

We had learned in a boyish delusion... On pledges and promises long...

Communications.

The Scarcity of Literary Men.

Alas! how few comparatively obtain a thorough mental discipline. As we look out over the country, we see here and there an individual fully convinced of the ignorance of man...

The mind of the young is first called into action by external objects, and how few of these point toward the path of Literature. True, the child who is blessed with educated parents...

Could these things be understood in youth as they are in manhood, the number of literary men would be much greater than it is. But by many the lesson is learned too late to be of any advantage...

Across the Isthmus.

That devoted and adventurous traveler and public benefactor, the late John L. Stevens, was one of the projectors of the Panama railroad, which may be considered the pioneer in the great inter-oceanic commercial enterprise...

Circumstances in our youth do much to mould our characters and determine our spheres of action. A boy may by chance take up the biography of some distinguished individual...

Knowledge is invisible. It is not addressed to our physical senses, but to our understanding. It can not be estimated unless it be expressed. The wisest philosophers dressed in simple apparel...

The Scythians were very much astonished, when they perceived that the great conqueror of the world, whose fame extended throughout Europe and Asia, was a little man with a twisted neck...

Those who think that the scholar receives nothing in return for his study—nothing for his midnight investigations, have been deceived. He possesses vast stores of wealth in the form of intellectual enjoyments—constant pleasures in the form of associated thoughts...

Whether or not this occupation shall continue, is a vexed question to be hereafter decided by English and American statesmen.

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NO. 39.

Gilbert Stuart.

The Yankees have become notorious for their question-asking propensity. Yet sometimes John Bull exhibits so remarkable a development of this trait...

On one occasion, Stuart was traveling in a stage-coach, in England, with some gentlemen who were strangers to him, but all of whom were sociable and full of animation.

"You are a hair-dresser, then," remarked one of his companions, inquiringly.

"What!" said he; "do you take me for a barber?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are, then?"

"Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

"O, you are a valet, then to some nobleman."

"A valet? Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant to be sure; I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"O, you are a tailor?"

"Tailor! Do I look like a tailor? I assure you I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one."

By this time the passengers were all in a roar; and one of them exclaimed, "What are you, then?"

"I tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, at your service."

"Oho! a boot and shoemaker, after all?"

"Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true."

"We may as well give up guessing then," remarked one of the party.

After checking his laughter, he said to them, very gravely, "Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you, but will tell you, upon my honor, as a gentleman, bona fide my profession, I get my bread by making faces. He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage in a manner such as Foote or Matthews might have envied.

When his companions, after loud peals of laughter, had composed themselves, each took credit to himself for having, all the while, suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre; and now they all knew that he must be a comedian by profession. But to their utter surprise, he assured them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of any theatre.

His companions now all looked at him and at each other with astonishment.

Before parting, Stuart said to his companions, "Gentlemen, you will find that all that I have said of my various employments, is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait painter. If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush your coat or hat, dress your hair a la mode, supply you, if in need, with a wig, of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces for you."

On parting with him at the inn, they begged leave to inquire in what part of England, he was born. He answered them, "I was not born in England, Wales, Ireland, or Scotland. Here was another puzzle for them; where then?" was their eager inquiry.

"I was born at Naragansett," was his reply. "Where's that?"

"Six miles from Pottawomee, and ten miles from Poppasquash, and about four miles west of Connecticut, and not far from the spot where the famous battle with the Pequots was fought."

"In what part of the East Indies is that, sir?" was the response.

"East Indies, my dear sir! it is in the State of Rhode Island, between Massachusetts and the Connecticut River."

We once saw a young man gazing at the sky heavens, with a f in I and a w of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by jing to a f in a paper we held in our hand, relating 2 a young man in that f of country who had left home in a state of M N I D Derangement. He dropped the f and pistols from his hand with the !

"It is I of whom U read. I left home 4 my friends knew of my Disgn. I had 40 the f of a girl who refused 2 his 10 2 me, but smiled 49ly on another. I — madly from the house uttering a wild ' to the god of love, and without reply to the ??? of my friends, came here with his f & w of pistols to put a. to my Existence. My case has no || in this f"

A Singular Discovery.

We find in the Kansas correspondence of the St. Louis Republic, the following very singular occurrence having actually transpired during a wolf hunt upon the prairie.

A few days since, while riding in the rear of our town in a small rhyne, through which a streamlet takes its way beneath its crystal covering, and whose irrigation has produced tall grass and shrubs, that make a hiding-place for game, I came suddenly upon a large black wolf. He was scratching at a thin place in the ice, and seemed almost famished for water. Seeing me he started in full run for the forest in the river bottom.

I kept upon his heels, and tried to ride upon him. He was almost exhausted, and just as I supposed he would give out, he slipped into the hollow of a large cotton-wood tree.

I stopped the horse through which he entered and came back to town and got an axe, and the dogs, and the assistance of Frank Mahan and William Palmer, and together, we returned to cut him out. The dogs were anxious and we were prepared with our guns to receive him.

When we had made a large hole, about four feet from the ground, the dogs jumped at it on the outside and the wolf on the inside, and such barking, growling and snapping and howling I never heard before.

It made the woods resound for a great distance and brought several neighbors to the spot. Things continued so for a while and we consulted what was best to be done. We could not shoot the wolf through this opening without too great risk of killing the dogs, for he only appeared at the inside. We finally concluded to stop the hole we had made, and fall the tree by cutting a narrow gash around it.

The tree came down a little sooner than we expected. Frank Mahan had the ax lifted for another stroke as it went over with a crash. The wolf, with a bristly back and glaring eyes and glittering teeth, leaped at his throat with a terrible ferocity. The descending ax met it half way, cleaving its skull and laying it dead at his feet.

We had no time to express our wonder and congratulations at his singular and narrow escape, when our attention was called to that which filled us with amazement, if not dread. It was a human skeleton, of medium size and of a female, hidden in the cavity of the tree. Its posture was erect, and the bones were held together by a kind of integument that seemed to cover, like a transparent skin the entire frame. The jar of the felled tree severed several joints, and we drew them out and placed them again in form. The proportions were perfect and the limbs straight—indicating a contour, when in flesh, of perfect symmetry. Who could it have been, that thus perished years ago, in this wild forest? and how came her death in this strange place? were queries that were immediately suggested. Could it have been some maiden—who, like the bride in the "Mistletoe Bough," had concealed herself from her lover in the heart of this old tree and become fastened there and died? Or, in fleeing an enemy, had sought this refuge? Or, in escaping wild beasts, had climbed up in this close retreat, whence she could not extricate herself? These were the natural suggestions for the skeleton fitted closely in the cavity and seemed to have been fastened there.

How many years ago this frame possessed vitality, and how many years it had inhabited this time-worn, storm-wrecked tenement, and how it came there, and to what race it belonged, will remain a mystery until the final revelation.

A REMARKABLE EXECUTIONER.—We have observed several wonderful stories of late respecting the skill of the Chinese executioners, who, it is said, can strike off the heads of their victims so skillfully that the poor fellows themselves never discover their loss until a moment or two after they are dead.

We recall to mind however, the story of a German executioner, who far surpassed the Chinese in professional dexterity. Upon one occasion, it happened that a criminal who was condemned to death had a singular itching to play at ninepins; and he employed permission to play once more at his favorite game before he died. Then, he said, he would submit to his fate without a murmur. The judge thinking there could be no harm in humoring him, granted his last prayer; and upon arriving at the place of execution he found everything prepared for the game—the pins being all set up and the bowls being all ready. He commenced his favorite sport with enthusiasm. After a while, the sheriff observing that he showed no inclination to desist, made a sign to the executioner to strike the fatal blow while he stooped for a bowl. The executioner did so, but with such dexterity that the culprit did not notice or feel it. He thought indeed that a cold breath of air was blowing upon his neck, and drawing himself back with a shrug, his head dropped forward into his hands. He naturally supposed that it was a bowl which he grasped, and setting it firmly rolled it at the pins. All of them fell; and the head was heard to exclaim as it rebounded from the farther wall: "Hurrah! I've won the game!"—Portfolo.

Julius was you ever in business? "In course I was. "What business?" "A sugar planter!" "When was that?" "Der day I berried dat old sweetheart ob mine!"

Hours.—The editor of the Buffalo Republic went to walk with a fashionably dressed lady the other day, and could not get within nine feet of her person on account of the circumlocution of her extensive hoopery.

The Perils of Teaching Grammar to Young Dames.

Mr. Editor: I have been sending my daughter Nancy to a schoolmaster in this neighborhood. Last Friday I went over to the school just to see how Nancy and Bob was getting along, and I sees things I didn't like by no means.

The schoolmaster was larin' her things intirely out of line of eddycation, and as I think, improper. I enyed awhile in the schoolhouse, and heard one class say their lesson. They was a spelling, and I tho' spelted quite exceedingly. Then cum Nancy's turn to say her lesson. She said it very spry. I was shockt and determined she should leave the school. I have heard, that grammar was uncommon fine study but I don't want any more grammar about my house.

The lesson that Nancy said was, nothing but the foolishest kind uv talk, the ridicules luv talk you ever seed. She got up, and the first word she sed was, "I love!" I looked rite at her hard for doin' so improper but she went rite on and said—"Thou lovest, he loves!" and I reckon you never heard such a rignermyle in your life—love, love, love, and nothing but love. She said one time—"I did love."

Sez I "who did you love?"

Then, the scholars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off and I sed, "who did you love, Nancy?" I want to know, who did you love, Nancy?" The schoolmaster, Mr. McQuilister, put in and he said he would explain when Nancy finished her lesson. This sorter pnyced me, and Nancy got on with awful luv talk. It got was and was awful word. She said "I might could or would love."

I stopped her again, and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The schoolmaster tried to interfere but I wouldn't let him say a word. He sed I was a fool and I knocked him down, and made him hollar in short order. I tautk the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show him how heed larn my darter gramer.

I got the nabvrs together, and we sent Mr. McQuilister off in a hurry, and I reckon that'll be no more grammer teaching in these parts soon. If you know of any rather oldish man in your regen that doant teach gramer, we would be glad if you would send him up. But in the fortune we will be keeful how we employ men. Young schoolmasters won't do, especially if they teaches gramer. It is a bad thing for morals.—Yours till deith, Thomas Jefferson Sole. Missouri Democrat.

TOO GOOD ADVICE TO SUCH WRITERS AS WOULD SEE THEMSELVES IN PRINT.—It is more difficult than may be supposed to decide on the value of a work in MS, and especially when the hand-writing presents only a swill mob of bad characters, that must be severally examined and re-examined to arrive at the merits and demerits of the case. Print settles it, as Coleridge used to say, and to be candid, I have more than once reversed or greatly modified a previous verdict, on seeing a rough proof from the press. But, as editors too well know, it is next to impossible to retain the tone of a stanza, or the drift of an argument, while the mind has to scrawl through a patch of scribble scribble, as stiff as a marse cover. The beauties of the piece will as naturally appear to disadvantage through such a medium as the features of pretty woman through a bad pane of glass; and, without doubt, many a tolerable article has been consigned hand over hand to the Balaam Box for want of a fair copy. Wherefore, O ye Poets and Prose-writers, who aspire to write Miscellanies, and above all, O ye palpitating Untried, take care, pray ye take care, to cultivate a good, plain, bold, round text. Set up Tomkins as well as Pope and Dryden for a model, and have an eye to your proofbooks. Some persons hold that the best writers are those who write the best hands, and I have known the conductor of a magazine to be converted by a crabbed MS. to the same opinion. Of all things, therefore, be legible; and to that end, practice in penmanship. If you have never learned, take six lessons of Mr. Carstairs.—Be sure to buy the best paper, the best pens, and then sit down and do the best you can; as the school-boys do; put out your tongue, and take pains. So shall ye happily escape the rash rejection of a jaded editor; so, having got in your hand, it is possible that your head may follow; and so last, not least, ye may fortunately avert those awful mistakes of the printer, which sometimes ruin a poet's sublimest, effusion by pantomimically transforming his roses into noses, his angels into angles, and all his happiness into pappiness.—Hood's Own.

THE LORD'S STOCK.—An eccentric individual of our acquaintance, a Beecher—but not of the Divinity family—was once asked to subscribe to the funds of the church—or, in the language of the Reverend solicitor, "aid in replenishing the exhausted Treasury of the Lord." Beecher seemed disinclined to furnish the solicited aid, and raised numerous and pertinent objections, which were all answered when, in his sharp, querulous tone, said he—"We read in the Bible, do we not, that the cattle on a thousand hills are the Lord's?" "Yes," was the prompt reply of the Dominick. Well," queried the old infidel, "why the d—d I don't see off his stock then!" The solicitor retired, like a sheep before the shearer.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally hypocrite of whom you shall beware.—"There's no deception in a bull dog." It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

Have you got any Nails.

A tall, brawny looking countryman, during the height of the "business season" last fall, walked into one of the largest wholesale dry goods houses on Broadway, and entirely disregarding the observations of the numerous salesmen, to inspect the latest patterns, he strode into the counting room, where the heads of the establishment were sitting in solemn conversation. After taking a cursory glance of the room, and surveying attentively the faces of its occupants, he asked with an unctuous Yankee nasal twang: "Say, you—got any nails?"

"Say, you—got any nails?" repeated the most dignified Dombey of the firm. "No, what should we do with nails?"

"Wal, I dunno,—I thought may be you might. Haint you got no nails, eh?"

"Nails, sir, nails," replied Dombey again, with an emphasis, motioning to the door.

The individual in search of nails, took his time about it, and then left the counting room, in turn, he asked every clerk the same question and received the information from all, that "nails" formed no part of their establishment.

"Well," said he, going towards the door, "doin't keep nails here, no how?"

The principal salesman, whose dignity was hurt by the idea that any one should suppose that an establishment where he had a prominent place, should keep nails, headed the countryman off as he was proceeding towards the entrance, and asked him abruptly what he wanted.

"Want," said the countryman, as cool as a cucumber, "I want to know if you've got any nails?"

"Nails, no sir. You have been told again and again, that we've got no nails—so you'd bettr go."

"Ain't got any nails, eh? Wal, then, jest look a here, mister, if you haint got no nails, what an awful fix you'd be in if you'd happen to have the itch!"

"I Did as the Rest Did."

This tame yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did" has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the tavern or gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness.

He dissipates, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life, do so and so, are indulged in this and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers, and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble.—Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughter genteelly. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to play, and dance and several other useful matters. In time they marry; their husbands unable to support their extravagance and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. "The good woman is astonished." "Truly," says she, I did as the rest did."

AN HONEST MAN.—Many years ago there lived on the bank of the Penobscot, just at its confluence with the dark waters of Kenduskeag, an eccentric old man named Bodge. Misfortune and Rum had reduced him from a position of considerable wealth. The people there, especially those who had known him in his better days, had a sympathy for this decayed old citizen, and were not disposed to criticise his somewhat eccentric conduct with much particularity. Moreover, whatever failings he had, Old Bodge was a man of truth. There was a theory that he would sometimes steal, but he scorned to lie. This was a distinction upon which he stood with something like pride.

One summer afternoon there came up upon the lazy tide, the old schooner which was then the chief communication with the metropolis, and among the crowd of men and boys waiting her arrival on the shore, was our friend. A worthy deacon of the village church took him aside and informed him with his business-like frankness, that he had a large variety of merchandise on board, particularly a lot of fine salt fish; and he proposed to give Bodge five of the latter, with the understanding that he was not to take anything else.

Bodge hesitated. "It was a hard case; but if the deacon would allow him to select nine of the best fish on board, he would pass his word," and so the compromise was made.

It was a larger cargo than Bodge expected. The shades of evening began to fall before it was half ended, and opportunity seemed to serve better than he had supposed. He repented his bargain but never thought of forfeiting his word. He left a course like this to his betters; but he deliberately brought back the fish he had received, laid them on the wharf and said—

"Deacon, I've brought back those fish.—The fact is, I think I can do better!"

COMMON-PLACE WOMEN.—Heaven knows how many simple letters from simple minded women have been kissed, cherished and wept over by men of far more lofty intellect. So it will always be to the end of time. It is a lesson worth learning by those young creatures, who seek to allure by their accomplishments or dazzle by their genius, that though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though not incompatible with them—her woman's heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power, pass by the De Stacels and Corinnes, to take into his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing in the world to make her worthy of him, except that she is—what so few of your celebrities are—"a true woman!"

A country parson had a singular peculiarity of expression, always using the phrase "I flatter myself." Instead of "I believe," "I have occasion to exhort his congregation during a revival, he flattered himself" that more than one half of them would be damned.