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, fractiably 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 farther remittance be received. By this armagement no man can be brought in debt to the

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County THE AGITATOR IS the United Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County, fired postage to any Post Office within the county finish, but whose most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-

From the New York Evening Post. A DECEMBER VISION.

Close the shutters—draw the curtains—'tis a chill December night;

All day long the misty fringes on the hill have pained my sight.

All day long with sinking spirits, sitting by my window seat,

I have listened to the moaning of the south wind, and the beat Of rain upon the window, to the sighing of the fire,

While the muse, impatient, idled with a silent, tuneless Often, in the solemn pauses of the winter-threat'ning

I beheld the visioned summer, balmy, mellow-tinted,

I beheld a glowing picture of the ever-blessed June, and the florey dew mist stealing underneath the rising

I beheld a fringe of purple trailing down the western sky,

Till it touched the fair horizon, where the twilight shadows lie. Overhead the sky was cloudless, save a filmy haze that

Like a veil upon the forehead of the stiff'ning corse of

One by one the starry legions into constellations Till the arms of Heaven were blazoned grandly on ar

szure field. Faded all. A wintry pallor overspread the starry

June, the blue eyed, sad and weeping, fled before the winter rain-Fled, affrighted by December and the south wind's sad

refrain. Wellsboro', Pa. December 5.

Ben Johnson's Description of a Waltz.

When we got to the place, we found a great

large room, as big as a meetin' house—lighted up with smashin' big lamps, covered all over with glass hangings. The ladies looked as nice as little angels, their faces as white as if they had been dipped in a flour barrel; such red cheeks I hadn't seen in all Sleepy Hollow: their arms all covered with gold bands, chains, and shiny beads; such lips you never see-they looked "come and kiss me" all over; their eres looked like diamonds; their waists drawn to the size of a pipe stem, and made to look like they were undergoing a regular cutting in two operation, by tyin' a string around their bosoms-O Lordy-all covered up in laces and muslins; then rose again, like, Oh! I don't know what it was like, exceptin' the breathin' of a snowywhite goose chucked in a tight-bag, with its breast just out!

After the gals and youngsters had walked round and round for a considerable spell, the music struck-and such music! It was a big horn and a little horn, a big flute and a little flute, a big fiddle and a little fiddle, and such squeakin', squalin', bellowin', groanin', I never heard before; it was like all the cats, pigs and frogs in Christendom had concluded to sing together. They call it a German Poker. I 'spose it was made by some of them Cincinnati Germans, in imitation of the squalin' at a pork packery, and I guess it was a pretty good imi-

So soon as the music struck up-such a sight! The fellows caught the gals right round the waist with one hand, and pulled them right smack up in kissin' order, with the gals bosoms gan to sorter jump and caper like they agoing a head of wheat that has been well thrashed. hold of the other hand and held it off, and began to jump and caper too, just like the other

I swon upon a stock of almanecks, you never arms of them fellows—they a rarin' and jumpin' and pushin' 'em backwards over the room, (as I thought tryin' to get away from them,) and the fellers holdin' on 'em tighter, and they squeezed the gals, till at last I begun to think the thing was being carried to far for fun. I was a little green in these matters ; and seein' the gals tryin' harder and harder to get away, as I thought, and the fellers holdin' tighter and tighter, it was very natural that I should take the gals part. So my dander kept risin' higher and higher, till I thought my biler would bust unless I let off some steam. I bounced right into the middle of the room. "Thunder and lightning! everybody come here with shot guns, six shooters and bowie knives!" bawled I at on gals that are anywhere I am!" and was just goin' to pitch into 'em promiscuously, when my merchant caught me by the arm, and said, "I'll be cussed," says I, "if I'll see the wimmin folks imposed on! Look what them fellers are doin', and how the gals are raim' and pitchin' to get away from 'em! Do You suppose I can stand still as a mile post and see the gals suffer so? Look!" says I, "there's all almost broken down, ready to give up to that rangotang of a feller! Yonder is another to faint her head has fallen on the bosom of the houster!" I tell you I was asby; I felt like I talk jump into them like a catamount into a in the following conclusion:

When I looked into my merchant's face, I thought he would have busted. He laft, and squatted down and last.

the red war waltz they are dancin', and them Eds ain't trying to get away from them fellers; caper, the tighter they wish to be squeezed. At to layin' their heads on the fellers' bosoms, the stery common in this city. They expect probable he will ever be worth. to be married some of these days, and they want to be accustomed to it, so they won't be a tlushin' and turnin' pale, when the parson tells the groom to salute the bride. There is nothin' the bein' used to such things."

Ton may take my hat," says I to my mer-

R AGITATO]

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 CRASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. V.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1859.

After I had got out of the way and everything commenced goin' on again, the music got faster and faster-oh, it was as fast and furious as a nor wester! The gals rared again, the fellows hugged tighter, and the music makers puffed out a blowin'. Then the gals and fellers hugged tighter, and spun round like so many tops run mad. The fellers leaned back, and the gals' fine frocks sailed out and popped into the air like on a windy day, the fellers' coat tails stood outso straight that an egg would not have rolled off; their faces were fixed and as serious as a sarment. Around they went; it makes me dizzy to think of it. Pop went the coat tails, crash went the music, and pitty-patty,

rum dumble-de-thump went the feet of all. By and by, as beautiful a craft as ever you seed in the shape of a woman, laying close up to a long, bean-pole looking feller, came sailing at the rate of fifteen an hour down our way, whilst a fat, dumpy woman and a hump-shouldered beef eatin' sort of a feller at the same speed went up the other. I seed there was to be some bumpin' and I naturally trembled for the consequences. Sure enough—caswhallop, they came together,

and slapdash the whole of them fell flat right

in the middle of the room, carrying along with

them everything standing near. Such a mixin' up of things as then occurred, hain't occurred before or since old Noah un-loaded his great ark. There was legs and arms, white kids and penellas, patent leather and satin gaiters, shoe strings and garters, neck ribbons and guard chains, false curls and whiskers, women's bustles and pocket handkerchiefs -all in a pile-the gals kickin' and squalling

and the fellers gruntin' and apologisin'. "Oh, Lordy," says I—for I was considerably frustrated at the sight—"stop that music, blow out the lights, or all hands shut their eyes until the women folks get unmixed." At this, such

a laugh as you never heard.
"Why, Col. Johnson," says my merchant "that is nothing. It frequently happens, and is one of the advantages of the red war waltz. If the girls hain't learned to mix with the world, how can they ever expect to get along?"

"I would rather have 'em mixed a little," says I; "but that is too much of a good thing. However, let us leave, we've seed enough of the sorry in that pile to satisfy me for a week; and at that we bid 'em good night, and left promising to go to the next one, and take a few lessons in the common Polka and Scottish dance. How I came out, may be I may tell you in another letter.

BEN JOHNSING, OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

[From the Chicago Journal.] A Grain Speculator tells his Experience.

Generally speaking, wheat is a very good grain. It shows well in the field and in statistical reports; it looks well in stacks and in the granaries; and when well ground, methodically kneaded, judiciously baked, and properly browned and buttered into toast, there is no one who will speak more respectfully, not to say enthusiastically, of the vegetable than I bred to do otherwise. But, as an article of table land, hundreds of miles in breadth, excommerce, a medium for speculation, I am emphatically down on the whole institution—both Winter' and 'Spring;' the one has proved the 'winter of my discontent,' while the other has 'sprung' a trap on me like that projected over unwary birds which nibble at the same bait. again their bosoms, and the gals' chins restin' | These remarks may seem severe, but they drop on the fellers' shoulders. At this the gals be- as naturally from me as the kernels would from

As everybody knows, I am 'the son of poor but respectable parents.' I started in life with this talismanic maxim for money making: Buy when every one is selling; sell when every one i swon upon a stock of almanecks, you never is buying. Well, some few weeks since, wheat, seel such a sight in all your born days! There which had been very buoyant, suddenly fell.—were some two dozen gals held tight in the Every one was selling. I had a little money, arms of them follows. and, confiding in my golden rule, 'pitched in,' and bought at 'eighty-five.' Very soon the staple commodity dropped to 'sixty-eight.' Now, thought I, is the time to get a 'margin;' so mortgaging the first lot, I bought more. And I'll venture to say that my old mother never prayed so devoutly for her bread to rise, as I did my wheat. But still it dropped! The fault, they said, was in the East-(excuse the pun, if the pun is obvious;) until, as it still kept dropping, I thought it my duty to go into Chicago and put a stop to it. The first greeting that met me as I stepped into the Tremont was a telegram on the bulletin board-Wheat is flat.' Wheat probably was flat enough, but the top of my voice; "for I'll be shot if any dod blasted, long-bearded fellows shall impose went down on 'Change.' It is perhaps needthis announcement struck me as being rather a less to say that I found things materially changed since I had bought. Buyers' were offering 'fifty-five;' everybody appeared to be buying; therefore, following out my aphorism, I sold. The result may be summed up thus:

Two months since I had money and no wheat: subsequently, I had wheat and no money .--Now, by the mass I have neither! The second lot was a poor lot-as poor, in fact, as the second edition of Pharach's kine, since it swallowed the first. But I thought to make a margin, and I made it!

I think most operators will concur with me

That to buy at 'eighty-five' and sell at 'fiftyfive' will not pay, unless a man does a very large business. That wheat, when it begins to "Thy," says he, "Ben, that is nothing but That when it once begins to heat, it very soon becomes too hot to hold. That, after all, the the street way to make the fellers hold it in good soil. And lastly, that a man going to make the leners now it in good son. And now, where the lighter, kase they like it. The more the into the wheat market with even a very small capital, if he is industrious and perseveres, may very soon succeed in owing more than it is SANDY.

ONE FRIEND.—How pleasant a thing it is to have a friend to whom we can unbosom our feelings when the world is harsh to us and darkness has settled on the face of nature. The chant, I was tuck in that time, I tell you, brighten the heavens again. He who has one though it was tuck in that time, I tell you, brighten the neavens again. He will before I have seen the Indian hug, and the long dance I have seen the Indian hug, and the Copy dance, but I tell you this red war waltz tain one bright spot.—it will grow brighter and books the hat crown out of everything I ever brighter till the stricken heart partakes of the fulness of joy and is cast down no more.

Colorado Exploring Expedition

Lieutenant Ives, the commandant of the expedition for the exploration of the Colorado of the West, has made a preliminary report. He left San Francisco in November, 1857, with materials for building a small iron steamer, which was ready on the 30th of December following, when his ascension of the river commenced. By the 11th of March he had got up five hundred miles, beyond which boats could not go. He then proceeded with a pack-mule train to explore the Upper Colorado and its tributaries, visiting the region of the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth parallels, arriving about the 1st of June at Alpuquerque, on the Rio Grande, after traveling about nine hundred miles from where he left his boat. During his exploration the water was unprecedentedly low, so that he tried the navigation of the river at its worst stage. The banks at the mouth of the Colorado are flat and muddy, and the bars and shoals changeable. For thirty miles up, navigation is frequently made dangerous by the strength of the spring tides, which rise and fall twenty-five to thirty feet. This rise is preceded by singular tide-waves from four to seven feet high, which rush up the river with tremendous velocity. The map tides fall only

Between tide-water and Fort Yuma, the principal obstructions are sand bars, which grow nore frequent as you ascend. The channel is very crooked, and consequently changing, with an average depth of about eight feet; yet there are frequent shoals of less than two feet .--These bars and shoals are mostly of soft and loose materials. Below Fort Yuma there are rocks, but numerous snags. The average velocity of the current is two and a half miles an hour, and during the July freshet five to six miles, when the river is ten feet higher than in winter. For one hundred and eighty miles above Fort Yuma, the navigation is in character very similar to that described. During the next one hundred miles, gravelly bars occur frequently, but the channel is better than below. For the next fifty miles the river bed is coarse gravel and stones, with swift rapids. Then comes the Black canon, twenty-five miles long, with numerous difficul rapids-Above this gorge the river is wide and shallow, so that this canon may be considered the head of navigation. There is plenty of wood for fuel along the banks. The examination from the Black canon toward the Utah emigrant road showed that a wagon road might be opened between that trail and the head of navigation .-For sixteen miles the country is rather rough; but after that, the remaining twenty-five miles are easy.

The navigable part of the river runs nearly north and south. Near the gulf the country is flat and unbroken, but further north broken into deep valleys with rugged mountains of volcanic origin. The canons formed by the passage of the river through the mountains are wonderfully wild and grand. Above the Black canon is a most sterile and barren region, with will. For I am in the main, a man too well no trace of vegetation for miles. This is a vast tending east to the Sierra Madre, and north into Utah, rising in immense plateaus like successive steps, the most elevated being seven thousand to eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. This sterile and rocky surface opposed insurmountable barriers to traveling in most a desert. The Indians along the lower part of the river are not very numerous, but idle and inquisitive. The Mohave tribe is the most numerous. They are so systematical and stalwart that they are considered, physically,

the finest race upon the continent. The country east of the Colorado, along the thirty-fifth add thirty-six parallels, is almost uninhabited. A few Indians wander over it, but they are a wretched race, living on fish, and occasionally a little corn grown in some dismal ravine. They are exceedingly stupid and ig-norant. The Mosquis are about three thousand in number, and live in tolerably constructed towns. They have reservoirs to save water, orchards of peach trees, and other fruit; fields of cotton, corn, and melons; sheep and poultry. Men and women labor in the fields, clad in garments of home manufacture. They are an ill-made, shambling race; but perfectly peaceable and inoffensive. They are sometimes plundered by their neighbors, the warlike Navsines. But little can be said of this country as an agricultural district. In the Mohave valley the atmosphere was balmy and delicious. There were fields of grain in the spring season promising luxurious crops, comfortable houses and granaries overflowing with last year's stores; but whether the country will ever be of value to the whites is doubtful, owing to the difficulty of river navigation. The seasons also are very variable. Crops are frequently lost by frost. Geologically, the soil is bad, it being impaired by excess of alkaline substances.— The same remarks apply even stronger to the rest of the country on the river, and also to the valley of the Little Colorado. The latter region abounds in ruins and vestiges of a former population, but is now uninhabited.

Altogether, it appears that over this great territory the population has died out, and the ies, as air, wood, &c, is to condense them into country has for ages been growing more and more sterile and difficult for human habitation. Along the thirty-fifth parallel there are some bright spots; yet these are subject to seasons of drought so excessive as to render habitation doubtful. The mineral resources in some places are considerable, promising gold, mercury, silver, copper, lead, and iron. A copper mine is being worked forty miles above Fort Yuma. Coal, rock-salt, and marble, are also found. In natural history, several new species of fossils, minerals, plants, and animals, were collected. A careful survey of the navigation was made; and meteorological, tidal, and topographical observations were made.

The work of reducing the notes of this report are in progress. _______ The amount of land transportation saved

be to Salt Lake, seven hundred miles; to Fort an old maid.

Defiance, six hundred miles; and Fort Buchanan, one thousand one hundred miles; and Lieutenant Ives sees no reason why the river should not be used as the medium of communication to the greater portion of New Mexico, easi California and Utah. New York Tribune.

For the Agitator.
"IT WILL ALL BE RIGHT IN THE MORNING."

A little child had shed bitter tears, For the day had been sad and dreary, All full of trial, and grief, and fears, And he lay on his pillow, weary. At last the blue eyes had ceased to weep And a smile was his face adorning, As he whispered softly, "I'll go to sleep, It will all be right in the morning."

Oh! we are "Our Father's" children all, And our life is full of crosses, And our tears are ever ready to fall, O'er changes, sorrows and losses; But the night of death is drawing near, It may come and give no warning; Then live, and labor, and never fear, "It will all be right in the morning."

The Confessions of a Nurse.

I'm dying, doctor-I find it. You're sure I am dying, ain't you?" interrupted she, changing her solemn tones for very shrill ones; "you're quite sure?" "We are sure of nothing," said I, gravely; "you are very seriously ill." "I know," exclaimed she bitterly, relapsing in-to her melancholy phase again; "that is what all you doctors say; but it means death. Oh, sir, I have been a very, very wicked woman, indeed. I have something-I have three things on my mind which it will do me good, I think, to get disburdened of; they will kill me else, I feel, of their own selves; and, sir, I have not got a soul in the world to tell them to, only you." So this dreadful old person had, indeed, dragged me out of my warm bed for the purpose of reposing in me a dangerous confidence, which my own good nature invited. "Do you remember the very stout gentleman, Carnabasses?" "Four hundred and forty-six? pleurisy? left convalescent?" inquired I, from memory. "The same, sir. I bled him to death, doctor, at his own house, within the week. His friends paid me by the job, you see, and I was anxious to get it over." "Good heavens!" cried I; "and to save yourself a little trouble you committed, then, a cruel mur-"He went off like a lamb, cried the wretched creature, apologetically. "But there is worse than that: I once gave a young gent four doses of laudanum in one; and wouldn't known when he was dead from when he slept; but them was murders, for all that I know." "They certainly were, miserable woman," cried I, indignantly; "have you anything yet more upon your mind;" "Hush!" whispered she, pointing towards the door; "she's listening; they always does it bless you; a sinful woman-I smotherd a sick man with his pillow; that was for his money; he would have died, any way because he had the lockjaw. Now," added she, with a long-drawn sigh, and after a pause, "I feel somehow better and more comfortable like; thanks to you, sir."

The patient had sunk back from her sitting posture, as if exhausted with this terrible narra-tion; but I read in her yet anxious eyes that she had still something more to say. Presently any fixed direction, and the want of water rendered exploration difficult. West of the Little phasis with which she spoke was mingled with stead of a fee: "When your time comes, doctor, and your friends send for the nuss, don't let them pay her by the job."

> THE SEA AT GREAT DEPTHS .- Popular ideas with the regard to sinking of bodies in the sea, have heretofore been vague; for the reason perhaps, that the laws which govern this descent, and which are derived from the wellknown laws of fluids, have never been fully defined in their application to the depths of the ocean. Some imagine that ships which founder at sea sink to a certain depth, and there float about until broken to pieces, or thrown upon some bank beneath the sea; and, indeed, a certain writer in England has published a book sustaining this absurd notion. Others again, believe that the buoyant force of the water at great depths is enormous, and due to the whole pressure of the column of water above, and that all bodies which are lighter than water at the surface, will, if sunk to the bottom and detached from their sinker, shoot upward with a great velocity; or, in other words, the density of the water increases directly with the depth. These views are erroneous. It is true the pressure increases with the depth, to the amount of 15 pounds upon every square inch for every 34 feet in depth; but the density is not thereby sensibly, increased, owing to the incompressibility of the water; so that neither the buoyant force, nor the resis tance to the motion of any body, are sensibly increased from the surface to the bottom. At the depth of 3,000 fathoms, for instance, the pressure upon a square inch is nearly 8,000 pounds, but the column of 18,000 feet of water is only shortened about 60 feet; the density is thus but slightly increased; but the effect of this enormous pressure upon compressible boda smaller bulk, by which they may be rendered heavier than water, and will sink of their own weight. A piece of wood cannot float at the bottom of the sea, but a very slight extraneous force will bring it to the surface.—Sill

> Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville Whig, has learned that there is a dressed flea's skir in the Baltimore Museum, containing the soul's of seven delinquent subscribers to a newspa per; the consciences of seven other men who refused to pay their advertising bills; the "principles" of seven leading democratic politicians; seven bachelors' hearts; and all the remaining sweetness of seventy old maids.

The woman that never meddled with her by sending supplies by the Colorado route would husband's affairs, has arrived in town. She is

COMMUNICATIONS.

NO. 28.

Mr. Young: I am very much obliged to Mr. Edwards for the opportunity his letter of the 27th ult., published in the last Agitator, affords me for explaining what might appear to be a philological error. Mr. Edwards is correct in saying that tan is Welch for fire, and haul for sun.—I mean correct so far as the modern use of those words is concerned.

Tan has the same root as all the other words for sun which I gave in my letter, was derived from the same source, and was probably in its from the same source, and was probably in its them so modestly, almost tearfully, that none original meaning used as the name for both fire of us envied her. But she had one most invetand sun. In the infancy of many, perhaps most languages, the words denoting sun and fire were synonymous.

In the language of Japan, \hat{n} signifies both sun and fire; in that of the Lew Chew Islands, a language related to that of Japan, sun is fee and fire fiee. Among the Carib Indians fire is wato, and sun wayu, evidently from the same

In the Mays, an extensive ancient Mexican Welch the present word for fire is tan, for sun haul, and for God duw.

er that word is used for God, as they look upon rising and affectionately caressing her. the sun as the Supreme Being. This word was probably engrafted on the Papuan from the same source from which the Welch derive duw. From the above I derive certain historical facts, or theories, which are strongly corrobors-

ted from other sources. 1. That the Mayas of Mexico and Central America looked upon the sun as the Great Fire, and as the source of their greatest blessings, and that they worshipped the sun as their God Like the Guebres they were fire-worshippers, and adored the sun, the source of all fire according to their belief, as God.

2. That the Mexicans proper were anciently fire-worshippers the word tlett fire, and Teut God, having the same root. They have for sun tonahliuh, and yet the fact that the word for sun and God are not the same does not furnish evidence that the Mexicans did not pay divine honors to the sun.

3. That the Caribs of this Continent looked to the sun as the great source of fire, they having nearly the same words for sun and fire.— Whether they ever arrived even up to that state of civilization wherein man may become a sunworshipper, I cannot say, for I do not know what their word for God was.

4. That the Japanese, and Lew Chewans have the same opinion as to the source of fire as the Caribs, and were probably fire-worship pers. There are two words in Japanese mean ing God-one, sin. or shin, the other kami-I knows 'em so well. Once-only once, as I'm | This latter word is applied to inferior deities and deified men, and the former to the Supreme God. The word sin is said to have been engrafted on the Japanese from India; at all events it looks very much like being derived from the same root as sun, sonne, &c.

convertible in the different languages, and furnishes in its radix evidence of the philosophy cians, which theology they did adopt and practice previous to their conversion to Christianity

The word haul is evidently-I mean evident ly to a practiced philologist, from the same Se-God-the modern Arabic alla, the bel, baal and belus of the Chaldeans and Assyrians. Haut has the oriental meaning of God, or Lord, and was applied to the sun in its original signification as an object of worship. The original word tan which signified both fire and sun, is The original. retained in the modern Welch for fire, and the the modern to signify the sun stripped of his applied to deity.

objects of worship one principal God whom they called Beul, derived doubtless from the same word as haul or baal, and this fact strengthens the theory that the word haul was applied to the sun as an object of worship. It is no long since, if indeed it is totally now discontin ued, that the Irish celebrated the "Lha Beul Tinne," when sacrifices were offered to Beul and the sacred fire was renewed.

The word for fire in modern Irish is teine, more generally spelt tinne, but in the ancient sun. Its application to designate sun is now

I trust I have made it plain to Mr. Edwards that tan is, or rather, was the Cymric for sun, and its modern, strongly corroborates that as its ancient use. Language is continually changing, and sometimes modern innovations leave but a faint shadow of former orthogrophy and signification. frequently inducing gross error on the part of ethnologists and philologists; but in tracing the etymology of tan and haul there can hardly be a shadow of doubt.

Yours truly, J. E.

Reminiscences of my School Days.

Maggie Summers was the prettiest girl in all the school. Shall I attempt a description? I will try, well knowing that I shall convey but a very faint idea. Imagine to yourself a form of medium height, a trifle too robust to be called. 'sylph-like," a well-shaped head covered with luxuriant brown tresses. The forehead is not remarkable for its height, but the extreme breadth marks a mind of superior mold.-Laughing blue eyes, brilliant complexion, pearly teeth, and about the mouth there is such a peculiar, bewitching expression, you could not help loving her at a glance. Maggie was a general favorite with teachers and students. Even should be capable of deing before all the world.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 14 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 14 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

Square, -\$2,50 4,00 6,00 \$4,50 6,00 8,00 \$6.00 8,00 10,00 20,00 do. column, do. Column, 10,00 18,00 30,80 40.00

Column, - 18,00 30,00 40,00 Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and township BLANKS: Notes, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Declarations and other Blanks, constantly on hand, or printed to order.

the crabbed old professor, who was never seen to smile, would relax his sternness when Maggie addressed him. She was foremost in all our sports, ring-leader in all the fun, ever on the alert for mischief. Yet Maggie was a student. Her recitations were perfect, and in compositions she excelled. It was a mystery how she accomplished so much, for she was seldom seen with a book in her hand. She was ever ready with a warm heart and willing hand to assist us in our studies, and most feelingly, would she sympathise with us in all our troubles. She was always winning prizes, yet she received erate enemy as the sequel will show.

One day at recess, there was a whole bevy of girls seated under the large old elm in front of the play ground, laughing and talking merrily, and as usual Maggie was the centre of attraction. Presently, Bessie Stanhope came running towards us exclaiming, 'O! girls, my gold locket is gone. It was lying on my table this morning when I went to my algebra recitation, and when I came back it was gone. I have searched dialect, fire, sun, God, are respectively, kaak, my room but I can't find it. O! what shall I ku, kin,—all from the same root. In the Mexican proper, fire is itell, and God trutt. In the but fourteen—an orphan child. The locket was a richly wrought one, containing the miniatures of her parents, beautifully set in jewels. We In the most extensive dialect of Papua or had all seen and admired it. "Don't feel so New Guinea, the Outanata, the word for sun bad Bessie, we'll help you search, and I think is djaw, and they have no word for God, or rath we shall find it," said the kind hearted Maggie, all repaired to Bessie's room and began the search, but soon satisfied ourselves that the missing locket was not there. Bessie was in an agony of grief, for to her it was a priceless me-

"It could not have gone without help," said Jennie Collins, a bright, black-eyed girl, "I propose a more general search," she continued, 'let each room be searched." All willingly consented to this proposition, for each was concious of her own integrity. We began with Jennie's room; proceeded up and down the long halls, until each room had undergone the searching process. Maggie's was the last. We did not expect to find it here, but judge of our surprise, on removing some papers and rubbish on Maggie's table, to find it concealed underneath. "O I'm so glad we've found it, why who could have put it there?" exclaimed Maggie innocently. Pure and guileless herself, she was not suspecting evil in others, and did not at first comprehend the injury that had been done her by a secret enemy. "Yes! that's the question, who put it there? why who can we think put it there?" replied Jennie significantly. The whole truth flashed upon Maggie at this cruel speech. Her bright happy face seemed convulsed with the intensity of her emotions. "I thought you were my friends" said she, looking at us reproachfully, oh! so sorrowfully, "and now, she continued, "to be suspected of anything so dark." "What have I done that I should merit such cruel treatment? who can have thus wantonly sought to ruin me?" and burying her face in her hands, she wept bitterly. The larger share of the student's were Maggie's warm friends, and looked upon the affair in its true light, as a plot to darken the 5. That the word tan in Welch is from the fair fame of our favorite. But as in every same root as sun, sunha, &c., the s and t being school there are a few low minds, ever more ready to believe evil than good, hese pretended to believe the story of the stolen locket .-of the ancient Cymri, or Welch, that the sun Maggie was changed; she was no longer the was the source of fire, the Fire preeminently it light bounding creature of former times.—
self. In the word now used for sun, haul, there Colorado, some cedar and pine forests relieved the barrenness; but eastward, toward the barrenness; but eastward, toward the me, I suppose, for my prompt attention and in-fire, or sun worshippers, before they adopted ery. Sensitive to a fault, and with a heart overtowns of the Moquis Indians, the country is alterest, and delivered herself of this advice, in the theology of the ancient Romans or Green flowing with affection, she could ill brook the sneering looks and cold words of her school mates. One day Jennie was taken ill. She grew rapidly worse. Physicians pronounced her dangerous. For many days there was mitic root as el or al, the ancient Arabic for scarce a hope of her recovery. Maggie, the injured one, gentle, loving Maggie, was unwearied in kind attentions, frequently watching whole nights by the sick bed. With noiseless step|she glided about the room like an angel of goodness. None could smooth the pillows and soothe the sick girl in her delirium so skilfully as Maggie. After long weeks of ceaseless word haul which anciently, in the times of sun- care and watching, Jennie was out of dangerworship signified the sun as God, is retained in was slowly convalescing. One morning she said to Maggie, who was lovingly arranging divine honors; and the word duw derived from her hair and dress, "I have something I wish the Latin deus, or the Greek theos or zeus is now to say to you, and yet I have not the courage to commence. But it must and shall be said, The Irish Druids had among their numerous she continued, "though I but teach you to despise, aye, even to detest me." Maggie listened with surprise. "You do not know, that while you have been lavishing upon me such a wealth of love and tendernes, you have been heaping coals of fire upon my head. But could you know all I have suffered, and how deeply, how truly I have repented, you could not find it in your heart to withhold your forgiveness .-Believe me, Maggie, I have not known one moment's peace since the fatal day I placed the locket upon your table." "Oh! how could you Irish as well as tan in Welch it was used for be so cruel," exclaimed Maggie, bursting into tears, as she thought of all the anguish this heartless deed had caused her, "but I freely forgive you, even as I hope to be forgiven."— "I do not merit this," replied Jennie, "I deserve nothing but your scorn and contempt. At our last examination day, I had studied hard and faithfully, and was almost sure of the prize, when you, seemingly without effort, outstripped me. The fiend, envy, took possession of my heart and while with others congratulating you upon your success, I secretly vowed to be revenged. But alas, it has fallen on my own head in all its bitterness." Jennie arose from that bed of sickness a better and wiser girl. Middlebury, Jan. 4, 1859.

LEAN DIET .- A Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a small salary, was greatly troubled to get his quarterly installments. He at last told the non-paying trustees that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money?" replied the steward. "You preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls!" "Souls!" replied the minister; "I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal!"

Perfect virtue is to do unwitnessed, what we