

THE CONTENTED MAN.

Why need I strive and sigh for wealth,
It is enough for me
That heaven has sent me strength and health.

Thrilling Sketch.

Sweetland's Adventure on Lake Erie.

It was a beautiful morning in September,
1817, and Solomon Sweetland, of Conneaut,
on the Ohio shore of Lake Erie, had arisen
at the earliest dawn to enjoy his favorite
amusement of hunting deer.

THE AGITATOR.

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

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Depot's Best. A moving incident.

One cold morning in February, 18—
the snow lying some ten inches deep on
the ground, a party of half a dozen people
had gathered in Mr. X's bar-room.

Politeness.

I am not going to inflict a Chesterfieldian
essay on your readers, I only wish to say
a few words in regard to a matter in which
Yankees are more or less deficient.

How Food is Digested.

Many of our readers will remember a
series of experiments, published by Dr.
Beaumont, of the United States Army, almost
twenty years ago, on the physiology of
digestion, in which he was aided, materially
by a person named St. Martin, a Canadian
voyageur.

How Food is Digested.

This opening made by the bullet was about
three fourths of an inch in diameter. Dr.
Beaumont tried to effect a cure by keeping
St. Martin without food for two days.

Anecdotes of Avarice.

My Lord Harwick, the late Lord Chancellor,
who is said to be worth £800,000, sets
the same value on half a crown now, as he
did when he was worth only £100.

How Food is Digested.

The first experiment performed was that
of introducing the thermometer into the
stomach through the opening, from which its
temperature was ascertained to be 101 Fahrenheit.

How Food is Digested.

The challenge was accepted, the hay wagon
driven round, and the trial commenced.
For some time the man held his own very
creditably, calling out, tauntingly: "More
hay! more hay!"

How Food is Digested.

How HE SAVED IT.—A military man,
"down East," knowing he could be elected
to a captaincy if he would consent to a
nomination, called upon a neighbor who had
formerly served in that capacity, to ascertain
if the office was one of pecuniary profit.

digested than succulent; and wild game, and
the meat of full-grown animals, than those
which are young.
Another very important law of digestion
developed was, that fluids, like soups and
broths, require to have their nutritious
particles converted into a solid substance before
they can be acted upon by the gastric juice;
the consequence is that all such aliments are
less adapted for weak stomachs than more
solid food.
Occasionally St. Martin's temper, although
usually placid, becomes violently ruffled.
The effect upon the digestive process was
instantaneous and decided. Digestion
proceeded, but instead of the formation of healthy
chyme, the stomach contained a thick,
gruel-like substance, much tinged with bile,
which, under ordinary circumstances, is not to be
found within it.
The case of St. Martin is altogether a
popular one, the like, singularly enough,
having been found on record. It is at the same
time one of marked interest, not only on
account of what has already been contributed
by it to our knowledge of digestion, but
what we may hereafter reasonably expect
from it.
It is worthy of remark that St. Martin's
life has been a regular one, and that
consequently, the experiments made in advanced
years are as valuable as those prosecuted in
his youth.
A Good Story.—We are kindly permitted
to copy the following good anecdote from
a private letter just received by a gentleman
of this city, from a brother now in Nebraska.
The Yankee referred to is the right kind
of a man to deal with the "border ruffians"
in Kansas. We do not remember to have seen
this story in print. Here it is:
You know the test the Missourians subject
all travellers who make their appearance at
any of their ferries, and ask to be crossed
into Kansas. Some days since a slaved
Yankee arrived at one of the Northern
Missouri landings, with a long train of
plunder of various sorts. By way of testing him,
the ferryman asked him what stock he had?
"Wal," says the Yankee, "I've got two
horses, a yoke of oxen and two keows."
"That's enough," replied the ferryman;
"you can't cross here."
"Why not?" inquired the Yankee.
The ferryman told him that his instructions
were not to cross anybody that couldn't
pronounce the word cow.
But I said keow," persisted the Yankee.
"Well you can't cross here," rather gruffly
replied Charon.
"But I have got tickets entitling me to
cross," urged the Yankee.
The ferryman replied that he did not know
of anybody who had a right to sell him
tickets.
"But I've got them, any way."
The ferryman demanded a sight of the
tickets, whereupon Mr. Yankee stepped back
a little, hauled out a revolver in each hand,
crying—"Them's the tickets, and I am bound
to cross this ferry, keow or no keow!" And
he crossed.—Marango Jour.
HAY FIELD ANECDOTE.—That is a good
story, which may have been heard in more
than one Yankee hay-field this summer.
We heard it one day, when on a visit to the
country, we went out to show some men how
to "pitch." We had failed, and wilted down
under a haycock, and lay flushed, and fanning
the glow and sweat of our features in a
comfortable position, when one of the jolly
haymakers related the anecdote of the old
man who was always bragging how folks
used to work in his younger days, and who
finally challenged his two sons together to
pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could
load it.
The challenge was accepted, the hay wagon
driven round, and the trial commenced.
For some time the man held his own very
creditably, calling out, tauntingly: "More
hay! more hay!"
Thicker and faster it came, whole haycocks
at a time, cloud after cloud, overwhelming.
The old man was nearly covered up;
still he kept crying: "More hay! more hay!"
until struggling to keep on top of the disor-
dered and ill-arranged heap, it began first to
roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from
the wagon, and the old man with it.
"Where are you down here for?" cried the
boys.
"I came down after hay!" answered the
old man, stoutly.
Which was a literal fact; he had come
down after about half a wagon load, which
had to be pitched on again rather more
deliberately.
How HE SAVED IT.—A military man,
"down East," knowing he could be elected
to a captaincy if he would consent to a
nomination, called upon a neighbor who had
formerly served in that capacity, to ascertain
if the office was one of pecuniary profit.
Being told by the retired veteran that he had
held the office for five years and saved five
hundred dollars, he gladly accepted the nomination
and was chosen captain of his company.
After three years campaigning in the way of
"company trainings" and "general musters,"
finding his office to be a heavy bill of
expenses instead of a source of profit, he called on
his old friend again for information as to how
he had saved five hundred dollars, while he
himself lost one hundred dollars by the same
office.—"Why," replied the old captain, "I
was worth just one thousand dollars when I
was elected; I held the office five years, and
lost five hundred dollars by it; so I resigned
and saved the other five hundred."
REASONING.—Lately, at a distribution of
prizes in a German village, a little girl seven
years old, whose parents had just been turned
out of their lodgings, because they had failed
to pay their rent, was asked by the rector:
"Have you studied sacred history, my
child?"
"Yes, sir."
"Do you know the history of the creation?"
"I know that God made all."
"Where were Adam and Eve turned out of
Paradise?"
The child hesitated a moment, and then
fixing her eyes on the examiner, replied—
"Probably they were turned out because
they couldn't pay their rent."
Burke told Garrick at Hampton, that all
bitter things were hot. "Indeed," replied
Garrick, "then what do you think of a bitter
cold day?"