fine clothes, parties and popularity.

'Now I love to see a person well dressed, if they can afford it, and 'well-dressed' has many meanings, I can tell you. But, as I was saying, I like to see the house that the soul occupies well kept; just as I love to see the house that the body lives in, kept clean and nice; for no pure, bright spirit will have either out of order.

'Then, what does one gain by minding what folks say about them? Those who love us will speak well of us. *That's enough*—for love covers a multitude of faults. If we go hunting up what is said of us we shall find that we are not ourselves, but somebody else—act the goose perhaps, by asking an introduction to our talked-about, other self.

'It isn't best to believe ALL we hear, Miss Beardsley. People may *think* they read you right and know as little of our true characters as we do of the man in the Moon—at whom I have looked, talked and sung ever since I was born. And now, when it seems as if we ought to be pretty well acquainted, I don't know much about him. I could *surmise* a good deal.

'What have I been reading lately? I don't get time to read much. Sometimes I read the *Ledger*. I like it—it's so *preclusive*—don't admit scribblers who haven't raised a dust to put out people's eyes and writ their names in capital letters, way up on the highest pillar of fame.

'There's Fanny Fern; she tells Bonner not to blush at the pretty things she says of him; *she* doesn't intend to. She needn't to worry about it, I guess. He is past blushing. Wonder if he don't think Queen Victoria and Eugenia are fighting over him for second choice? 'See how I astonish 'em!' says he; 'don't I do it up brown, though? Ain't I the Napoleon of the blood-and-thunder Press? Ain't I popular, though, and didn't I bring down the universal Yankee Nation with that $10,000 shot? Don't Edward Everett and the 'indefatigable Bonner (and that's me) go up the ladder of immortality together after this?' Of course I only *surmise* that Mr. Bonner says so, Miss Beardsley.

'Then what a time I have keeping other papers from stealing my stories—just as Satan, once on a time, tried to steal some of the goodies of Eden!'—[says Mr. Bonner.]

'Good gracious! if there isn't Peter Snips! I wonder if he remembers Mary Dayton! They got a store by each other, but the women found it out, and then didn't Mary's character get investigated? They found that she was lazy and a flirt, besides being no better than she should be. They worried awfully about Peter, lest he should marry Mary and never know the luxury of shirt buttons and stocking-heels again.

'What become of Mary? Well, I don't exactly know. There was real grit in that girl. The last time I saw her she read to me the Goblet of Life, by Longlegs Longfellow.'

'How critical you are to-day, Miss Beardsley.

'How do I like our new minister? Pretty well, thank you. He prays well, sings well and belabors the sinners terribly. I do wish the sinners would go to hear him. *You* do!

'Well, I hope you don't think any of those besilked, beribboned and dainty-gloved people who sit on the nice cushions and hear the gospel preached month in and month out, year in and year out,—I hope you don't think *them* to be sinners, Miss Beardsley!

'No—the sinners live otherwheres, the sinners. Go to dirty, dark rooms, where the father is a drunkard and the mother a pale, weary creature surrounded with pretty babies—so pretty, if the little dears could be scrubbed! And they would be scrubbed, too, if the mother weren't overworked, poor thing! she has no strength to do what her mother's heart so aches to do.

'Then there are some specifiers of Humanity, who feel and know that rich people, intelligent people, and people who stand with the Respectables (whether they deserve to or not) do not care a fig for them—only to call them names!

'And, Miss Beardsley, does anybody try to do them good? Even some of our ministers pass by on the other side, looking first at their shiny boots, then at the muddy brogans of the miserable sinners, then cry out—'Repent, ye children of the devil!'—then turn with radiant countenances to take Old Moneybags by the hand. They keep the sunshine for the bright places, and the gloom for the dark places, Miss Beardsley. Some of them, I mean.

'Though clad in rags and despised, are the poor not as sensitive to frowns, to unkind words and neglect as the rich? He is nothing—nobody! So he grows callous and mutters, 'I don't care!'

'And the papers bring us news of another murder, theft, burglary, or suicide! and we all hold up our hands and say 'how dreadful wicked!'

'You are not going? Stay to supper. See how brightly the sun glances over my tea-table, as if lingering to partake of its goodies. So—he is gone, he has been faithful all the day.

'And if we work faithfully during our day; if we live rightly, we may depart as calmly as the sunshine.'

LAWRENCEVILLE, PA. AGNES.

SPLENDID CHURCHES.—"What do they do? Nurture pride, cherish alienations, exclude the poor, and prejudice the masses. There should be always good taste and arrangements for comfort; exclude meanness and parsimony; but things should be so, that the poor and rich should meet together in true Christian fellowship."

Christ preached the gospel to the poor, especially to the poor. He came among them poor; He died in poverty. Blessed be God it is an honor to be poor—to live and die so, because Jesus has made the condition honorable by his life and death. The first speech he made in the synagogue at Nazareth was: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath annointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." What a message!—what an appropriate opening speech to make! Can the annals of antiquity furnish the productions of an oratory so sublime!

Boys and girls still learn to read and write, and knit and cypher, which are all very well; but it is more important that children should understand the law of digestion than it is that they should understand the Rule of Three. It is more important that a girl should understand the structure of her lungs, the properties of air, and the necessities of exercise therein, than that she should understand painting and music, important as they may be. There are a thousand girls who know how to paint roses on rice paper, where there is one who knows how to paint the roses on her own cheeks, where they surely are more handsome.

The TERPSICHOREAN NAUSEA.—Col. B., of Montreal, formerly of the Essex county militia, is good-looking, and a famous dancer—patronizes all the country balls, and adores the rosy-cheeked, unsophisticated country girls. At a late ball, on the frontier, so one who was present says, the gallant Colonel approached a blushing damsel, and asked her to waltz, when she replied:—"No, I thank you; I don't like to waltz, it makes me puke." The Colonel wilted and retreated.

An honest son of Erin, green from his peregrinations, put his head into a lawyers office and asked the inmate—

"An' what do you sell here?"

"Blockheads," replied the limb of the law.

"Och, thin, to be sure," said Pat, "it must be a good trade, for I see there is but one of them left."

TOM BROWN says, "a woman may learn one useful doctrine from backgammon, which is, not to take up her man till she's sure of him.