

Terms of Publication.

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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.

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Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, showing prices for different ad sizes and durations.

Communications.

The Empire of the West.

The west!—where is the west? Who is there among your number who has felt the keen, piercing blast of forty winters, that cannot distinctly remember when a journey over the Alleghenies gave to the young adventurer almost the character of a discoverer? Then the west rested hardly beyond the Blue Ridge, and stretched thence far, far away into the dim, dreary and scarce-trodden forests of Ohio and the Bloody Ground.

Explorers and hunters might have realized half a century ago the extent of our possessions beyond the Father of Waters; but what simple minded husbandman or quiet citizen ever thought that his contemporaries were desperate enough to explore the broad prairies of Missouri or to sweep in his birchen canoe down the great artery of our continent to the bayous and swamps of Louisiana.

Scarce twelve years since, when national dignity became alarmed at the increasing and oft repeated encroachments upon our soil, the then existing administration took measures to bring about a speedy settlement of the vexed question of national abuse and governmental right.

The pioneers of freedom who braved the terrors of the cape, who rushed by thousands over the sickly isthmus, who crossed in regiments the over-land route, marking their course with graves, would never have been permitted to hoard the glittering gold to save their country from the ignoble alternative of bankruptcy, had it not been for the increased area of dominion.

Again, the west!—the empire of the west, is also an asylum of the pioneer of nations. The generous, quick-sighted son of Erin emigrates from his transatlantic home to migrate westward beyond the pale of civilization to found him a free home in a free country.

In a jolly company, each one was to ask a question. If it was answered, the proposer paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was: "How does the little ground squirrel dig his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?"

Three kinds of Poor.—In this earthly world the poor are of three descriptions, viz: the Lord's poor, the devil's poor, and the poor devil's.

STORY OF GRACE DARLING.

BY GREENWOOD.

On the lonely little island of Brownsman, one of the Farne group, on the coast of Northumberland, Eng., lived William Darling, light house keeper, a brave, honest, intelligent man. Grace, his daughter, the youngest of seven children, was courageous like her father, good and gentle like her mother.

The Farne Islands are very wild and desolate, being little better than piles of black rocks towering above the dismal, roaring seas of that stormy and perilous coast. In calm weather they are surrounded by a fringe of white surf, and in times of storm they are almost overwhelmed by the great raging surges.

The Brownsman was the outermost of the Farne Islands—the last rocky foothold of human life: and beyond it was a vast expanse and an awful depth of sea. It had scarcely any vegetation, but stood out from the water, bare, and black and bleak.

In this strange, lonely place, Grace Darling passed her earliest years. She was a shy and thoughtful child, and learned to take pleasure in the wild and dreary scenery around her. Shut out from the world as she and her dear ones were, it seemed to her they were all the nearer heaven—denied social pleasures and consolations even when living, toiling, watching for their fellow beings, she felt that God would remember them and protect them.

At last the storm passed over, and was succeeded by calm and sunshine—the shipwrecked guests went to their homes, and all things at the lighthouse fell into their old way. Grace Darling and her father would soon have forgotten their heroic act had they been left to do so. But the people she had saved, in their gratitude and wonder, told the story wherever they went.

So it was that Grace Darling was not discontented with her lot, nor with her lonely home, where love and God dwelt—did not fear tempest, nor night, nor raging seas, nor the world; but grew up courageous, truthful, unselfish and pure in heart.

The steamer Forfarshire, on her voyage from Hull to Dundee, in a terrible gale, struck on a rock amidst the Farne Islands. Immediately a portion of the crew cowardly and selfish men, lowered the long-boat, leaped into it, and left the captain his wife, their comrades, and all the passengers to their fate!

The sufferers remained on the wreck, exposed to the fury of the tempest and expecting every minute to be washed away, all that long, long night. In the morning they were seen from the Longstone lighthouse, about a mile distant. Only Mr. Darling, his wife, and daughter Grace were at home.

The two Brothers.

The following beautiful Arabian legend we copy from the "Voice of Jacob." The site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried. They lived together, however, in the greatest harmony possible, cultivating the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest season had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves, made two equal stacks of them, and left them on the field. During the night the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought. My brother, said he to himself, has a wife and children to support; is it just that my portion of the harvest should be as large as his? Upon this he arose and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his offering might not be rejected.

On the same night the other brother awoke and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone without a companion; he has none to assist in his labor nor to reward him for his toils, while God has bestowed on me wife and children; is it right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness. If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a number of our sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increased. This object was approved and immediately put in execution.

In the morning, each of the brothers went into the field, and was much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on each side; each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks always remained the same. But one night, both having stood sentinel to divine into the cause of the miracle, they met; each bearing the sheaves mutually designed for the other. It was thus that all was elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to Heaven for having so good a brother.

Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea had simultaneously occurred to the two brothers, and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God. Men blessed it, and Israel chose it, there to erect the house of the Lord.

Fortune Up and Down.—The Boston Ledger of a recent date, publishes the following: In 1757, a youth, then residing in Maine, owned a jack-knife, which he, being of a somewhat trading and money making disposition, sold for a gallon of West India rum. This he retained, and with the proceeds purchased two gallons, and eventually a barrel, which was followed in due time with a large stock.

The daughter also died. The last of the family, for many years past, has lived on the kindness of those who knew him in his days of prosperity, as pride would not allow him to go to the poor farm. A few days ago he died suddenly and unattended, in a barn where he had lain himself down to take a drunken sleep. On his pockets being examined, all that was found in them was a small piece of string and a jack-knife! So the fortune that began with an implement of that kind, left but its simple duplicate. We leave the moral to be drawn, in whatever fashion it may suggest itself to the reader—simply stating that the story is a true one, and all the facts well known to many whom this relation will doubtless reach.

Contentment.—As for a little more money, and a little more time, why 'tis ten to one if either would make you a whit happier.—If you had more time it would be sure to hang heavily on your hands. It is the working man who is the happy man. Man was made to be active, and he is never so happy as when he is so. It is the idle man who is the miserable man. And, as for money, don't you remember the old saying, "Enough is as good as a feast?" Money never made a man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has, the more he wants. Instead of its filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that one want another way. That was a true proverb of the wise man, rely upon it, "Better is little, with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith."

Turkeyatical Reflections.

BY A HENRIBUT.

Our vrow has gone out with sundry cousins on our feet, and we while comfortably toasting our visit by the fire, have picked up a paper to while away a few idle moments and perchance light on a stray item previously unread. It is an old number of the Agitator, and the first article that meets our eye is on turkeys—general and particular. It is suggestive. It brings back the olden time when we, a tiny lad of six years, had a diabolical monster in the form of a large Tom for a persecutor; an old, long-bearded, pompous bully who was the living nightmare of our daily walk to school and back—who missed no opportunity of charging at our unprotected legs in the most malicious and savage manner—who seemed to lay off around corners in "short boy" style, on purpose to take us unawares—who darted at us malevolently from behind stone fences and other unsuspected places, and who was a source of more real trouble and terror to us than the school master himself. It was all very well for big, long-legged boys and young men to guffaw and shout, "go it Tom!" "go it duck legs!" Of course we went it; but what was the use when Tom went it two feet to our one, and could whip us easy besides when he caught us.

We were advised in general terms not to be such a little coward, but to take a stick and "go in"; which we did, and got worse whipped than ever; Tom getting us down in a tangled mass of pig weed at the first round, and utterly disregarding all rules of the ring, pounding us nearly to a jelly while down.

We had an aunt—a maiden lady of years and precision, whose advice was supposed to be most excellent on any matter not particularly concerning herself. We thought her the wisest of women when she suggested that our old red comforter was probably the chief cause of offense, stating at the same time that the male turkey always construed an article of bright scarlet as a personal insult. We stood informed, and the first time we found ourselves under the necessity of passing neighbor M's we tucked the offending article under our jacket meekly, and attempted to pass his turkeyship in peace. It was no go. No sooner did he catch sight of our comical little legs, than, unable to abide us under any circumstances, he charged furiously, punishing us lightly in a race of a hundred yards, and keeping the red comforter which we had dropped in the fight, as a trophy. We did not even succeed in passing the house, having been headed off "by circumstances over which we had no control."

We recollect the sarcasms of that maiden aunt on "brave boys who got robbed and chased home by birds"; the smothered laughter of a full grown, full blown, black eyed female cousin, who was on a visit for a general romping time in the country; the military expedition which was fitted out with my aunt as commander in chief and myself as light infantry, which was instantly fitted out at her suggestion to reclaim the lost comforter, and our earnest protest of the inadequacy of said forces for any such purpose.

We have a vivid recollection of the order of march; of coming in sight of the enemy who was standing guard over the spoil, and who valiantly refused to be "shooed" off; of the laughter of the black eyed cousin who acted as corps de reserve; of our surprise at a decidedly retrograde movement on the part of the general; of a plucky charge on the part of the enemy, partially repelled by the coal-scuttle bonnet in the hands of the commander in chief; of a dastardly flight of the infantry who valourously took refuge in a large corn basket; of our valiant general with a skinny ankle on each side the top rail of a stake and rider fence, hanging on to a stake with one hand, and desperately plying the coal-scuttle bonnet with the other to keep the enemy from scaling the works, which he seemed determined to do or "perish in the attempt"; of a relieving party from the house, headed by Mrs. M. with a split broom; our chop fallen retreat homeward; the unmerciful laughter of the black eyed cousin, who refused to be considered as belonging to the military part of the expedition; of the unmerciful box given us on the ear by the general for hinting something about old maids who lost their bonnets and got "drove home by birds," and the huge delight of the cousin thereat. Are not all these things graven on the tablets of our memory, to be recalled from time to time, when other and later matters of much more importance shall have been long forgotten.

While we are about the turkey we may as well finish him; not only because his history rightly considered is instructive, but because, ethnologically speaking, he was of much importance to us and our affairs then and afterward.

What made the misunderstanding between Tom and myself more inexplicable to us then, was the fact, that to our friendship and assistance he owed his life. Yes, Tom, to your shame be it said, when you were left helplessly and helplessly behind, on a chilly, wet May morning, did we not extricate thee from the tall, wet grass, led thither by thy feeble pipings? Was it not owing to this and this only that thou wast made a pet of; fed from the hands of thy mistress; allowed the run of the house; pampered even as a favorite child? And what was thy base return? Even in thy first year didst thou wax saucy, pitching battle with roystering roosters, pitching to fight garrulous geese, driving from the

Resigned to his Fate.

BY A HENRIBUT.

"I shan't be with you a great while, Jane," said Mr. Melter, "I shan't stay here a great while."

"O! Mr. Melter, how can you talk so?" said Mrs. Melter, with a lugubrious expression of face.

"Because," said he, "I feel as if I was most gone, and that I am just passing away, like a cloud before the morning sun."

Mr. Melter verified his prophecy the next day by running away with a boxum and sympathizing feminine neighbor.

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Goins in on Shares.—"Boy where did you come from, and how do you live?" "Come from Pennsylvania; and lives by eating."

"Would you like something to do?" "Don't care, if 'tain't hard work."

"Well, boy, if you like, I will set you up in a business that will prove both pleasant and profitable."

"Drive ahead, I'm a lissenin'."