

Terms of Publication.
THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably 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 is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.
Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$4 per year.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy 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, APRIL 1, 1858. NO. XXXV.

Rates of Advertisements.
Advertisements will be charged for as follows:—
For every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half Yearly and Yearly advertising:—
3 months. 6 months. 12 months.
Square, (14 lines). \$2.50 \$4.50 \$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
All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

LIFE'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.

BY MISS M. L. DOUD.
I saw the sunbeams full'g bright
Upon a glorious scene,
And gushing rill and wooded height
Had caught the silver sheen:
I sought that spot, so wondrous fair,
The light was gone, the shades were there.
I loved a flower, a gentle flower,
It blossomed by my side;
I breathed its fragrance hour by hour
And watched its growth with pride:
I sought to call that flower sweet—
It drooped and withered at my feet.
There came a hope, a golden hope,
To cheer me, day by day;
It bade the clouds for sunshine ope,
It chased life's gloom away:
I sought to take it to my breast—
It faded, it vanished like the rest.
"O, such is life!" each blissful dream
The soul would live upon,
Beams on us like a meteor glare,
Which dazles and is gone:
And earth grows dark and drear—
The lights which cheered our pathway here.
But, as the sunshine fades away,
And shadows fall at even,
We note the lights, unseen by day,
In the blue vault of heaven:
So, to our weary, tear-dimmed eyes,
Beam out the lights of Paradise.
Greencastle, Inda.

A Tale of the Tenth Legion of Virginia.

BY NEM. CON.
Not many years ago, I was a law student in H—, Virginia, where a circumstance once occurred which not only gave me a total distaste for my profession, but was ultimately the cause of my leaving it forever. It gave me a horror for it, utterly overwhelming.
It was August Court. The hot Summer sun struck vertically downward upon the roof of the building, so that neither respect for judge or jury prevented the general stripping off of coats.
It was an intensely interesting case then on trial. A murder too revolting in its particulars to even appear in print, had been committed a few months before. A poor widow lady was found one night with her throat cut open from ear to ear; and a suspicion which had before strongly pointed towards the prisoner at the bar, was now fully proved upon him—the fact that the old lady had several important deeds in her possession, the acquisition of which would have been to the pecuniary advantage of the prisoner; the finding of these papers in his room, and further, the fact that a quantity of silver coin, much of it very old Spanish pieces, was found on his person, were considered strong corroborating proof. In fact, the prisoner was already a convicted man, long ere his counsel attempted any defence. The jury appeared so thoroughly unanimously against him, that they were little disposed to hear another speech upon the subject; while the judge also, in a sleepy mood, was only wide awake enough to cogitate in his mind the best form for sentencing the desperate criminal before him.
This last individual was, outwardly, at least, the most unconcerned person present. Most of the time his head was rested on the railing before him; or at other times his face would be buried in his hands, to shield himself from the gaze of the curious and impatient multitude around him. His head ever hung down, and told of a spirit once, perchance, brave and bold, but now broken and crushed.
The Commonwealth had not neglected to follow the usual track upon this occasion, and in this crushed spirit had seen the marks of conscious guilt. It would have been the same had he been innocent; for the position itself, and the disgrace attendant upon it, were indeed causes for the manliest and the purest heart to shrink.
The prisoner's counsel, George Green, was little known. He was a morose, taciturn man, never mingling in company—with a pale face and a cold grey eye, which at times was lit up with demoniacal fires. He confined himself closely to his apartments, and when he did make his appearance, his forbidding aspect made him an avoided man.
Many were the stories, dire and dread, circulated about this "strange lawyer," as he was called; but they gave him little uneasiness; and in fact, the fear and aversion that existed towards him appeared to be all that was calculated to give him pleasure. That he noticed it, was sufficiently plain, since, when the little groups of children whom he met, saw him, they would run crouching to each other, and then he would turn upon them a cold glance, and perhaps a smile of strange and horrid vacancy.
This was the first case he had attempted to argue, and the fact added not a little to its attractions.
He came into Court with the bosom of his shirt thrown open, displaying a rough and hairy breast, which was seen to heave up and down, with the storm of emotions conflicting within. He was accompanied by a lack, yet powerful blood-hound, as repulsive as his master. These two beings were seldom seen apart.
Green allowed the witnesses to go away unexamined, but the fact caused little surprise, since it was thought to be in character with the man.
The cause of the State was argued with much ability and force; judge, jury and spectators being impressed with the enormity of the offence. When it came the turn of the defence, he did not answer until several calls, and then only by a look—reminding one of the fixed stare of a last being. His dog, before lying at his feet, erected himself

Visit to Valley Forge.

About sixteen miles up the Schuylkill from Philadelphia, a stream leaves the rich and beautiful Valley of Chester, and winds its way through a deep ravine between two mountains and empties its clear water into the river. The mountains are filled with iron ore, and as the stream afforded water power, the old inhabitants of the colony erected at its mouth a mill and forge, and around them a few houses, and the place was known as the "Valley Forge."
It was after the disastrous result of the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, in which the Americans lost 2000 soldiers, whom in their already reduced state they could so poorly spare, that Washington was forced to give up Philadelphia to the enemy, lead his drooping and discouraged army to this secluded spot, which the sufferings of that little band, while it lay and shivered there during the memorable winter of '76, has made immortal.
We approached the old encampment by a road leading down a narrow defile which forms the bed of the stream and ascended to the summit where the army, by a rugged pathway which is still to be traced among the rocks and were shown by our guide, as we passed the different spots, where the cannon had been planted to guard the entrance. When we reached the summit we found it partially covered with trees and underwood, yet eighty years had not been able to destroy the efforts that feeble band had put forth for self-protection. There was still to be seen a ditch and embankment, which at present is about three feet high, extending more than two miles around the top of the mountain.
At the more open and unprotected points are still to be seen five different forts, of different forms, more or less perfect. They were probably built principally of logs, but they have long since decayed, and their forms at present are to be traced only by piles of dirt which had been thrown up to strengthen them. The most perfect one at present is still about ten feet high, and probably about one hundred feet square, with a dividing ridge running diagonally from one corner to the other, forming two apartments of equal size, with but one narrow entrance. It all remains quite perfect, and the walls or banks are covered with trees. The tents of the soldiers were made of poles, which seem to have been twelve or fifteen feet long, built in the form of a pen, with dirt thrown up on the outside to keep out the storm. Their remains are still to be seen situated in little groups here and there over the enclosure. While down near the old Forge we were shown an old stone house, about 20 by 30 feet, which served as head-quarters, in which Washington lived surrounded by his staff during the winter.
We entered the venerable building with feelings of the deepest emotion, and examined the room which served the illustrious chief as bed-chamber and audience chamber. It is very plain, and the furniture much as he had left it. A small rough box in a deep window still, was pointed out as having contained his papers and writing material. The house is occupied by a family who take pleasure in showing to visitors the different items of interest. The old cedar-shingled roof which protected the "Father of our country" eighty years ago, had still sheltered the old headquarters until a year or two ago, when it was removed, and its place occupied by tin.
The graves of the soldiers are still to be seen in distinct clusters over the ground, but are most numerous in the northwest division, where the regiments from the South were quartered, death having rioted most fearfully among them, they being less able to endure the severities of a northern winter.
It was during their encampment here that the tracks of the soldiers could be traced by their blood, as they gathered wood to warm their miserable huts.
And it is here that Washington is said to have shed tears like a father, while beholding their sufferings, while they gather round him and plead for bread and clothing, and he had not the means to furnish them. Yet although everything seemed so discouraging, it was near here that the "Friends" went home surprised, and exclaiming, "the Americans will conquer yet! For I heard a whisper in the woods, and I looked and saw their chief upon his knees, and he was asking God to help them."
It may be great to lead a powerful army on to victory, but surely it was greater to preserve the shattered remnants of a discouraged band together, when the enemy was trampling over them, when their Congress could do nothing for them, when starving families at home were weeping for their return, and when there seemed no prospect before them but miserable defeat.
Numerous graves have recently been opened, and the bodies of many of the officers have been removed by their friends to other burying-grounds in their native States. But the poor and obscure soldiers who still remain, have monuments more beautiful than art can form erected over them, for nature has planted hundreds of cedars as a silent tribute to their memory, which have been watered by the pure and generous tears of night, and they are now forming living wreaths of evergreens above their graves.—*Ohio State Journal.*
A WIFE'S REPENTANCE.—"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife.
"My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."
Poor Smith sneaked.

A Startling Confession.

The Philadelphia Press gives the following among its "Police Items":
Mordecai Paine, a saddler doing business in South Ninth street, was called home from his work shop on Saturday morning, by a messenger who brought the melancholy intelligence that his wife, Barbara, had taken arsenic for the purpose of committing suicide, and was then at the point of death. He hastened to her bedside, and found her in more agony of mind than of body. She declared that there was something on her mind which she wished to confess before her departure, with the hope of obtaining his forgiveness. Mr. P., with great emotion desired her to go on with the disclosure, adding that she might assure herself of his forgiveness before she had made known her offence. "Ah, Mordecai," said she, "you remember our large white pitcher was broken some time ago; I pretended to you that the cat broke it, but that was false, for I myself did it."
"Oh, my dear," said Mr. Paine, "don't concern yourself about such a trifle. I had forgotten the pitcher, and it matters not how it was broken."
"There is another matter," said Mrs. P. after some hesitation. "The silver spoons which I made you believe were stolen by the Yankee clock mender; I pawned them to raise money to pay the milliner for doing up my pink satin bonnet."
"Never mind it my love," said Mr. Paine, encouragingly. "I hope heaven will forgive you as freely as I do."
After a short pause, Mrs. Paine began again:
"Your best razor, which you missed last summer, and made so much ado about, I traded it away to a pedlar for a tortoise shell comb."
"The deuce!—well, well," said Mr. P. recollecting himself, "that is all done now, and can't be amended. Think no more of it."
"I could not leave the world with such a thing on my conscience," replied the fair penitent.
"Go on," cried Mr. Paine, "I told you that I could forgive everything at such a time as this."
Mrs. Paine resumed:
"You remember our boarder Simon Drake, who ran up a bill for six weeks, and then ran off in a hurry without paying a cent. He and I agreed to elope together; but he changed his mind at the last moment and ran away without me."
"Fire and fury! do you dare to tell me this, cried Mordecai in great excitement.—"But, as you are dying, I won't reproach you. I'll leave you now to settle the affair with your own conscience."
"Stay and hear one thing more," cried the repentant Barbara. "The dose I took this morning was intended for you. I put it into your cup of coffee, but in my hurry to get the thing done, I gave you the wrong cup and took the right one myself."
"The devil fly away with you, jada!" roared Mordecai, as he flung himself out of the room. In the entry he met the apothecary who sold Mrs. Paine the fatal powder. This medical man had heard of the commotion at Paine's house, and suspecting the cause of it, he came to administer hope and comfort to the afflicted.
"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Paine," said he, "the drug I sold to your wife was nothing but magnesia. I judged that she wished to destroy herself, and I tricked her in this way to save her life."
"You swindling rascal," shouted Paine, "how dare you cheat a customer in that shameful manner and obtain her money on false pretences? Begone!"
And with this exclamation he violently ejected the astonished apothecary from his front door. The man of physic, suspecting, of course that poor Mordecai was deranged, sent two officers to provide for his safe keeping. His relation of the preceding dialogue, however, soon obtained his discharge.
DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—The son of a wealthy Jew banker in London became much attached to a young Christian, with whom his father opposed his union. When the son found that he could not be induced to give his consent to the match, he concluded to marry without it. The father then threatened to withhold every shilling from him, whereupon the son replied that if the father did not intend to give him anything, he would become a Christian, and according to the law he would be entitled to one-half of his father's fortune. The father, much alarmed, flew to his lawyer, to inquire whether such a law really was in existence. The lawyer's answer was in the affirmative, but adding that if he would hand him over ten guineas, he would give him a plan by which he could frustrate his son's plans. The ten guineas were quickly produced. "Now," said the lawyer, quietly pocketing the money, "all that remains for you to do is to become a Christian also, and the law will not oblige you to leave your son a cent of your money." The Jew hurriedly seized his hat, and left the lawyer without any further remark.
Read! Read! Delinquents! Fear and tremble! Read your fate, which you can only escape by "paying up!"
"Tell me, angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love,
Shall suffering printers here below
Have no redress above?"
The angel hosts replied—
"To us is knowledge given—
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter heaven!"
People of mean capacities always despise and ridicule more what is above the reach of their own intellect, than that is below their standard.

Communications.

The Hand.
BY MISS E. GOODSPEED.
The hand, as well as the head and heart, is a distinguishing characteristic of our race. It is a gift bestowed only upon man—to be guided in its labors by his immortal mind.—Let us view it as we may, it possesses a beauty little less than that of the countenance, whether in its physical organization, with its numerous nerves, fibres, and delicate veins; or merely its outward appearance, as in the little dimpled hand of the child, reaching eagerly forth to pluck even the stars like flowers in its tiny grasp; or, when its work is done, and it is folded calmly and lovingly, for the last time over the pulseless heart that has ceased to guide it in its labors. But the hand is not only endowed with beauty; it is the symbol and instrument of power. Ever since our first mother reached forth her hand to pluck the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden, it has wielded the destinies of men.—Good and evil, joy and sorrow, it has scattered broadcast through the world from generation to generation, and age to age.
By the sword it has plunged nations in mourning; while with the pen's magic power it has moved the hearts of millions to high and lofty deeds of love and mercy. Although the mind is the great source of our strength, yet however well that may have been disciplined, or whatever warm and generous impulses may have animated the heart, both must have failed in accomplishing their great and noble purposes, unaided by their most powerful agent—the hand.
It has toiled on since time began, unhonored save by the noble monuments it has erected by its own energy and skill. It is the hand that has made our world what it is, by changing the dark and desolate places of the earth into bright, sunny lands abounding in luscious fruits, and fields of golden grain. Where once dark, towering forests stood, defying the power of the whirlwind and the tempest, there it has planted smiling villages, and thriving cities, where millions of human beings live, enjoy and suffer. It is the hand that has constructed our railroads, telegraphs, and steamships, which unite the great hearts of nations in one common bond of union.—Nor are its labors confined to the earth's surface alone; but it brings forth shining pearls from the depths of the ocean; and to its strength and skill, our fair earth yields up to us her rich treasures.
Yet the hand is employed not only in beautifying and perfecting the works of nature; but in distributing everywhere the rich blessings of a Father's love. The energetic, skillful hand of a Whitney, lifted a heavy burden of labor and toil from weary ones already bowed beneath poverty's crushing power, and wrapped the garments of comfort around millions of earth's suffering children.
The hand of benevolence and charity relieves the poor and needy, and diffuses the sunshine of peace and plenty over hearts long overshadowed with want and wretchedness. It kindly cares for the sick and afflicted; and when it can do no more, it gently smooths the dying pillow, and quietly lays the departed in their last resting place. There is a language in the hand, that speaks forth the living sentiments and emotions of the soul. It expresses our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows, and is made the instrument of supplication and of praise. Oh, how lovingly the mother's hand rests on the head of her child as she teaches it to raise its soul in prayer to the great author of its being. And how confidently the bride gives her hand, as the pledge of affection devoted and true.—When other means fail it is the hand that signs treaties, settles difficulties, and confers peace upon nations.
When we reflect upon the many and admirable purposes to which the hand is made subservient by the author of our being.—Shall ours remain idle, while we are enjoying the rich fruits of other's toil? Rather, shall we not resolve to "do whatever our hands find to do without might," for great and arduous duties are awaiting us in the dim, uncertain future. However well the mind and heart may be disciplined they still need the skillful, willing hand to carry out their great purposes.
Union is Strength.
For the Agitator.
MAN, in his various relations, is so dependent upon his brother man that, without hearty co-operation in design, he is almost powerless. Man, too, is dependent upon his fellow for every earthly enjoyment. After his fall God passed sentence upon him that "in the sweat of his brow he should earn his bread forever." Obedience to this great command has proved beneficial to the race. It has shown men their dependence one upon the other and united them in earnest endeavors for the common good.
Take, for example, the history of our Puritan Fathers, persecuted for conscience' sake. You will see how their weakness and fears held them together and strengthened them for future struggles.—Trace their history from the commencement of their exile, and every step bears witness of the power of united purpose.
Friends of Humanity! let us unite in the cause of Temperance. Let us encourage and forward the resurrection of the institutions of Temperance. We cordially invite every one to meet without regard to past differences, and to give us the true convictions of their hearts. True, we have labored long and well and seemingly to little effect; but there seems to be no better way than to unite under the banner of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance.
I believe it to be our duty to treat those op-

THE KORAN.

THE KORAN.—The Koran was written about A. D. 610. Its general aim was to unite the professors of Idolatry and the Jews and Christians, in the worship of one God—whose unity was the chief point inculcated—under certain laws and ceremonies, exacting obedience to Mahomet, as the prophet. It was certainly written in the Korish Arabic, and the language, which certainly possessed every fine quality, was said to be that of Paradise. Mahomet asserted that the Koran was revealed to him during the period of 23 years, by the Angel Gabriel. The style of the volume is beautiful, fluent and concise; and where the majesty and attributes of God are described, it is sublime and magnificent. Mahomet admitted the divine mission both of Moses and of Jesus Christ. According to Gibbon, the leading article of faith which Mahomet preached is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction, namely, that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God. The Koran was translated into Latin in 1142, and into English and other European languages about 17-63. It is a rhapsody of 3,000 verses, divided into 114 sections.
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P's and F's.—A western paper, by a small typographical error, has metamorphosed a Court of Common Pleas into a "Court of Common Pleas." It is supposed that the principal part of the suits in such a Court would be cases of back-biting.
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We find in an exchange a poem called the "Song of the Farmer's Boy," beginning "Ho, brothers, ho!" Nothing could be more appropriate if the farmer sticks to his vocation, but there be farmer boys who wot of who go to the city, whose song after a little while might read, "Rake, brothers, rake!" and be very appropriate.
An exchange says: "There is nothing like nature as developed in females, for no sooner does a female juvenile begin to walk and notice things, than it takes after its mother and wants a baby. It is almost incredible how much maternal feeling is wasted on rag babies."
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"What is 'honorably,' mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece."
"Then, mother, I'd rather that Charley should divide it."
Hezekiah says if his landlady "knew beans," she would not buy the article called "burnt and ground coffee."

Posed to us as brothers, and to invite them to assemble with us and freely to state their views of this all-important reform.

Nelson, March 19, 1858. M. B.
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