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Echoted to the Principles of True-Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

4 FOUR CENTS

VOLUME X.--NUMBER. 35.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1858.

TERMS.--\$1.25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY Thos. S. Chase,

To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention. Terms-Invariably in Advance:

\$1,25 per Annum. Terms of Advertising. 1 Square [10 lines] 1 insertion, - 4 - 50 Each subsequent insertion less than 13, I Square three months, -----Six 33 one year, Rule and figure work, per sq., 3 ins. Every subsequent insertion, - - - -Column six months, - -

7 00 Double-column, displayed, per annum 65 00 six months, three " one month. 6 00 per square

of 10 lines, each insertion under 4. 1 00 Parts of columns will be inserted at the same rates. Administrator's or Executor's Notice, Auditor's Notices, each, - - - -Sheriff's Sales, per tract, - - -

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ter Co., Pa.

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Noetry. Selected

THE LOVE-KNOT.

Tying her bonnet under her cliin, She tied her raven ringlets in: But not alone in the silken snare Did she catch her lovely floating hair: For, tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill, Where the wind comes blowing merry and

And it blew the curls a frolicsome race, All over the happy pench-colored face, Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in, Under her beautiful, dimpled chin :

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume, All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl That ever imprisoned a comping curl, Or, in tying her bonnet under her chiu, Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill: Madder, merrier, chillier still, The western wind blew down, and played The wildest tricks with the little maid, As, tying her bonnet under her chin, She tied a young man's heart within.

O Western Wind! do you think it was To play such tricks with her floating hair? To gladly, gleefully do your best To blow her against the young man's breast. Where he as gladly folded her in, And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

O ELLERY VANE ! you little thought, An hour ago, when you besought This country less to walk with you, After the sun hald dried the dow, What perilous danger you'd be in. As she tied her bonnet under her chin!

[National Era

Reading.

Extract from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

THE POEM-ITS BIRTH.

From the Atlantic Monthly, March. " A lyric conception iny friend, the Poet, said-hits me like a bullet in the forchead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death .-Then comes a creeping as of centipedes

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., of it is born in an instant in the poet's old brown autumnal hue, you see,—as will ever fully embody itself in a bridal and one cannot touch it without awakeninstant that the poet turns pale with it: of the daughters of the house of Farina ANCER, Smethport, M Kean Co., Pa., will It is enough to stun and scare anybody, holders, upon reasonable terms. Referent to have a hot thought come crashing into ces given if required. P. S.-Maps of any his brain, and ploughing up those paralpart of the County made to order. 9:13 |lel ruts where the wagon trains of common ideas were jogging along in their reg ular sequences of association. No wonder the ancients made the poetical impulse wholly external. Mario acide. Oaé. Goddess, - Muse, - divine afflatus, something outside always. I never wrote any verses worth reading. I can't. I

am too stupid. If I ever copied any that were worth reading, I was only a medium. [I was talking all this time to our boarders, you understand, telling them listened rather attentively, I thought, considering the literary character of the

remarks.] "The old gentleman opposite all at once asked me if I ever read anything better than Pope's Essay on Man'? Had I ever perused McFingal? He was fond of poetry when he was a boy, -his mother taught him to say many little pieces,be remembered one beautiful hymn and the old gentleman began, in a clear, loud voice, for his years,-

'The spacious firmament on high,

With all the blue etherial sky, And spangled heavens,'-He stopped, as if standed by our silence on the shortest notice—all work warranted, and a faint flush ran up beneath the thin white hairs that fell upon his cheek. As I looked round, I was rouninded of a show DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON old man's sudden breaking out in this WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court way turned every face towards him, and thought the umbered meet its parts.

House, Condersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet coah kept his posture as if shound to schaum was dearly hought at the cost of cach kept his posture as if changed to stone. Our Celtie Bildget, or Bildy, is stone. Our Celtic Bildget, or Biddy, is stone. COUDERSPORT HOTEL,

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,

D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Viceable, red-handed, broad-and-high the divine Stradurius! Played on by an eminent statesman, "very softening in the presence of woman; some strange influence even if one is not in love with them. I always feel in better burger with myself and everything else, if there is a woman in kem." Main and Second Streets, Condersport, Pot- shouldered type; one of those imported cient muestros until the bow-hand lost its stoop forwards, and a headlong and as it thusiast, who made it whisper his hidden quoth young Donland, twisting the corner of his plaid; "aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be,

there, they are there still!

"By and by we got talking again. the divinity-student.

ed. When they have had time to cool, strings. he is more indifferent.

be a poor relation sponging on our land pirations, so as to be gradually stained lady, pays nothing, so she must stand through with a divine secondary color deby the guns and be ready to repel board- rived from ourselves. So you see it must

ITS GREEN STATE.

"I liked the turn the conversation had aken, for I had some things I wanted to say, and so, after waiting a minute, I began again.-I don't think the poems I read you sometimes can be fairly apprecigreen state.

"-You don't know what I mean by you. Certain things are good for nothwhile; and some are good for nothing unrunning down the spine,—then a gasp the cloud-compelling deities. It comes ISAAC BENSON.

TTORNEY AT LAW, Coadersport, Pa., will san impromptu, I suppose, then, attend to all business cutrusted to him, with and Third sts.

10:1

L. P. WILLISTON,

The soul is the body of it, or the copy, that men read and publishers pay for. The soul the whole world's crying out against you for medical publishers pay for. The soul the whole world's crying out against you for medical publishers and the policy of editorial, a long article on the world's crying out against you for medical publishers and the policy of editorial, a long article on the world's crying out against you for medical publishers and in the broad leaves of the great Vegetable had sucked up from an aere and eurolled into a drachm are diffused through its thirsting pores. First and it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand and murmured over in the matter into pi!

"I must have a kiss for that, my pretty at length the parts become knit together in such absolute solidarity that you could not change a syllable without the whole world's crying out against you for medical poem be restanded in the first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restand it at first. But let the poem be restanded in the great aloud and murmured over in the mind's muffled whisper often enough, and at length the parts become knit together in such absolute solidarity that you could be restand it at f train of a dozen stanzas or not is uncer-ing the old joys that hang around it, as tain; but it exists potentially from the the smell of flowers clings to the dresses [" Don't think I use a meerschaum myself, for I do not, though I have owned a

calumet since my childhood, which from a naked Pict (of the Mohawk species) Don't you perceive the sonorousness o my grandsire won, together with a toma-these old dead Latin phrases? Now I hawk and beaded knife-sheath; paying tell you that every word fresh from the for the lot with a bullet-mark on his right dictionary brings with it a certain succucheek. On the maternal side I inherit lence; and though I cannot expect the the loveliest silver-mounted tobacco-stop- sheets of the "Pactolian," in which, as I per you ever saw. It is a little box-wood told you, I sometimes print my verses, to Triton, carved with charming liveliness get so dry as the crisp papyrus that held and truth; I have often compared it to a those words of Horatius Flaceus, yet you figure in Raphael's 'Triumph of Galatea.' may be sure, that, while the sheets are It came to me in an ancient shagreen damp, and while the lines hold their sap, what this poet told me. The company it must have been made since Sir Walter and that, if made of the true stuff, they case,—how old it is I do not know,—but you can't fairly judge of my performances, Raleigh's time. If you are curious, you will ring better after a while." shall see it any day. Neither will I pre-tend that I am so unused to the perishawound bundle of chopped stems and mis- putrefaction. asks the suction-power of a nursling in- it is irrecoverably deadly. fant Hercules, and to relish, the leathery Those can most easily dispense with society er of your life to painting the bowl of a pipe, for, let me assure you, the stain of a reverie-breeding narcotic may strike deeper than you think for. I have seen things, but by no means incompatible.

Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Cou- were precipitous walk—the waist plung- love, and cry his inarticulate longings, may hap, an ower true tale which one good dersport, on the Wellsville Road. 944 ing downwards into the rocking polvis at and scream his untold agenies, and wall womman tells of anither."

every heavy footfall. Bridget, constitu- his monotonous despair. Passed from his ted for action, not for emotion, was about dying hand to the cold virtuoso, who let to deposit a plate heaped with something it slumber in its case for a generation, upon the table, when I saw the coarse till, when his hoard was broken up, it arm stretched by my shoulder arriested, came forth once more and rode the stor--motionless as the arm of a terra-cotta my symphonies of royal orchestras, beearytid; she couldn't set the plate down neath the rushing bow of their lord and while the old gentleman was speaking! leader. Into lonely prisons with improv-"He was quite silent after this, still ident artists; into convents from which truth of observation-being now perfectly came into the office, I "rather calculate". wearing the slight flush on his cheek, arose, day and night, the holy hymns Don't ever think the poetry is dead in an with which its tones were blended; and bloom in the midst of type stands and However, that made no odds to me-for old man because his forehead is wrinkled, back again to origies in which it learned printing ink or that his manhood has left him when to how and laugh as if a legion of devils his hand trembles! If they ever were were shut up in it; then again to the gen- days in the city of B. Directly opposite a day, and now whenever I see a lady eneasy melodies until it answered him softly a rose bush clambering round the case- and keep my eyes on the ink keg-and Does a poet love the verses written as in the days of the old maestros. And ment, and I was not long in making the though she were as beautiful as Hebe, I through him, do you think, Sir?-said so given into our hands, its pores all full discovery that the aforesaid white cottage would not touch her with a ten foot pole? of music; stained, like the meer-chaum, "So long as they are warm from his through and through, with the concenmind, carry any of his animal heat about trated hue and sweetness of all the har- the roses that clustered round the window. by moonlight, starlight, lamplight, or any

"A good deal as it is with buckwheat and used, like a meerschaum, or a violin. takes,—said the young fellow whom they A peem is just as porous as the meerchaum; -the more porous it is, the better. I "The last words, only, reached the ear mean to say that a genuine poem is capaof the economically organized female in ble of absorbing an indefinite amount of take time to bring the sentiment of a staining ourselves through every thought

and image our being can penetrate. more from that than from the music of a the poet calls love, sliding in at the corated, given to you as they are in the violin fresh from the maker's hands? Now ner of my heart. you know very well that there are no less than fifty-eight different pieces in a violin. me acquainted with Laura. Heavens! the green state? Well, then, I will tell These pieces are stangers to each other, make them thoroughly acquainted. At Medici-a cheek that out-blushed the ing until they have been kept a long make them thoroughly acquainted. At richest peach, and a lip that would have last they learn to vibrate in harmony, and til they have been long kept and used. the instrument becomes an organic whole, Of the first, wine is the illustrious and as if it were a great seed-capsule that had immortal example. Of those which must be kept and used I will name three,—
or elsewhere. Besides, the wood is juicy meerschaum pipes, violins and poems. and full of sap for fifty years or so, but at the end of fifty or a hundred more gets Well, time passed on, and once Laura

til it has burned a thousand offerings to tolerably dry and comparatively resonant.

| cheated :--

"Nox erat, et ecelo fulgebat Luna sereno

Inter mirora sidera,

Cum tu magnorum numen kesura deorum In verba jurabas mea.

PLUTARCH compares envious persons to enpble smoking contrivance, that a few whiffs would make me feel as if I lay in a ground-only to the raw and corrupt parts of the body; swell on the Bay of Biseay. I am not or if they light on a sound part, never leave unacquainted with that fusiform, spiral-blowing upon it till they have disposed it to

palate of an old Silenus. I do not advise who are the most calculated to adorn it; they you, young man, even if my illustration only are dependent on it who possess no restrikes your faney, to consecrate the flow-

deeper than you think for. I have seen Between good sense and good taste there ex-I once saw at the Museum,—the Sleeping Reauty, I think they called it. The before its time under such Nicotian part of feet; and between wit and talent there is

Donland," said a Scotch dame, lookfemale servants who are known in public power and the flying fingers stiffened. ing up from the catechism, to her son, "what's by their amorphous style of person, their Requeathed to the passionate young en- a slander?" "A slander, guide mither?"

Selected Miscellany.

Love in a Printing Office.

printing office was no place for love such love!" making, and I have since experienced the convinced the flower of love can never he found things a little topsy turry.

with rose-shade window, contained a fair | Talk about love in a boudoir-love in female, a flower whose beauty far outshone a bower-love on a spring seat sofu-love them, I know he loves them, - I answer- monies that have kindled and faded on its She was a little, blue-eyed saucy looking other light, and I am with you heart and "Now I tell you a poem must be kept belle of the city. Her name was Laura, Faust never to talk to me about Love in sweet poetic Laura.

I have a poetic passion for the name

of Laura. It was a beautiful Summer morning, I raised my window to admit the cool that a sum expressed by any number of figblack bombazine. - Buckwheat is the essence of our own humanity, its breeze from the flower decked fields, and ures, when transposed and deducted from the skerce and high, she remarked. [Must tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its as it was not long before I perceived the cottage window was hoisted also, and that remainder that is divisible by 9 without a reweet little Laura was scated near it, busiweet little Laura was seated near it, busi-ly engaged with her needle. I worked can explain it. To the unsophisticated, it but little that morning. My eyes were certainly borders on the marvellous, if not on poem into harmony with our nature, by constantly wandering towards the cottage window where little Laura sat, and all orts of strange and fantastic notions danced "Then again as to the mere music of a through my lighted brain, and I began to tion of figures, 1 and 2, which express 12; new poem; why, who can expect anything think that I felt a slight touch of what transpose them and you have

A few days past away and chance made she was a sweet creature—she had a form and it takes a century, more or less, to that would have shamed the Venus de 'empted a bee from his hive on a frosty morning, I thought as I gazed on her in mute admiration, that I had never seen so fair a creature. She seemed the embodi-

expressed a desire to visit the printing "Don't you see that all this is just as office. Gad, thought I, what a chance! and a grest jump of the heart,—then a to us without complexion or flayor,—born true of a poem? Counting each word as I'll do it there—yes, there, in the midst contributed to his care, with prompties and sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the sea-foam, like Aphrodite, but colond floor, Main St.

10:1

poen is written.

ond floor, Main St.

of the head,—then a long sigh,—and the order of the sea-toam, like Aphrodite, but colorless as pallida Mors herself. The fire poet has forced all these words together, the boxes of the A, B, C's. I took an is lighted in its central shrine, and gradis lighted in its central shrine, and gradonly forced all these words together, the boxes of the A, B, C's. I took an opportunity to spatch berelly white hand

soul. It comes to him a thought, tangled true in the fire of the meerschaum as in dling with the harmonious fabric. Ob-Kansas question. Nothing daunted, I in the meshes of a few sweet words,—the sunshine of October! And then the serve, too, how the drying process takes made at her again. This time I was proved their layer based onch other from the sunshine of October! And then the R. W. BENTON,—
substitute of the language, but have never and dispatch.

R. W. BENTON,—
words that have loved each other from the sunshine of October! And then the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! he who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awaken
The more successful; for I obtained a kiss. place in the stuff of a poem just as in that the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! he who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awaken
The more successful; for I obtained a kiss. place in the stuff of a poem just as in that of a violin. Here is a Tyrolese fiddle that but have have loved each other from the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! he who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awaken
The more successful; for I obtained a kiss. place in the stuff of a poem just as in that of a violin. Here is a Tyrolese fiddle that but the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! he who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awaken
The more successful; for I obtained a kiss.

The more successful; for I obtained a kiss.

The cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! he who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awaken
The more successful; for I obtained a kiss.

The more successful; for I obtained a kis the sap is pretty well out of it. And here lips she raised her delicate little hand is the song of an old poet whom Neæra and gave me a box on the ears that made me see more stars than was ever viewed by Herschell through his big telescope. Somewhat nettled and my cheek smarting with pain, I again seized her waist and said-

"Well if you don't like it, just take back the kiss."

She made a desperate struggle, and as

struck the lye pot and over it went! furnish such explanation?—N. F. Eve. Past.

Another galley of editorial was sprinkled over the floor, and in her efforts to reach the door her foot slipped and she fell, and that had come over my face-oh, horrible! -was stuck up to the elbow in the ink slowly drew it from the keg, dripping for days and weeks, a constant and everof that tar. I began to be seriously alarmed, and apologized in the best man proach, on account of the unpleasant rewould bundle of enopped stems and miscellane us incombustibles, the cigar, so
called, of the shops,—which to "draw"

I allousy may be compared to a poisoned
that there was mischief alloat. As I stood
skin it is very dangerous; but if it draw blood,
skin it is very dangerous; but if it draw blood,
skin it is very dangerous; but if it draw blood,
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skin it is very dangerous; but if it draw blood,
skin it is very dangerous; but if it draw blood,
skin it is very dangerous; but if it draw blood,
skin it is very dangerous; but strange metamorphosis, she raised it quick of the better; but its advantage would not had again leit its impression on my cheek. "Why, Laura," I exclaimed, "what

are you about." the green lear of early promise grow brown ists the same difference as between cause and the free its time under such Nicotian reginated interesting the same proportion as between a whole and thought the numbered meer. The numbered meer is the same proportion as between a whole and laugh, and again her hand hit upon my their holy associations, their swelling choirs. he same proportion as between a whole and taugh, and again ner mand mit upon my their holy associations, their swelling energy and sacred anthems—our courts of Justice, with their dramatic jury trials, and daily appearing in the presence of woman; some strange influence even if one is not in love with them. I always feel in better humor with myself and door. She turned back when beyond my and finally, the drama, with the genias of its woman. The brilling the received when the door its woman. The brilling the received when the door its woman. The brilling the received when the door its woman. The brilling the received when the door its woman. The brilling the received with the door its woman. The brilling the received when the door its woman. The brilling the drama with the genias of its woman. The brilling the drama with the genias of its woman. reach, and with a roguish face peering men, and the beauty of its women, its brilliant through the doorwry, shouted back:

"I sav. Jerry. what kind of a roller music-with everything, indeed, calculated to "I say, Jerry, what kind of a roller

does my hand make?" "Oh," said I, " you take too much ink."

"Ha, ha," she laughed, "well, good bye, Jerry-that's my impression, ha, ha." "letting off sleep."

I went to the glass and surveyed my elf for a moment, and verily I believed I could have passed for a Guinca negro without the slightest difficulty.

"And so," thinks I to myself, this is I once heard an old jour remark, that love in a printing office. The devil take

The next morning when the editor

I had mizzled long before daylight. It was my fortune to sojourn for a few I bore the marks of that scene for many tle dilettante who calmed it down with the office was a pretty white cottage, with tering a printing office, I think of Laura,

creature of sixteen summers, and was the hand; but I pray you by the ghost of a Printing Office!

The Figure 9. 差

Arithmeticians are familiar with the fact sum expressed by the transposition, gives a muinder. But though arithmeticians are fathe miraculous.

ambles. Begin with the first and simplest combina-

9)9 Next take the figures 1, 2, $\frac{231}{123}$ 9)108 12 Transpose again. 32L Deduct 123

9)198 7.364.298: Take next a larger combination. one transposition is Deduct 8,294,637 -7,364,289 9)930,348 103,372 9,264.367

7,364,289 9)1,920,078 213.342 7.986,432 7,364,289 9)622,133

69,127 Thus far, we deduct the sum originally expressed without transposition; but this, also, nay be transposed, and still the remainder will be equally divisible by 9. For example: 7.364,289 The orginal sum is

Transpose.

And then trans. again to deduct, 2,398,764 9)848,02 94.225

3.246.789

These changes, in short, may be continued ndefinitely with the same result: and it would seem as it a fact so strange ought to she jerked herself from my arms, her foot admit of explanation. Can any arithmetician

ANSWERING LETTERS .- There are few things so much neglected in the so-called in her effort to sustain herself, her hand, polite world as answering letters. This her lilly white hand—the same little hand arises from an indifference in some people, and a dislike to writing in others. The latter feeling is often so much inkeg. Shade of Franklin! what a change ence the possessor to such an extent that dulged in, or, rather, is allowed to influrecurring source of annoyance and rener I could, and to my surprise she seemed mindings it gives from time to time of the more pleased than angry—but there was to writing might soon be overcome, by neglect it meets with. This repugnance a "lurking devil in her eye" that told me observing the following rule:—It is simsurveying the black covering of her hand, portunity that offers; if looked upon as a scarcely able to suppress a laugh at its disagreeable task, the sconer it is got rid from my surprise, the same little hand and the difficulty would vanish.

THE FIVE TEACHERS .- There are five great teachers of the people, all incessantly working from morn till night; some working from night touch the feelings and the imagination-to rouse the genius and to mend the heart.

A little boy describes anoring