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Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion.

Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly Advertising— Square, (14 lines), 3 months, 6 months, 12 months.

TO THE LADIES OF WELLSBORO, Who turned out in such numbers, notwithstanding the unfavorable character of the weather, to listen to my lecture on "Burns and his Poetry."

Ladies, thank you for your pains, Which, despite the mirk and rains, You took to hear my humble praise.

A Sketch of the War of 1812.

In the dark shadow of Fisher's Island, gloomy, sullen and grim, lay like huge monsters upon the waters, the British fleet, "the mistress of the Seas."

The broad red cross of St. George floated from their mast heads, proclaiming their enemies of our country. Long had they thus lain in the inglorious inactivity of a blockading squadron, crushing, it is true, the little commerce between the seaport towns of Connecticut, and the cities of New York and Boston.

The commander of the British Squadron, Sir Thomas M. Hardy, as loyal and brave a man as ever trod the quarter deck of an English Seventy-four, grew heartily tired of this monotonous life, and wished that some cunning Yankee Privateer or Commodore would make an attempt to run the blockade.

While he was thus thinking, a party of Yankees on shore, wearied and exasperated by the continual and petty annoyances of the English fleet, were laying a plan to decoy a party of them ashore.

Capt. Sim Haley, as true, beloved and patriotic a Yankee, as ever played a trick on an unwary foe, accordingly loaded a large boat with a lot of old boxes filled with some worthless articles, and manning it with a few trusty comrades, pulled down the river Mystic into the Sound, as if determined to give the British Squadron the slip and run their goods to New York.

THE AGITATOR.

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 CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. V.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1858.

NO. 13.

yet have on these 'infernal tricky Yankees!

Revenge being the sweetest thing that Com. Hardy could think of or dream of, he was determined to revenge himself if possible, and on the morning of the 10th of the same month, he ordered his fleet up to bombard the town of Stonington.

All the ships in the line getting the worst of it, a general retreat was ordered. With shot holes plugged up and pumps working, the monster ships moved slowly and sluggishly off, like a wounded lion to his lair.

And the sea received their mangled corpses to be swallowed up by the sharks of the ocean. The surgeons were busy with saw and knife among the wounded, and the sailors were busy repairing the shattered ships, while the brave Commodore cursed himself and the way he revenged himself on those "infernal tricky Yankees."

Respectable Society. We heard a man, otherwise intelligent enough, lately sneer at another, "because" said he, "one does not see him in respectable society!"

This motion of what constitutes respectable society is quite a favorite one with that class of individuals whom Thackeray has so significantly called "snobs." Empty pretence always making its own characteristics a standard by which it strives to measure the respectability of persons at large.

But true respectability depends on no such adventitious circumstances. To be respectable is to be worthy of respect; and he deserves respect who has most virtue. The humblest man who bravely does his duty, is more worthy of respect, is more truly respectable, than the covetous millionaire among his money bags, or the arrogant monarch upon his throne.

The false views of life, which would measure respectability by a conventional standard, is totally at variance with our republican institutions. It creates an "imperium in imperio," for while the law declares all citizens equal, it erects a social standard which endeavors to ignore that great truth.

Always in the Way.

"Rain, rain, rain; will it never stop?"—thought little Amy Howard, as she pressed her small face close to the window pane, in a vain attempt to see further round the corner, whence sister Anna must come from school.

Poor little Amy looked the embodiment of forlornity, as she watched the long, pendulous branches of the elms swing hither and thither in an uncomfortable manner. She wondered what made the rain fall, and if the poor little doves felt it through their glossy feathers; but she knew it was quite useless to ask her mother, for she would only tell her not to ask so many questions, and to keep out of her way.

Mrs. Howard loved her child, but she was a bustling, energetic woman, whose chief care was to keep a tidy and well-ordered house; and she did not understand the delicate nature of the little Amy, who had been from infancy a feeble child, and stood sadly in need of loving and tender sympathy.

This had been such a sad day. In the morning she had climbed into a chair, to watch her mother's operations at the pastry table, when an unlucky motion of her hand sent a dish of flour to whiten the floor, calling forth an impatient reprimand from the mother.

"What ails my pet?" asked Anna, as she took the child in her lap, and parting the hairs from her pale face, remarked the look of weariness in her eyes.

Anna sighed, for she knew the little heart had sore trials; so far into the dusky eve, she sat with Amy's head upon her shoulder, telling of the olden time, when the fairies danced by the moonlight upon the greenward, when every hill and dale, every river and tiny streamlet, was haunted by unearthly beings.

Long years has the grass grown on Amy's grave, and harebells have rung their merry chimes above it, while the birds sing requiems in the shadowing trees; but nightly, as she lays her head upon the pillow, Mrs. Howard sees the pale, weary face of her child, and hears a sweet voice say, "Mother, I did not mean to get in the way."

SCIENTIFIC PARADOXES.—The water which drowns us as a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired.

Extraordinary Adventure.

Louis the Fifteenth dispatched into Germany a confidential person on a mission of importance; on this gentleman's returning post, with four servants, night surprised him in a poor hamlet, where there was not even an ale house.

He established himself at the manor house—had a good fire lighted—and as he did not intend going to bed, had pipes and tobacco brought, with wine; he also had on the table two brace of loaded pistols. About midnight he heard a dreadful rattling of chains, and saw a man of large stature, who beckoned and made a sign for his coming to him.

The coiners resolved to take his word; and they swore him to tell frightful stories about his adventure in the manor. He said, the next day, that he had seen enough to frighten a man to death; no one could doubt the truth, when the fact was warranted by one character.

"Stop, sir, I have but a word with you; those to whom you promised, twelve years ago, not to publish what you knew regarding them, are obliged to you for the observance of this secret; and now they discharge you from your promise. They have got a competency, and are no longer in the kingdom, but before they would allow me to follow them, they engaged me to beg your acceptance of two horses and here I leave them."

AN AMERICAN OCTOBER.—The gifted Prentice indulges in a very poetic description of October, characterizing it as a season for poets and painters to revel in. Every lover of the beautiful in Nature will respond affirmatively to the sentiment that "October is the very time to enjoy the animated crowds of town life, and it is the time of times to admire God's marvels in the country, as he works his wondrous change from summer to winter and scatters over the face of nature a rainbow veil to conceal the effects of decay's effacing fingers."

When a man gets to the top of the hill by honesty, he deserves to be taken by the neck and hurled down again, if he's ashamed to turn about and look at the lowly road along which once traveled.

Communications.

Perils of the Sea.

Mr. Editor: The Atlantic Telegraph seems destined to be a magnificent failure.—This is rather mortifying after all our glorification over it. To say nothing of the illuminations in city and country, the speeches and hurrahs; only think of the Trinity Church celebration in New York—the chimes rung, the procession of clergymen in their robes, the "Te Deum" sung, the sermon delivered by a high church dignitary, and the earnest thanksgiving there and at many other religious meetings; thanks for the glorious success of what after all has not succeeded.

When the shock of disappointment is over, perhaps we may find a wiser way to dispose of our surplus dollars hereafter. Long before the ocean Telegraph was talked of, we had many beautiful steam vessels flying between the eastern and western worlds. We then managed to exist with our "three or four days later from Europe" and we probably can still, and for the conveyance of passengers and freight these steamers will always be needed.

Human life is precious beyond valuation. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." And yet life is recklessly and criminally wasted, in all these terrible accidents at sea, not to mention those on land. Vessels have lately been built partially secured against sinking from a sudden leak. If there are any inventions which can render them fire-proof or partially so, would it not be wise to adopt them? Do not mercy and justice demand that they shall be adopted?

Difference in Wives.

Two weeks since we were riding in the cars, when a gentleman came and spoke to a lady directly in front of us who was seated beside a sickly man, whom we thought was her husband. The conversation turned upon the health of her companion, who was evidently a consumptive.

"I should have been there three months ago if my wife had been willing to go.—But all her friends are here in Massachusetts, and no consideration could induce her to leave for a residence so far away."

OUTSET IN LIFE.—Who that has ever seen the young about to embark on the great sea of the "world" can have failed to mark the elasticity of spirit with which they enter on the new stage of existence? The present is regarded as nothing, the past is looked upon as a watch of the night, and the future alone is esteemed the end and object of life.

No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose, that has accomplished no object—that has realized no hope?

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TEACHER'S COLUMN.

Education.

"The education forms the common mind; Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." In opening a series of articles on this subject, it is well to begin correctly—to begin with fixing definitely what is to be understood by the term Education, as it will constantly appear in the series.

Intelligent spirit only is susceptible to education; and all intelligent spirit, not absolutely and infinitely perfect, is susceptible of education, in a greater or less degree—at least, all intelligent spirit in connection with numbers. Of this we have ample proof, in the numerous experiments on the lower animals—insects, fishes, birds, reptiles, quadrupeds, and quadrumania, all having been made to do wonders through educational training.

I have been the more particular upon the above subject, because of the extensive prevalence of the dogma, as it appears in lectures and disquisitions of soi-disant scientific lectures and writers on "Physical Education;" may more, because it has taken a seat in the chair of legal authority, and comes yearly; in the form of requisitions upon academies, seminaries, and colleges, for information respecting the kind and amount of "Physical Education," employed in these said institutions, and in the form of Reports from these same institutions, enumerating "Ventilation" and "Gymnastic and Calisthenic Exercises," as a response to these calls from headquarters! Let no one suppose therefore, that the shedding of a little ink on this subject at the outset, may not have use; for, though others may use the term as they deem it convenient, I shall use it to convey no such absurdity. If, in the course of these articles, any one should find the expression, "the education of the entire man," let him remember, that the intelligent spirit of man—the man par excellens—only, is meant.

WESTERN SIMPLICITY.—In a wild western neighborhood, where the sound of the churning-bell had never been heard, notice was given that the Rev. A., a distinguished Presbyterian divine, would preach on a certain day.

After the service had begun a raw-boned hunter with rifle in hand and all the accoutrements of the chase about him, entered and took the only vacant seat—a nail keg without either head. The current of the preacher's thoughts led him into a description of heaven and its inhabitants. With great power he had drawn a picture of the habitation of the blessed, and was assigning each of the patriarchs, prophets and apostles his appropriate place. His Calvinistic tendencies led him to reserve the apostle Paul for his climacteric. With his eye fixed on the highest point, and with upward gesture that seemed to be directed to the loftiest altitude of the heavenly places, he said:

"And where, my brethren, shall we seat the great Apostle of the Gentiles?—where I say, shall we place the Apostle Paul?" Then pausing, to give the imagination time to reach the elevation designed for the Apostle, he fixed his eyes on our hero of the rifle. He, thinking the address personal, rose instantly, and replied,

"If he can't do any better he can take my seat." It is needless to say that that climax was never reached.