

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, in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp which he has placed on the margin of the last paper. "Time Out," will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

WHEN I WOULD DIE.

I would not die in Winter, When snows are falling round; They would so coldly cover My new made, frozen mound. Friends could not bend above me, And with affection's care, Plant violets blue upon my grave, Or scatter roses there.

The Grand Mistake.

Every person who has at any time passed up Telegraph street, near St. Mary's market, says the N. O. Picayune, must have observed the pair of tall steamboat chimneys, elevated over the door in front of Long, Aldrich & Smith's sheet iron and stove establishment. The other night two drunken flat-boatsmen came round the corner of St. Joseph's street, arm in arm with a wide lurch, and brought up against a fence.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1858. NO. 10.

Taste in Dress.

Yesterday we stood looking at a flower-bed, into which some really exquisite roses, besides pansies, mignonette, English daises, verbenas, and other blossoms, had been transplanted. Kate, our Irish cook, and a beautiful girl, by the way, was hanging out the Monday's washing to dry, over a plat of rich new grass, green and velvety, and delightful to the eyes and feet.

A Scrap for Lovers of Molasses.

We copy the following from a long and interesting article entitled, "Rambles in Surinam," which appeared in the last number of Leslie's Magazine: "We went to the boiling-house, and saw the molasses dipped out of the cistern and put into barrels. The molasses that runs from the sugar barrels is conducted by a gutter into the cistern, which is under ground and swarms with roaches and rats, many of whom are found dead in the molasses, by which they are preserved from putrefaction.

The Salt Lake of Utah.

Like a blue tinted mirror reflecting the sunshine, we remarked the lake about seventy five miles to the northwest. It is now about seventy miles long from north to south, and thirty miles wide from east to west. It once filled, and most probably formed the entire "great basin," as it is termed, extending 500 miles from north to south, and 850 miles from east to west, hemmed in by the Sierra Nevada mountains on the east and the Goose Creek and Humboldt ranges on the west.

Communications.

Social Intercourse--Fashionable Calls.

"Nora, I think I'll go out calling this evening. I owe several calls, and it's best to keep up these matters; it will soon be the season for parties you know." "Good morning, Mrs. Hatch." "Ah, Mrs. Bond, good evening delighted to see you. Walk into the parlor."

Earthquake Panic in London.

There were (in 1750) wild prophecies and alarming convulsions of nature such as England had yet little known. The first days in February were as sultry as the hottest days in June; thunder and lightning were frequent; and on the eighth of the month the first shock of an earthquake was felt throughout London and Westminster.

Oliver Cromwell's Head.

A correspondent of the New York Express, who is now traveling in England, has seen the head of the Great Protector, of which he gives the following description: "Before leaving England, I had an opportunity of seeing a great curiosity, a relic of antiquity, which few Englishmen have seen. You will be surprised, and perhaps incredulous, when I say I have seen the head of Oliver Cromwell--not the mere skull, but the head entire, and in a state of remarkable preservation. Its history is authentic, and there is a verbal and historical evidence to place the thing beyond cavil.

BEAUTIFUL.

"Callous indeed must be the heart of him who can stand by a little graveside and not have the holiest emotions of his soul awakened by thoughts of that purity and joy which belong alone to God and Heaven; for the mute preacher at his feet tells of life ended without a strain; and sure if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourner among us?"

TEARS.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspoken love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man were not mortal, I would look for it in the strong conclusive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated; when the fountain of feeling is rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. O, speak not harshly of the stricken one--weeping in silence! Break not the solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Despair not woman's tears--they are what make her an angel. Scott not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted in sympathy--they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affliction. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should loathe to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

How True!

There is in every human being a craving for home-felt pleasures, a desire for daily communion and interchange of affection with some kindred spirit, who feels more interested in our thoughts and feelings than all the world beside, and for this, the wide Universe offers no substitute; yet how few are fitted, by education, habits and principles, to enjoy conjugal happiness! How many do not consider that in choosing a partner for life, rational and durable enjoyment can only be expected, with a person of suitable age, similarity of tastes and abilities; of virtuous principles and of good understanding. They are captivated with a pretty face, agreeable person, and winning manners, or what is equally common in modern days, with the shining qualities of the person: tender looks, and tales of first love, which is often only first folly, are exchanged; they fancy they are in love, and rush into matrimony, like the horse into battle, and find out, when it is too late, that the silken bonds of wedlock are iron bands, fastened with arrows of steel, that give the sharpest wounds! After a short acquaintance, they become weary of each other. The force of beauty and passion is exhausted, and glittering gold appears like miry clay, but a clog to the enjoyment of those who travel no this crooked road to conjugal felicity.

ASKING PA.

I am not pleased with a paragraph which I read, to-day, in a paper of extensive influence and high moral tone. This exceptional paragraph plainly intimates that if "pa" refuses his consent to his daughter's marrying the man she loves, then she is justified in marrying without this "consent," at any sacrifice! Is that girl capable of securing to her husband a life of happiness, who can so far forget or ignore her moral obligations to her parent as to outrage his feelings when he is most solicitous for her welfare? She who fails to see her duty to her father will soon lose keenness of vision in reference to her husband's happiness, if the circumstances which effect his happiness conflict with her inclinations. No matter what the civil law says about it, her obligations to regard her parent's feelings is as binding now as it was ten years previous. And the man who could counsel the violation of those feelings, lover though he be, is not a safe depository for woman's heart. We have known many to act on the suggestions which this paragraph gives, and in later life either domestic bitterness and distrust turned their lives to gall, or trial and misfortune quenched the fire of their hearts, till they wished the grave to cover their woes. Then they cried in agony, "Thy judgment is just--thy laws, O God, are righteous!" Then they remembered their sin, and their advice was--"Wait: if it is good for you to marry that one, your father will after a time see it and consent. But never marry in opposition to his expressed wish." Girls, listen! Be not deceived.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with columns for advertising rates: Square, (14 lines), 2 Squares, 3 columns, 4 columns, 5 columns, 6 months, 12 months. Rates range from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per square.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square, fourteen lines, for one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising: Square, (14 lines), - \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00 2 Squares, - - - - 4 00 6 00 8 00 3 columns, - - - - 10 00 15 00 20 00 4 columns, - - - - 18 00 30 00 40 00 5 columns, - - - - 25 00 40 00 50 00 All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bills, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.