

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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THE AGITATOR.

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

M. H. COBB, EDITOR.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

W. D. BAILEY, PUBLISHER.

VOL. 1.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1854.

NO. 4.

W. W. WEBB, M. D. (Late a Graduate of Castleton Medical College, Vt.) HAS associated himself with Dr. N. PACKER...

CLEAVER HOUSE, (Late Graves' Hotel) WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PENNA. June 8, 1854. P. P. CLEAVER, Proprietor.

S. F. WILSON, (Removed to James Lowrey's Office.)

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties.

JOHN N. BACHE, A TORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office, north side Public Square, Wellsborough, Pa.

EDWARD MAYNARD, A TORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

POLEY & RICHARDS, DEALERS in Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware, Jewelry and Fancy Goods.

TIOGA MARBLE YARD.

FITCH & SHERWOOD, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble.

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, CENOTAPHS, GRAVESTONES. Entire satisfaction will always be given.

C. E. GRAY, (Successor to Roy & Sothel.) DEALER in Stoves, Tin, Copper and Sheet-iron Ware.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL. (The subscriber would inform the public that he has purchased the large and commodious house lately occupied by E. M. Bodine...

CARRIAGE & WAGON MANUFACTORY. HENRY PETRIE would announce to his friends and the public generally, that he is continuing the above business on Graton street...

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, WAGONS. Workmen of celebrity are engaged, and the best materials used...

PAINTING AND TRIMMING will be promptly executed in the best manner and most fashionable style.

Blacksmithing. Any jobs of repairs, making or repairing Elliptic Springs, Horse Shoeing, in short, all kinds of work done in the best manner...

NEW ARRANGEMENTS. A CROWL would announce to the citizens of Tioga county, that he has associated with him a partner, and the business will be conducted under the firm of A. CROWL & CO.

BUGGIES & LUMBER WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, CUTTERS, &c. which for style, durability and elegance of finish, cannot be surpassed by any other similar establishment in the country.

REPAIRING done as usual, with neatness and dispatch.

PAINTING of all kinds done on the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms.

FURNITURE. THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to his old patrons and the rest of mankind, that he is still carrying on the

CABINET MAKING. His work is manufactured from the best of materials, and all those who favor him with a call may rely upon obtaining articles which for CHEAPNESS, ELEGANCE and DURABILITY, are second to none in the market.

Chairs! Chairs! In connection with the above he would state that he has just received from the best factories in the country a large and well selected assortment of CANE AND COMMON CHAIRS, Rockers of various patterns, which will be sold on reasonable terms.

Carpetings, &c. THE subscribers have just replenished their stock of Carpeting, and now feel justified in saying that their Carpet Ware excels in quantity, quality, variety, richness and beauty, that of any other in this country, and as to prices we are as low as any establishment in this city.

OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, MATTINGS, &c. at the very lowest possible prices, at the new Cash Store, [Nov. 3.] JONES & ROE.

From the Charleston (S. C.) Courier. Cash vs. Heart.

At eve, when the moonlight was shining, And the south wind in whippers arose, A youth by the Ashley reclining, Thus poured forth his ash-colored woes:

And the maiden, she drank in the ditty, With keen ear and a tremulous heart; But thereb' dweelt an old man in the city, And he in her quizzing had part;

"Ah me!—I confess you are dearest, But then you can buy nothing dear; Your voice is the sweetest and clearest, But if ever he leaves me a widow, He leaves me no time to consider, Still pressing with tongue and with pen, But if ever he leaves me a widow, With his treasures—come sing to me then."

"With you, I procure love by marriage, But love is poor feeding alone; With him—have horses and carriage, With you—but a crust and a bone; He leaves me no time to consider, Still pressing with tongue and with pen, But if ever he leaves me a widow, With his treasures—come sing to me then."

"What security can you give me, Mr. Strosser?" "Nothing but my note, replied the young man promptly."

"Which I fear would be below par in market," replied the merchant, smiling. "Perhaps so," said the young man, "but Mr. Barton, remember the boy is not the man; the time may come when Hiram Strosser's note will be as readily accepted as that of any other man."

"True, very true," replied Mr. Barton mildly, "but you know business men seldom loan money without adequate security—otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury."

"At this remark the young man's countenance became deathly pale, and observing a silence of several moments, he inquired, in a voice whose tones indicated his deep disappointment—

"Then you cannot accommodate me, can you?" "Call upon me to-morrow and I will give you a reply," said Mr. Barton; and the young man retired.

Mr. Barton resumed his labor at the desk, but his mind was much upon the boy and his singular errand that he could not pursue his task with any correctness, and after having made several blunders, he closed the ledger, took his hat, and went out into the street.

Arriving opposite the store of a wealthy merchant upon Water-st, he entered the door. "Good morning, Mr. Hawley," he said, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was seated at his desk, counting over the profits of the week.

"Good morning," replied the merchant, blandly, "happy to see you; have a seat! Any news—how's trade?"

Without noticing these interrogations, Mr. Barton said: "Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington street, and called on me this morning to secure of me the loan of two thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Hawley, evidently surprised at this announcement; "but you do not think of loaning that sum, do you?"

"I do not know," replied Mr. Barton. "Mr. Strosser is a young man of business talent, and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Hawley, doubtfully, "but I am heartily tired of helping these young aspirants for commercial honors."

"Have you ever suffered any from such a source?" inquired Mr. Barton, at the same time casting a roguish glance at Mr. H.

"No," replied the latter, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."

"Then here is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than stock in the bank. As for myself I have concluded that if you will advance him one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum."

"Not a single farthing would I advance for such a purpose; and it you make an investment of that kind I shall consider you very foolish indeed."

Mr. Barton observed a silence of several moments, and then arose to depart.

"If you do not feel disposed to share with me in this enterprise, I shall advance the sum myself."

Saying which, he left the store.

CHAPTER II. Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding chapter, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk as

when first introduced to the reader's attention: As page after page of his ponderous ledger was examined, his despair became deeper and deeper, until at last he exclaimed—

"I am ruined—utterly ruined!" "How so?" inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the counting room in season to hear Mr. Barton's remark.

"The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perch, Jackson & Co., London, which was indebted to me in the sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic-stricken, are pressing in my paper to be cashed. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass this crisis, perhaps I could rally again, but it is impossible; my creditors are importunate, and I cannot much longer keep my head above tide," replied Mr. Barton.

"What is the extent of your liabilities?" inquired Strosser. "Seventy-five thousand dollars," replied Mr. Barton.

"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?" "It would,"

"Then, sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, as he walked up to the desk and drew a check for twenty thousand dollars. "Here, take this, and when you need more, do not hesitate to call on me. Remember it was from you I received money to establish myself in business."

"But that debt was cancelled several years ago," replied Mr. Barton in a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of gratitude that I owe to you has never been cancelled, and now that the scale has turned, I deem it my duty to come up to the rescue."

At this singular turn of the tide of fortune, Mr. B. fairly wept for joy.

His paper was taken up as fast as it was sent in, in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit increased, and business improved, while several other firms sank under the blow and could not rally, among whom was Mr. Hawley, the merchant introduced to the reader in the preceding chapter.

"How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Mr. Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning, several months after the event last recorded, as he met the latter upon the street on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily, indeed; I can assure you," replied Mr. Barton.

"Well to tell me how," continued Mr. Hawley, "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me, and you, whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even better by the storm."

"The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed my paper as fast as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Hawley regarding Mr. B. with a look of surprise, but how did you obtain funds?" As for my part I could not obtain a dollar credit; and the banks refused to take my paper, and my friends deserted me."

"A little investment that I made some ten years ago," replied Mr. Barton, smiling, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

"Investment!" echoed Mr. Hawley, "investment?" "Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business some ten years ago?"

"Oh, yes, yes," replied Mr. Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lit up his countenance, "but what of that?"

"He is now one of the heaviest dry goods dealers in the city, and when this calamity came on, he came forward, and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you on the morning I called to offer you an equal share in the stock, that it might prove better than an investment in a bank."

During this announcement, Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently on the ground, and drawing a deep sigh, he moved on, dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business, with his mind cheered and animated by the thoughts of this singular investment.

CONFIDENCE.—"You say you have confidence in the plaintiff, Mr. Smith?" "Yes, sir."

"State to the Court, if you please, what caused this confidence."

"Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports 'bout enfin' house men, an' I used to think—"

"Never mind what you thought—tell us what you know."

"Well, sir, one day I goes down to Cook-en's shop, an' sez to the waiter, sez I, give 's a weal pie."

"Well, sir, proceed."

"Well, just then, Mr. Cookem comes up, an' sez he, 'How du, Smith, what you goin' tu hev?'"

"'Weal pie, sez I.'" "Good,' sez he, 'I'll take one tu; so he sets right down and eats one of his own weal pies right afore me."

"And did that cause your confidence in him?" "Yes, indeed, sir; when an eatin' house keepers sets down afore his customers, an' deliberately eats one of his own weal pies, no man refuses to feel confidence—'t shows him to be an honest man."

FARM & KITCHEN.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

Value of Nitrate of Soda as a Manure.

In very many sections of our country, this article is now extensively used as a stimulant for soils, and especially for those cultivated in grain and grass, in our late agricultural journals of the better class, I have lately noticed some very interesting accounts, all going to confirm the fact that the nitrate of soda is an economical and efficient fertilizer, particularly when applied to the above crops.

In a Liverpool paper, the following has lately appeared, and we copy it, in hopes that some who may have hitherto questioned the utility of this and similar applications, may be induced to test its virtues for themselves, and thus be enabled to judge understandingly whether it is capable of being made an economical adjunct in the great and important process of vegetable nutrition, or not.

"On the 6th of May last," says the writer, "six alternate ridges of wheat measuring one acre, two rods and five perches were sowed with five cwt of nitrate of soda. In a few days the difference between the ridges of the same size, could be discerned at a considerable distance from the field, which difference continued through the summer. The two sorts have been reaped, threshed, measured and weighed separately, and the following is a correct account of the produce."

Nitrate wheat, 48 bushels, weight per bushel 66 lbs. Of that portion of the field on which no nitrate was sowed, the produce was 23 bushels, weight per bushel 56 lbs. Straw of the same, one ton, five cwt, one quart, two lbs. The quality of both is represented as inferior.

"It will at once occur to every reader, that the quantity applied in this case was excessive. Had the application been limited to one half or two thirds the quantity, its action on the crop would, in all probability, have been more efficient."

So far as my own observations extend, and I have made some new experiments, with this article, it appears to be a most valuable and efficient manure, and we have no doubt that it will be so regarded by all who try it, judiciously either on grain or grass.

One great and important advantage resulting to the farmer from the use of these concentrated manures, is the ease and cheapness with which they may be transported and applied. It costs but a mere trifle to dress soils with them, while the expense of manuring wholly with compost, or other manures, abstracts a large sum from the income of the most successful and lucrative crop. That a totally barren, or perfectly exhausted soil can be restored, and rendered productive in cereals, or even in the most valuable vegetables of the cultivated classes, without the joint and associated action of humus, no farmer whose experience, or whose knowledge of the practical science of husbandry, is action even upon emasculated soils would doubt be beneficial, yet it would not be sufficiently so, to insure the full development and perfect maturation of valuable grain. In conjunction with humus, or putrescent and rapidly decomposing vegetable or animal or mineral, it would tend powerfully to the production of the great primal object of all agricultural enterprise—the wealthy development and perfection of the vegetable systems to which it is applied. As a top-dressing for timothy, nitrate of soda is said, by those who have used it, and contrasted its effects with those of other mineral and vegetable manures, to be superior to any article now known.

Farmers, Look to your Forests. The forests of Western New York, and indeed of all the Western States are disappearing like the morning mist from the hills. The increased rapidity of this destruction is hardly manifest, because the landmarks of the forest disappear after a few years, and give place to fertile fields.

Prominent among the enemies of the forest (although it must be admitted a friend to humanity) is the railroad. The immense amount of timber used in the construction and management of railroads can hardly be conceived. Bridges, ties, and fuel, create such a demand for the products of the forest, that they disappear before it as they do before a devouring fire. Nothing is spared. The noble tree of a century's growth is called for, to take its place in some gigantic structure over a river or yawning chasm; the vigorous young oaks are embedded in the mud, every two or three feet apart for hundreds of consecutive miles, there to rot away and perish within five years. Even the decaying and otherwise worthless tree is cut up into fuel to supply the never-to-be-satisfied cravings of the iron steed, that thunders in his swift career over the plains.

The demand for fuel, even in this city, to supply the locomotives alone, is perfectly astounding. A railroad train is run regularly every day out of town, over the Lockport road, for the sole and only purpose of bringing in fuel for the locomotives of the Central road. How much longer is this to last! How soon, at this rate, will the last stick be cut from all our hills and plains! And yet, the Central is only one of the countless number of the life-destroyers of the forest—consuming in a day the product of a century.

Some process ought to be immediately adopted to render railroad ties less perishable, and to substitute coke or some other material for wood as fuel for the locomotive; for unless this is done, a forest tree will live here long only in history. We would end, as we have begun, with the significant warning—farmers, look to your forests!—Rural New Yorker.

Is the First Milk Poison?

A friend informs us that Mr. H. B. Wyman, of Sidney, lost a valuable sow not long ago, in consequence of giving her the first milk of the cow after calving, and asks if it invariably causes such trouble if hogs are fed on it. We believe that it does. We one year gave such milk to a sow that was with pig. It made her sick and she cast her pigs before her time, all of which were dead. We were told that such would be the result if we fed her with it, but we were faithless. The next year we fed it to another under the same circumstance and the same—all the pigs were dead. We found that rather costly experimenting, and we have never tried it again. Last spring one of our neighbors who had a very fine sow, fed her with a pretty generous portion of such milk, she immediately became sick and came near dying.

And now we have the fact related of Mr. Wyman's sow, as above.

We think those experiments sufficient to warrant the conclusion, that such milk is highly injurious to swine; or at least to sows. It would be rather expensive to go into a series of experiments, to prove that such food is invariably injurious to swine, but when isolated and accidental cases are followed by the same result, it is fair to consider it an established law of nature, and worthy to be put down among the scientific facts in animal physiology.—Maine Farmer.

Medical Use of Salt. In many cases of a disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. If the violent internal aching, termed cholera, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water—drink it and go to bed—it one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a very heavy fall, &c.

In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing, it not the head must be sponged with cold water until the pulse returns, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy.

In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies fail, Dr. Rush found two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood.

In case of a bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, then bind on some salt with a rag.

In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times, will relieve in most cases. If the gums be affected wash the mouth with brine; if the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water.

In swelled neck, wash the part with brine, and drink it twice a day until cured.

Salt will expel worms, if used in food in a moderate degree, and aids digestion; but salt meat is injurious if used much.—Scientific American.

PEOPLE are too much given to slander! said Mrs. Parington, solemnly, as she took her hands out of some gingerbread she was making, and held them over the pan, as if she was invoking a blessing on the savory mass. She turned half round as she spoke, and Mrs. Sled who was busy with her sewing, looked up.

"Why will people indulge in calumny," continued she, "and give opprobrious names, when they should go along in peace and harmony, with consciences voiding offence. Whole neighborhoods are set in a blaze by scandalous and tale bearers, and envy is to bottom of it, six times out of five. Some folks can't bear to see some folks prosper."

"Now, if I know my own heart, I don't believe I've got a single enviable quality, and I thank heaven for it!" Mrs. Sled nodded assent as she resumed a patch on the knee of a pair of juvenile galgkins, and Mrs. P., like a diver for pearls, plunged anew beneath the yeasty compound. And we're grateful, kind dame, that thou hast those enviable qualities now disavowed through misapprehension, and the world is grateful, and pleasant places will those be in which the lines of thy benevolence are cast, for a neighborhood in thy benignity would glow like a landscape, in the rays of a summer sunset; and the spirit of peace descend upon it like the dew. But put like to bed first, or there's no more peace. See where, e'en now, the treacle disappears before offensive fingers, and vain, Oh! Mistress P., will 'thry after search for the stopple of the molasses jug prove.—Boston Post.

GUM ARABIC.—In Morocco, about the middle of November, that is, after a rainy season, which begins in July, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and principal branches of the acacia-tree. In about fifteen days it thickens in the furrow, down which it runs, either in vermicular (or worm) shape, or commonly assuming the form of oval and round tears, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as they belong to the white or red gum tree. About the middle of December, the Moors encamp on the border of the forest, and the harvest harvest lasts six weeks.

The gum is packed in very large sacks of leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camels to certain ports, where it is sold to the French and English merchants. It is highly nutritious. During the whole time of harvest, of the journey, and of the fair, the Moors of the desert live almost entirely upon it, and experience proves that six ounces of gum are sufficient for the support of a man twenty-four hours.

"Billy, my boy, can't you eat a little more?" "Well, I don't know but I could, mother, if I stood up."

A CALIFORNIA paper says the price of camphens is "eternal vigilance," and \$3.50 a gallon.

RETRIBUTION.—The man who quarrelled with his bread and butter, has only found himself in a scrape ever since, and is now reduced to "eating his own words."—Dialer.

How to Mount a Horse.—A letter from an officer on board the U. S. ship St. Mary, dated St. Marys, Iluacho, Fern, published in the Burlington Free Press, gives the following description of an entirely original and ludicrous mode of mounting a horse:

The women do all the work here, and the men are a good-for-nothing set of gamblers and thieves. The women ride on the hind quarters of their horses without a saddle, cross legged, with the load on the horse in front. They mount the animal by taking hold of his long tail, making a loop by doubling it up and clasping with one hand the upper and lower parts of the tail, and then putting one foot in the loop, and the other foot on the joints of the horse's leg, they ascend as if going up stairs. They usually stand erect on the horse before sitting down. The horses never kick or stir.

A FATHER'S ADVICE.—"Jemmy, my son, keep away from the girls. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Just such a critter as that 'young un cleanin' the door on the other side of the street, fooled your poor daddy, Jemmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and your dad might have been in California, huntin', dimuns, my son."

RETRIBUTION.—The man who quarrelled with his bread and butter, has only found himself in a scrape ever since, and is now reduced to "eating his own words."—Dialer.