

BY CHARLES F. SHILL.

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes! An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!

A Capital Story. BASHFUL LOVERS.

Julia Watson was not only a beautiful girl, with dark brown hair that would curl in spite of a comb and brush, bright flashing eyes that had concealed in their depths a world of mischief, and plump cherry lips that seemed for temptation—but she was the only child of a wealthy farmer—a combination of charms which is seldom found, even in this country.

The exception was a dandyish fortune hunter, who was willing to take the charming girl as an incubation upon her father's broad acres, and who fancied that the wordy cloud of incense he poured forth at her feet, would hide his selfish design: his discomfiture when he saw the thin disguise was penetrated, vented itself in a volley of abuse, which served to make its author more ridiculous.

Julia was two years beyond her teens, and still bloomed—an unplucked flower—in her father's dwelling. In answer to all railleury on the subject, she declared her intention of clinging to that respectable sisterhood, yecked old maids; and the assertion was, of course, always received with a smile of incredulity.

There lived in the neighborhood a young farmer whose parents were both dead, and who kept open the parental mansion, through the assistance of an antiquated colored domestic, her loom in the family. After receiving in his boyhood all the polish which could be bestowed upon a rising genius in the village school, he had gone to study nature in the field; in other words, his active youth had been passed in the cultivation of the soil, and sturdy manhood, a noble specimen of what industry, self-reliance, honesty towards men, and reverence towards God, can produce out of our fallen humanity.

Whether it was the odor of the fragrant compound, or the thrilling touch of the tremulous hand, which brought the young man to consciousness, I cannot tell, but he immediately revived.

The world may laugh, as it will, at such timidity, and rail at my hero as a country clown, but I am sure the sensible girl, now many years a happy wife, would not have exchanged the purity and freshness of the heart, thus struggling to lay itself at her feet, for all the ease of a hackneyed lover, who can discourse eloquently of a passion, with the fluency of one who has nothing at stake.

"Do tell me," said a city visitor to her on one occasion, "if the report was true, that your husband fainted away while making his declaration?"

"Yes," she replied, with a quiet smile, "I believe I must confirm the story, and I have a fancy," she added, thoughtfully, "that timidity in a lover, is in general, a sign of innocence, and I cannot help thinking that when a man is fluent in love making, either his heart is not in it, or he has had too much experience in the art."

FLOWERS.—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar and the tomb. The Persian in the far east delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays, while the Indian child of the far west clasps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated Scripture of the prairie. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange flowers are a bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewing beauty is a symbol of the resurrection.

They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—Mrs. Child.

Goon.—An old farmer who feared neither God nor man, had hired a devout negro, and to get some Sunday work out of him he would always plan a work of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday would put that point to the man's conscience. One morning old Samba proved refractory, he would work no more on Sunday. The master then argued that it was "a case of necessity and mercy; that the Scriptures allowed a man to get his ox out of a pit on the Sabbath day."

THE AGITATOR. Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Truth.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1855. VOL. 2.

her doubly charming in his eyes. "Good afternoon, Mr. Farrington," said she, in the common style of New England greeting for this hour of the day. "Will you walk in?"

"Very well, I thank you," he replied, in answer to an imaginary question, (for in his confusion he had not understood a word she had uttered,) and followed her into the house.

"Miss Jul—hem—Miss Watson may I— is your father at home?" He knew this was an inglorious conclusion for such a spasmodic effort, but he seized it as a drowning man would catch a straw.

"Yes, father is about home; shall I call him?" she replied, half raising from her seat.

"No!" he said, with startled energy—then frightened at his impetuosity, added—"that is—I would—hope he is well."

"It was evident he was not 'getting on,' and here he came to a dead halt. She saw that he had some communication of importance to make, and her heart whispered the secret in advance; instead, therefore, of coming to his relief by turning the conversation into a smoother channel, she left him to flounder on among the breakers. He tried to think of one of the many speeches he had conned for the occasion, but they were all mixed in his memory, a mass of tangled words, and he could not catch the end of the skein. His color came and went, varying almost with each breath, and the moment of silence which ensued, seemed to him an age of suffering. Growing desperate, he began again—

"Miss Watson—I have called to say—to ask—to do—de—in short, to tell you how much I love you!" The effort was too much, and the strong man, who would have sat under the surgeon's knife without blanching, fainted outright and sank upon the cushions.

Julia had watched his varying hue, but had not anticipated this sudden catastrophe. With admirable presence of mind she ran to the mantel, where upon a narrow shelf had stood, from time immemorial, a bottle of camphor spirits—the universal remedy for syncope.

Now it happened that farmer Watson, like many other hard-working men, whose sinews have been over strained, was troubled with a rheumatic shoulder, and had procured a bottle of liniment to be used as a mollifying embrocation. This bottle had for the moment, usurped the place of the aromatic solution, and was mistaken for it on this occasion. With her eyes fixed on the pallid face of her lover, the frightened girl hastily drew the cork from the bottle, and pouring some of the liquid into her hand, spread it upon his forehead.

Whether it was the odor of the fragrant compound, or the thrilling touch of the tremulous hand, which brought the young man to consciousness, I cannot tell, but he immediately revived.

The world may laugh, as it will, at such timidity, and rail at my hero as a country clown, but I am sure the sensible girl, now many years a happy wife, would not have exchanged the purity and freshness of the heart, thus struggling to lay itself at her feet, for all the ease of a hackneyed lover, who can discourse eloquently of a passion, with the fluency of one who has nothing at stake.

"Do tell me," said a city visitor to her on one occasion, "if the report was true, that your husband fainted away while making his declaration?"

"Yes," she replied, with a quiet smile, "I believe I must confirm the story, and I have a fancy," she added, thoughtfully, "that timidity in a lover, is in general, a sign of innocence, and I cannot help thinking that when a man is fluent in love making, either his heart is not in it, or he has had too much experience in the art."

THE MYTHIC SEA. Forged there has existed a myth concerning a Northern Ocean, whose shores were the impenetrable barriers of ice, and whose waters held a life and music all its own.

The Scandinavians remember the myth, and to this day in Sweden and Norway and the Northern Islands the great unknown sea has existed in the belief of every superstitious mind. To us, who reason so philosophically that nothing is hidden; it was not deemed probable that such a body of water did or could exist; and though many navigators asserted their belief in the myth, it has not had sufficient data to claim attention.

A few minds, keen from observation and sagacious from nature still, clung to the ancient story and suffered it not to die. One of these minds was Dr. Kane, who now returns home with tidings that the lost sea is found!

Our readers doubtless pursued the narrative of the Kane Expedition with a breathless attention, and from it learned that the intrepid navigator left his vessel fast in the almost impenetrable mountains of ice in latitude 78 deg. 45' north, pushing his way in sledges and on foot to latitude 82° 30' where he stood upon the shores of, to his eyes a limitless sea. Three thousand square miles did he scan with eyes and glass, and yet no bounds to that expanse of water were found; for fifty-two hours did a heavy gale from the north heave up the heavy surf, and yet it brought down not a particle of ice—showing that around the pole all was ocean life instead of frigid death. Thus was the veil penetrated; surprise seized upon the philosophical speculator, and now the world is busy at the resolution of this wonderful problem of a Northern Sea.

1st. The doctor represents those waters as limpid as any summer sea. By what process in Nature can that high latitude so modify the temperature of the air as to leave the sea un-frozen? Where the Doctor wintered the thermometer often stood at 60° below zero, and yet in a still more notherly clime there is a sea which is never frozen. Science stands stupefied, for all its axioms are repudiated and new laws are needed to reconcile the facts to theory.

2d. Bird and fish life is there existent in the utmost profusion. There the awkward and the walrus sport in such herds as make the waters swarm with their huge mermin. Can these all live without proper food? Does the duck infest these regions without its berries and grasses and bulbs for sustenance? Here, then, is another query for the speculator to answer and the mystery of the Northern Sea grows more and more exciting.

Over the grand ice barrier which Dr. Kane passed was a new land, and he called it Washington, giving names also to the bays and capes. Beyond this is that sea, and that sea bathes the intangible North Pole—it holds the mystery of the Northern Lights in its keeping—it keeps the secrets of its own life within its bosom; will man ever solve that secret, and open up that unknown world? We shall patiently await in hope; for, in our minds, is a vague thought floating that the sea which whirls around the pole of this earth holds in its keeping the key to a thousand mysteries, and we have faith to think that in our years—should they be three score or more—that mythic sea shall give us its long kept secret.—Sandusky Register.

EXAMINATION OF ATTORNEYS.—The following examination of a certain candidate for admission to the bar, taken from a western law journal, is decidedly a good one.—The examiner commences with—

"Do you smoke?" "I do sir." "Have you a spare cigar?" "Yes sir." (Extending a short six.) "Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"

"To collect fees." "What is the second?" "To increase the number of his clients." "When does your position towards your client change?"

"When making a bill of costs." "Explain." "When they occupy the antagonist's position, I assume the character of plaintiff, and they defend."

"A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?" "Cheek by jowl." "Enough, sir,—you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, you are aware of the duty you owe me, sir."

"Describe it." "It is to invite you to drink." "But suppose I decline?" (Candidate scratching his head.) "There is no instance of this kind on record in the books! I can't answer the question."

"You are right, and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows that you have read the law attentively. Let's have a drink and I will sign your certificate."

Early life of Sir Isaac Newton. Men of great learning and talents, whom all admire and praise, are found to be more modest than persons not so wise and good.

Sir Isaac Newton was one of these great, and at the same time modest men. When a little boy at school, he surprised everybody by the curious little machines which he made with his own hands. He had a number of saws, hatches, hammers and other tools, which he used very skillfully.

A wind mill being put up near the place where he lived, he frequently went to look at it; and tried into every part of it, till he became thoroughly acquainted with it, and the way in which it moved. He then began with his knife, and saws, and hammer, and made a small windmill, exactly like the large one; it was a very neat and curious piece of workmanship.

He sometimes set it on the house-top, that the wind might turn it round. He also contrived to cause a mouse to turn his mill. This little animal being put inside a hollow wheel, its endeavors to get forward turned the wheel and set the machinery in motion.

There was also some iron placed about the wheel, and when the mouse tried to get at the corn it made the wheel go round. Having got an old box from a friend, Isaac made it into a water clock—that is a clock driven by a small fall of water. It is very much like our common clocks, and about four feet high.

At the top was a dial plate, with figures of the hours. The hour hand was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by water dropping upon it. This stood in the room where he lay, and he took care, every morning, to supply it with plenty of water. It pointed out the hour so well, that the people of the house would go to see what was the hour by it. It was kept in the house as a curiosity long after Isaac went to college.

The room in which he lodged was full of drawings of birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical figures, all neatly made upon the wall with charcoal. When Isaac grew a little older, and went to college, he had a great desire to know something about the air, the water, the tides and the sun, moon and stars. One day when he was sitting alone in his garden, an apple happened to fall to the ground. He then began to ask himself, What is the cause of the apple falling down? Is it from some power or force in the apple itself, or is the power in the earth, which draws the apple down? When he had long thought about this subject, he found out that it was the earth, that attracted or drew the apple down, and that this power of attraction is one of the laws of nature.

By it, loose objects are retained upon the surface of the earth, instead of flying abroad through space. You have learned that this earth is a globe, which turns over, day after day. It is attraction, which gives weight to objects; hence it is sometimes called gravitation, which means nearly the same thing as weight. Isaac Newton also discovered that all objects whatever have an attraction for each other, and always in proportion to their size and the distance at which they are placed. Thus the moon, though a large globe, is under the attraction of the earth, and the planets are under the attraction of the sun. And it is by attraction they are all made to keep their proper distances from one another.

These discoveries were justly considered as the most important ever made; and for his having made them, reflecting men will ever venerate the name of Newton. He was also the first who showed that every ray of light from the sun consists of several different colors; and he made known many other curious and wonderful things which were never known before.

He was of a mild and equal temper, and was seldom or never seen in a passion. He had a little dog which he called Diamond. He was one day called out of his study, where all his papers and writings were lying upon a table. His dog Diamond, happened to jump upon the table, and overturned a lighted candle, which set fire to all his papers, and consumed them in a few moments. In this way Newton lost the labor of many years. But when he came into the study, and saw what had happened, he did not strike the little dog, but only said, "Ah, Diamond, Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

Though Isaac Newton was a very wise and learned man, he was not proud of his learning, but was very meek and humble. He was kind to all, even to the poorest and meanest man. Though he was wiser than most other men, yet he said, a little before he died, that all his knowledge was as nothing when compared with what he had yet to learn. He was sometimes so much engaged in thinking, that his dinner was often three hours before he could be brought to the table. He died in the year 1727, at the age of eighty-five.

BLIND PEOPLE.—Stianly, the organist, and many blind musicians, have been the best musicians of their time; and a school-mistress in England could discover that two boys were playing in a distant corner of the room, instead of studying, although a person using his eyes could not detect the slightest sound. Prof. Sanderson, who was blind, could, in a moment, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and of each sex. A blind French lady could dance in a figure dance, sew, and thread her own needle. A blind-man in Derbyshire, England has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads, his ear guiding him to the distance as accurately as the eye of others; and the late Justice Fielding, who was blind, on walking into a room for the first time, after speaking a few words, said "this room is about twenty feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve high; all of which was revealed to him with accuracy through the medium of his ear."

TO THE LADIES. To the fair readers of Life Illustrated, our compliments and respectful salutations. May our acquaintance last as long as it shall conduce to your mutual pleasure and advantage.

The ladies perceive that we have laid aside the well worn life in which we last had the honor of appearing before them, and have assumed a dress which, we trust, they will think more becoming. Without the approbation of the fairer part of creation, few periodicals could exist, and we are sure that ours is not one of the few.

When we boys, of being a reading people we mean the ladies, for it is they who do the chief part of the nation's reading; the ruler sex being absorbed in providing the means of feeding and living. We desire to be welcome in our weekly visit to the homes where ladies exercise their gentle way, and practice continually the art of making others happy. And we found our hopes of welcome solely on our resolve to do all that in us lies, to aid them in their sweet vocation. We shall not attempt to amuse them with idle tales, nor flatter them with soft speeches; to cheer, to instruct, to enlighten, shall be at least our aim.

Women have a far deeper personal interest in the prevalence of truth and virtue than men. Civilization finds woman a household drudge, and makes her a household slave; finds her man's slave, makes her his pride and providence; and each new advance that is made toward perfect civilization assigns to men nobler tasks, but confers on woman higher dignities and more refined delights. If therefore, we do aught for the progress of the race, we do more for woman than for man.

In preparing our sheet for publication, we keep constantly in mind the wants and needs of American women, and whatever we find in the intelligence of the day, or in passing literature, or in our minds that we think would interest them, is sure to find a place in Life Illustrated. It is a pleasure for us to think that among our subscribers are a large number of high-minded and intelligent women, whose approbation it is an honor and a help to have. We have been good friends hitherto. May we be better friends in future.—Life Illustrated.

A NEW DISEASE.—During the last cholera season, a newly caught Dutchman made his advent in the city of New Orleans, and set forth in quest of a boarding house. He inquired of the first one he saw, if they had the cholera in the house? The reply was "Yes," and Dutchy "moved his boots." He asked the same question and received the same answer of three or four others. Finally he found a landlord who assured him that he had no cholera in his house, and there the Dutchman concluded to tarry a while.

The landlord was a pious man, and always had family-worship before separating for the night. According to the custom, therefore, the family assembled for prayer. During the progress of the exercise, the pater familias groaned, and up popped Dutchy, with—

"Oh, Lord! wot ish ter matter?" "Nothing," said the host, and the Scriptures went on. In a short time the landlord groaned again; and again Dutchy started up, with eyes like saucers, saying—

"Oh, mine Got! dere is something the matter mit you." "No!" said the landlord, adding by way of quieting the Dutchman, "I'm a Methodist, and it is the habit of the most of the members of the church to groan during religious service."

Up jumped Dutchy with his hat and baggage, and scuds along the street at a pace that would shamb a 2.40 racer. Seeing a physician's sign, he called a halt and told the Doctor to run quick to No. 8.—street.

"What's the matter there?" says the doctor, "Have they got the cholera?" "No, but mine Got in Himml! da has got the methodis—more worse as der golora, and der landlord vill die mit it derfore you kins dare if you don't run quick."

A CURIOSITY.—We saw on Wednesday, with a great deal of wonder, at the store of Mr. W. T. Cannon, a couple of bottles, each of which would hold over a quart, and in one of which was a saw mill in operation. Both mills were moved by a crank in the neck of each bottle. The bottles and machinery are in the possession of Mr. A. H. Buckingham, who is in the employ of Mr. Cannon.

Mr. B. says the machinery was built within their covering about 35 years ago, by a person then a resident of New York State, but now deceased. He did it on a wager of \$5,000, which he won in less than three years, which was the time allowed for the work. It has been suggested that the glass must have been blown over the machinery; but it is also said that such a thing would be impossible with such kind of bottles. They are filled full of the machinery, which is braced and pinned, and otherwise made strong. There are cog-wheels, the neck of each bottle is filled with a plug, which is keyed close up to the neck. The mystery of getting in the key, when there is hardly room between the plug and the neck of the bottle to get in a tool large as a single nail, is as great as any other wonder about the ingenious affair. These curiosities may be seen by anybody, for a few days without any charge of course.—New Haven Palladium.

An exceedingly tall gentleman was walking with a very short friend in the midst of a heavy shower, when the latter observed, "Bill, isn't it coming down?" "Bill, isn't it coming down?" "Bill, isn't his shoulders still higher, answered, "I don't know how it may be with you; but it is raining awfully up here."

Communications. TEACHERS' INSTITUTE. WELLSBORO, Nov. 5th, 1855.

The resolution of the several townships of this county, convened at the Academy in accordance with the call of the Co. Superintendent, on Monday Nov. 5th, for the purpose of organizing a Teachers' Institute in this place, they were called to order by the Co. Supt., and a temporary organization effected. After listening to a short lecture upon the best method of teaching, &c., the Institute adjourned till Tuesday morning.

SECOND DAY, Nov. 6. Institute met pursuant to adjournment. After listening to several lectures upon the best method of teaching in the several branches in our Common Schools.

On motion the following named persons were appointed a Committee to draft rules &c., for a more permanent organization: L. CATLIN, I. D. RICHARDS, A. G. STURROCK, CAROLINE SPENCER, L. E. MOORE, SALLY LOCKE.

On motion the Institute adjourned to meet in the evening, at the Court House to listen to a lecture upon Physiology and Hygiene by Dr. C. Cutler.

THIRD DAY, Nov. 8. Institute called to order by Supt., the Com. appointed to draft rules, &c., submitted the following report, which was adopted: WELLSBORO, Pa. Nov. 8th 1855.

Your Committee appointed for drafting rules for a more permanent organization of a Teachers' Institute, respectfully report the following resolutions.

1st. Resolved, That we form ourselves into a Teachers' Institute.

2d. Resolved, That a President be appointed to preside over the meetings of this Institute, and attend upon the duties pertaining to that office.

3d. Resolved, That a Vice President be appointed to discharge the duties of the President in his absence.

4th. Resolved, That a Secretary be appointed to keep the minutes of the Institute.

5th. Resolved, That a Corresponding Secretary be appointed to carry on the correspondence of the Institute.

6th. Resolved, That a Treasurer be appointed to take charge of the funds of the Institute.

7th. Resolved, That a Committee of three be appointed in each township to attend to the interests of the Institute, solicit members &c.

8th. Resolved, That a Committee of three be appointed to draft a Constitution and By Laws to be submitted to the Institute at its next meeting.

9th. Resolved, That we govern ourselves by the foregoing resolutions, until a more permanent government can be organized.

On motion the following officers were appointed: President, N. L. REYNOLDS; Vice President, L. CATLIN; Secretary, Mrs. WELTHY F. RICHARDS; Cor. Sec., I. D. RICHARDS; Treasurer, Mrs. CAROLINE JACKSON.