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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 "Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

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. IV.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 30, 1857.

NO. I.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 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 a square: The following rates will be charged for a square: The following rates will be charged for a square: Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising: 3 months, 6 months, 12 months. 1 Square, (14 lines), - \$2 50 5 00 8 00 2 Squares, - - - - - 4 00 6 00 8 00 1 column, - - - - - 10 00 15 00 20 00 1 column, - - - - - 18 00 30 00 40 00

GOD HELP THE POOR.

Darkly the Winter day, Dawns on the moor; How can the heart be gay, Who can endure; See the sad, weary wight, Wanders from noon to night, Shelterless, homeless quite! God help the poor! Now the red robin here, Sits on the sill; Not e'en a grain of bere Touches its bill; So with the homeless poor, Wand'ring from door to door, Seeking a morsel more! Lord, 'tis Thy will! White is the virgin snow, Bitter the poor children go, Wretched, forlorn! Feet without shoes or hose, Backs without warm clothes, Strangers to calm repose— Why were the born? See that lone, aged man, Snow white his hair; Mark his sad visage wan, Deep his despair, Craving the rich man's food, Owner of many a rood, Lord, thou art always good; Hear his heart-prayer: Yonder a woman goes, Ragged and old, Barefooted o'er the snow, Famished and cold; How her poor children cling To her side, their woe, Chicks beneath her wing Doth she enfold! Fast falls the sleet and rain, Slowly they go, By forest side, sheltered plain, Wailing their woe, City street now they see, Here they roam wild and free, Canst thou say "no"? Night spreads her sable wing, Where can they lie? Sorrows like theirs must bring Tears to the eye; Full the cloud torrent falls, Down they must lie in halls, Each to his maker call, "Lord! let me die!" Yeon who heaven bless, Give from your store; 'Twill ne'er make your treasures less, Must make them more; For he that gives cheerfully, God loves so tenderly, Give to them—pray with me, God help the poor!

Standing up with the Schoolmaster.

BY HENRY L. BOSTWICK.

"Schoolmaster—Lizzie Wayne laughed out loud" cried a big boy from the corner of the schoolroom. The teacher, a handsome young man of twenty-two looked around in amazement. "Is that true, Elizabeth; he inquired taking a few steps toward a little girl in one of the back seats, who sat with crimsoned cheeks, and downcast eyes, the very image of shame and terror. There was no need to repeat the question. "What? You, Lizzie! one of my best girls! I am very sorry." And in truth he was deeply sympathizing with the child; for Lizzie Wayne had been an especial favorite, and never before had he had occasion to punish or reprove her. A serious look of his large brown eyes, when he read in the child's countenance that her thoughts were more on "fun than study" was the only check he had as yet found necessary in Lizzie's case: though we are speaking of a district school twenty years ago, when, as many of us know, school discipline was quite another thing from what it is at present. Then, too, Lizzie, was so docile, so smiling, so apt to learn, and repaid his exertions for her improvement so abundantly, that it was impossible to help feeling more than common degree of interest in her. If a difficult test question was propounded, or a puzzling sum to be wrought on the blackboard Lizzie's black eyes never failed to sparkle, and her little hand to raise, in token of her readiness to answer. Though not yet thirteen, she had distanced nearly all the older scholars, and invariably occupied the highest place in her classes. And now she was in disgrace—poor little Lizzie! The school was large, and not a few of the pupils, particularly among the older boys, disposed to insubordinate, and even open disobedience. In fact the teacher of the previous winter had actually been conquered and expelled from the house by them. In view of this Mr. Clinton had deemed it necessary to adopt stringent rules, and adhere to them. He had got on exceedingly well through the first half of the term; but of late, symptoms of rebellion had manifested themselves, which induced him, among other new regulations, to give notice that any scholar guilty of laughing aloud in school hours, should be punished by standing on the floor by the teacher's side. Lizzie, though not the first, was the oldest girl who had incurred the penalty, and this added to the fact that she had never in her life received correction in school, made her mortification and grief painful to witness. Mr. Clinton, however, suspected what she stood in—that it was jealousy of her high standing in his esteem, that had led some of the larger boys to watch her conduct, and to inform against her. He knew that he was accused, in school parlance, of "showing partiality" to Lizzie Wayne, and felt that it would be hazardous his authority over his pupils now to make an exception in her favor. So it was with a feeling of real concern that he entered her seat and said gently: Elizabeth, your conduct has been hitherto unexceptionable, and I can not help thinking this matter a sad accident; nevertheless you will submit willingly to the penalty, as a good

The Handsome Soul.

One day last winter, a little boy from the south was taking his first lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," when he suddenly found his feet in rather too close contact with a lady's rich silk dress. Surprised, mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an earnest apology: "I beg your pardon, ma'am! I am very sorry." "Never mind," exclaimed the lady "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do." "But, dear madam," said the boy, as his eyes filled with tears, "your dress is ruined. I thought that you would be angry with me for being so careless." "O, no," replied the lady; "better have a dress soiled than a ruffled temper." "O, isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on. "Who, that lady?" returned his comrade; "if you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me. Why, she is more than thirty years old, and her face is yellow and wrinkled." "I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the little hero, "her soul is handsome, anyhow." A shout of laughter followed, from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother he remarked: "O, mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to indulge my angry passions, I will think of what she said—"better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

A Home without a Daughter.

"A home without a girl in it is only half blest; is an orchard without blossom, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fire side, are like the roses in Sharon." Well may the daughter of the household be compared to the apple-blossoms, spring-songs and the roses of Sharon. When she is there, the eye and ear of those who love her are satisfied; when she departs, she carries with her the golden treasures that she was wont to dispense. Boys may not lack affection, but they may lack tenderness. They may not be wanting in inclination to contribute their quota to the Paradise of Home, but they may be wanting in the ability to carry out their inclination. The son of a household is like a young and vigorous sapling—the daughter is like a fragile vine. Their natures are different—their constitutions, temperament, tastes, habits are different. We may not love Caesar less if we love Rome more. We know a home which once rejoiced in the sunny smiles and the musical accents of an only daughter. She was a lovely child—womanly beyond her years. "Full of gentleness, of calmest hope, Of sweet and quiet joy!" The child never breathed who evinced a more affectionate reverence, or a more reverent affection for her parents than did she. Instead of waiting for her commands she anticipated them—instead of lingering until they made known their wishes she studied their wishes out. Morning broke not in that household until she awoke—the night was not dark until her eyes were closed. How they loved her! Her father and mother; and of how many blessed pictures of the future she was the subject. "It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwell in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans. "Fearful!" It is maddening—it is a truth that is linked with despair. Suddenly, like a thief in the night, there came a messenger from Heaven for the child—saying that the Lord had need of her.—She meekly bowed her head—breathed out her little life—and at midnight, "went forth to meet the bridegroom." The last minute of the last hour of the day of the month was hallowed by her death. She went and came back no more! Years have worn away since then but still there is agony in the household whose sun went down when she departed. The family circle is incomplete—there is no daughter there! The form that once was hers reposes amid the congenial charms of nature and art; but it is because it is kept wet with tears. Of truth, "A home without a girl in it is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside, are like roses in Sharon."—Syracuse Journal.

Our Correspondent.

HUDSON, Wis. June 24th, 1857. FRIEND COBB: But to resume: We did not tarry long in this place, but hastened on through a heavy timbered country towards the head of the Rapids, until we reached the mouth of Rock Creek, where, as it was near night, we determined to camp. We accordingly selected an eligible site and after building our camp fire spread our musketo bars and resigned ourselves (not to the arms of Morpheus) but to the ceaseless tritures of untold thousands of half famished musketoos, whose incessant hum "made night hideous." I had read of musketoos, heard of musketoos, and seen and felt musketoos, but all of the musketoos I had ever read of, heard of, seen or felt would make but a drop in the bucket with which we were deluged. Possibly this picture is overdrawn, I will not assert that it is not, for I doubt the correctness of any man's conclusions while exposed as I was to the phlebotomizing propensities of these blood-thirsty insects. At early dawn in the morning we were again pursuing our way up the river, and in a short time reached the head of the rapids. Here it suited our purpose to change our hitherto northerly course for one in an eastern direction, and after traveling some three or four miles through heavy timbered land of an uneven surface we came to the head waters of the Rock creek before mentioned. We found here a fine cranberry marsh and also several fine pieces of meadow land, but the soil generally was not of a good quality. At this point we again changed our course of march to the south west and after a hard days travel through Brush Prairie (mostly prickly ash) and oak openings, we again found ourselves at the village of Taylor's Falls. We took lodgings at the "Chancellor's House," a fine commodious building, where the gentlemanly proprietor (Mr. Webb) soon gave us all the comforts of a well regulated Hotel. Having now extended our journey as far as we had intended, we next morning took passage on board the "H. S. Allen" bound for Sullwater, where we arrived the same afternoon, and at evening were again in Hudson from whence we had started. The trip down the river from the Falls was a delightful one—fine weather, a fine boat and gentlemanly officer, added to this a river running through a beautiful country and you have the picture. Seven miles below the Falls we landed at the village of Osceola the county seat of Polk County, Wisconsin, which has back of it a fine agricultural country, well watered and timbered, and on the river boundary fine facilities for the manufacture of the lumbering business carried on on this stream. On either side we saw an endless chain of saw logs, logs in rafts, logs in "booms," and "logs scattered around loose" in all (it is estimated) enough to make when manufactured, two hundred and fifty million feet of boards; and this is but the work of the past winter's logging. The weather here is now fine and the vegetable world bids fair to make ample amends for lost time. We have had a great deal of rain for a few weeks past which has swollen the streams and in some instances done considerable damage; but the dark clouds have passed away, and the cheerful rays of old Sol are now reflected from the thousand floral beauties that peep their heads above the soft green coating of the broad and fertile prairie, presenting to the lover of Nature "A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here Waxed as in her prime, and play'd distill'd Her virgin fancies, pouring forth in sweet Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss."

Sympathy of Birds.

SYMPATHY OF BIRDS.—Lord Brougham, in a work entitled "Subjects of Science," published in London, in 1838, relates the following remarkable instance of instinct and sympathy which he once witnessed among the feathery tribe: "A swallow had slipped its foot into the noose of a cord attached to a spout on one of his outhouses, and, by endeavoring to escape, had drawn the knot tight. Its strength being exhausted in vain attempt to fly, it uttered piteous cries, which assembled a vast flock of other swallows. They fluttered over their unfortunate companion for a few minutes in evident consultation, and then one of them darted at the string and struck it with his beak as he flew past. The others followed in quick succession, doing the same; and thus they continued to strike at the same part for half an hour, when finally the string gave way and their companion was set at liberty. They all continued flocking and hovering until night, only, instead of the tumult and agitation in which they had been at their first assembling, they were chattering gleefully over their success." The National Intelligencer gives another beautiful instance of the same character: "A gentleman observed, in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling, a collection of brown thrushes, who for several days attracted his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At last they were so much excited that he determined to see if he could ascertain the cause of the flutter among them. On examining the bushes, he found a female thrush whose wing was caught in a limb in such a way that she could not escape. Near by was the nest, containing several half-grown birds. On retiring a little distance, a company of thrushes appeared with worms and other insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother and then to her young, cheering them in their labor of love with a song of gratitude. After watching the interesting scene, until curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman relieved the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a grateful song to her deliverer, and her charitable neighbors dispersed to their abodes." MONEY.—Money is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. Everything resolves itself into cash, from stock jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies; youth aspires to dimes; manhood is swayed by the mighty dollar. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client and the judge decides the question of life and death for his salary. Money makes the man; therefore the man must make the money, if he be respected by fools; for the eye of the covetous and rich furniture, and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in splendid equipages and pays the rent of the best pew. It buys silks and jewelry for my lady—it commands the respect of gaping crowds and insures obsequious attention. It enables us to be charitable, to send bibles to the heathen, and relieve domestic indigence. It gilds the rugged scenes of life and spreads over the rugged path of existence a velvet carpet soft to our tread; the rude scenes of turmoil are encased in a gilt frame. It bids care vanish, soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness, stops at short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hand spares none, but levels all rank and mortal distinction, and teaches poor, weak humanity, that it is but dust. Thus wealth pauses on the brink of eternity; the beggar and the millionaire rest side by side beneath the sod, & rise in equality to answer the final summons. CARRYING OUT THE IDEA.—The Marshal Castellan took a fancy not long since—on a very hot day, to have a representation of a battle on a plain near the city of Lyons.—While the firing was at its height, he perceived a couple of grenadiers, who, tired out with exercise and the heat, had betaken themselves to a shady spot, and were comfortably stretched on the grass. The Marshal put his horse to his speed, and galloped straight to the delinquents. "Rascals!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing here, while your comrades are fighting, you are lying here asleep! what means this neglect of duty!" "Pardon—Marshal!" replied one of the soldiers; "we are personating the dead bodies!" The Marshal laughed, and turning his horse, galloped away. The N. Y. Mirror has the following suggestive paragraph, in an article on large hoops: But, ladies, a whisper in your private ear, are you aware that here in New York, the broader the skirt the narrower the line between the saint and the cynic, and that the women who wear the largest "habits" are generally the lowest in them! Fact. Old Roger was visiting a friend who had a remarkably fine little girl, about three years old, famous for smart sayings. As usual, she was shown off before our esteemed friend. "What is papa?" said the parent in order to draw out the precocious reply. "Papa's a humbug," said the juvenile. "I declare," said Old Roger, "I never in my life saw so young a child with so mature a judgment." In a back town in Upper Canada, a magistrate who kept tavern sold liquor to the people till they got drunk and fought in his house. He then issued a warrant, apprehended them, and tried them on the spot; and besides fining them, made them treat each other to make up the quarrel. The love of society is natural, but the choice of our company is a matter of virtue and prudence.

The Contrast.

A company of boys were playing ball upon the common, while a would-be beautiful lady clad in a beautiful plaid silk, was successfully performing the office of street sweeper. A tiny little fellow, in full pursuit of his ball, made a mis-step, and inadvertently stumbled upon the trailing skirt.—Frightened at the sound of ripping stitches, he sprang to his feet, and with a burning cheek began to say he was very sorry. But the half-uttered apology was arrested by the angry exclamation: "You little scamp, what did you do that for? Now just see my dress! ain't you ashamed of yourself?" "No," replied the boy, "I ain't ashamed; I am glad of it." "You are a naughty boy!" said the woman with a stern look. "Do you know where wicked boys go when they die?" "Yes, and wicked ladies too," was the careless reply. Meeting an older boy who had witnessed the whole scene, he was asked if he was really glad that he had torn the lady's dress. "No," he replied, "I was sorry at first, but I wouldn't tell her so, after she flamed up in that way. I tell you, Bill, I feel as though I'd like to do it again, just to see her eyes squaw." Alas! the angry spirit had done its work, and who can calculate the result? 'Twas but the intercourse of a moment, yet upon that moment's intercourse may hang the destiny of an immortal soul. A MANIFESTATION OF STUBBORNNESS.—On the Reading turnpike, just this side of the St. George's Brewery, within the corporate limits, there is a very bad spot in the road.—For some distance there is just room enough for a wagon to pass over. Go either side of that, and you plunge into holes. About six o'clock, a few evenings since, a stone-wagon and a buggy, going in opposite directions, met in this part of the road. "Turn off," said the owner of the buggy. "I won't do it," replied the stone hauler. "My wagon is heavily loaded, and if I was to get the vehicle into those holes I could never get it out." "Your wagon is stout, and can stand the ruts," said the man in the buggy. "Drive out of the way, and let me pass." "I won't do it," responded the teamster.—"I shall wait until you go by." "So shall I," said the man in the buggy. The dispute by this time had arrested quite a crowd, who were much amused at the stubbornness of the two. The teamster was invited to a beer house to take a drink, and accepted the invitation; the owner of the buggy was befriended with a newspaper, and throwing himself back, endeavored to beguile away the hours as pleasantly as possible. Both declared their determination not to drive off the smooth part of the road. Seven o'clock came and both vehicles were still there. The teamster had drunk several glasses of beer, and the occupant of the buggy had devoured the contents of two or three newspapers. Eight o'clock came, and they were in the same position, as stubborn as ever. The teamster, however, grew impatient; his horses were tired and hungry, yet he did not wish to knock under. At last a lucky thought struck. He proceeded to the road, unhitched his horses, and rode home, leaving his wagon in the road. The owner of the buggy was completely out-generated; he had to give way, or remain in the road all night. Giving the teamster a good hearty curse, he drove his buggy over the hazardous part of the road and started homeward, a very mad individual.—Cin. Commercial. OUR DRINKS.—There are in the United States 1517 distilleries, in which 5240 persons are employed; a capital of \$8,507,074 is invested. They consume yearly 11,367,781 bushels of corn, 2,787,070 bushels of barley, 2,143,027 bushels of rye, and 57,440 hogsheads of molasses. They manufacture 42,461,928 gallons of ale, 41,304 gallons of whiskey and high wines, and 6,500,000 gallons of rum—being about four gallons of liquor to every man, woman and child in the country.

Scene in a Justice's Court.

SCENE IN A JUSTICE'S COURT.—The Hartford Times says the following story is strictly true, and we see no reason to doubt it: "Pat Malone, you are fined five dollars for assault and battery of Mike Sweeney." "I've the money in my pocket, and I'll pay this fine if your honor will give me a receipt." "We give no receipts here. We just take the money. You'll not be called upon a second time for your fine." "But, your honor, I'll not be wanting to pay the same without I get a receipt." "What do you want to do with it?" "If your honor will write one and give it to me, I'll tell you." "Well, there is your receipt. Now, what do you want to do with it?" "I'll tell your honor. You see, one of these days I'll be after dying, and when I get to the gate of heaven I'll rap, and St Peter will say, 'Who's there? and I'll say, 'It's me, Pat Malone.' and he'll say, 'What do you want? and I'll say, 'I want to come in; and then he'll say, 'Did you behave yourself like a decent boy in the other world, and I'll say, 'Yes, your honor, I paid all of them, and then he'll want to see the receipt, and I'll put my hand into my pocket and take out my receipt, and give it to him, and I'll not have to go to a bad place to find your honor to get one."

Not long since.

Not long since, a youth older in wit than years after being catechised concerning the power of Nature, replied:—"Ma, I think there's one thing Nature can't do." "What is it?" eagerly inquired the mother. "She can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."