

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, 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 the 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, MAY 6, 1858.

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Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square or 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 Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

THE COTTAGE ON THE HILL. I'm sitting in my room to-night, A thousand miles away From that dear home I have not seen For many, many a day. The city's din and bustle fall Unheeded on my ear, For other sounds of other years My memory can hear— The water-fall, the song of birds, The wind that whistled shrill Among the trees that waved above The cottage on the hill.

A French Will Story. "Is she dead, then?" "Yes, madam," replied a little gentleman in brown coat and short breeches. "And her will?" "Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."

exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing aloud. The notary interrupted her jocularity. "Madame," he said, "which lot do you choose?" "The two hundred thousand francs in money."

As she finished these words Madame de Villebois made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. Monsieur Vatrej, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels, as his lot.

The two baffled old egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy. Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you pass by the Rue Lafitte on a fine summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the pale reflection of wax lights.

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, relates the following experience of his in sending schoolma'ns South: Some may think it strange (it isn't though) that ever since the time when we remarked in our paper that nine-tenths of all the hundreds of young women sent by us to the South as teachers have got married there, we have been literally overwhelmed with applications from New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio.

The "Clicking" Types, and "Clanging" Press. One who "knows a thing or two" about the occupation of the disciples of Faust, lets his pen "slide" after the fashion following: "Perhaps there is no department of enterprise, whose details are less understood by intelligent people, than the 'art preservative'—the achievement of the types. Every day, their lives long, they are accustomed to read the newspaper, to find fault with its statements, its arguments, its looks; so plume themselves upon the discovery of some rough and acrobatic type that gets in a frolic and stands upon its head; or of some word with a waste letter or two in it; but of the process by which the newspaper is made, of the myriads of motions and thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and think less. They imagine they discourse of a wonder, indeed, when they talk of the fair, white carpet woven for thought to walk on, of the rags that fluttered upon the back of the beggar yesterday. But there is, to us, something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes, something shaded with the touch of inky fingers, that compose the printer's 'case,' and watch him at his noiseless work; noiseless except the clicking of the types, as one by one they take their places in the growing line, we think we have found the marvel of the art. Strown in those little boxes, are thin parallelograms of metal, every one good for a single letter, a comma, a hyphen, a something that goes to make up written language—the visible foot-prints of thought upon carpets of paper. We think how many fancies in fragments, there are in the boxes; how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can pick up here and there, if he only had a little cart to work by; how many facts in small handbills; how many truths in chaos. Now he picks up the scattered elements, until he holds in his hand a stanza of Gray's elegy, or a monody upon Grimes, 'all buttoned down before.' Now he 'sets up' a 'puppy minding,' and now 'paradise lost'; he arranges a bird in 'small caps,' and a sonnet in 'nonpareil'; he announces that the languishing will 'live' in one sentence; transposes the word, and deprecates the days that are few and 'evil' in the next. A poor old jest ticks its way into the printer's hand, like a little clock just running down; and a strain of eloquence marches into line, letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by the hearing of the ear, but perhaps not. The type that told a wedding yesterday, announces a burial to-day; perhaps in the same letters. They are the elements to make a world of—those types are; a world with something in it as beautiful as Spring, as rich as Summer, and as grand as Autumn; flowers that frost cannot wilt; fruit that shall ripen for all time. The newspaper has become the log-book of the age; it tells at what rate the world is running; we cannot find our reckoning without it. True, the grocer may bundle up a pound of candles in our fast expressed thoughts, but it is only coming to 'base uses,' as its betters have done times innumerable. We console ourselves with thinking that one can make of that newspaper what he cannot make of ribs of living oak—a bridge for time. That he can fling over the chasm of the dead years, and walk safely back upon the shadowy sea into the far past. That the singer will not end his song, nor the true soul be eloquent no more. The realm of the Press is enchanted ground. Sometimes the editor has the happiness of knowing that he has defended the right, exposed the wrong, protected the weak; that he has given utterance to a sentiment that has cheered somebody's solitary hour, made somebody happier, kindled a smile upon a sad face, or a hope in a heavy heart.—He may meet that sentiment months, years after; it may have lost all traces of its paternity, but he feels an affection for it and welcomes it as a long absent child. He reads it as for the first time, and wonders if indeed he wrote it, for he has changed since then. Perhaps he could not give utterance to the sentiment now; perhaps he would not if he could. It seems like the voice of his former self calling to his present, and there is something mournful in its tone. He begins to think, to remember; remember when he wrote it and why; who were his readers then; and whither they have gone; what he was then, and how much he has changed.—So he muses till he finds himself wondering if that thought of his will continue to float on after he is dead; and whether he is really looking upon something that shall survive him.—And then comes the sweet consciousness that there is nothing in the sentiment that he could wish had been unwritten; that it is the better part of him; a shred from the immortality he shall leave behind him, when he joins the 'innumerable caravan,' and takes his place in the silent halls of death."

The Place for Schoolma'ns. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, relates the following experience of his in sending schoolma'ns South: Some may think it strange (it isn't though) that ever since the time when we remarked in our paper that nine-tenths of all the hundreds of young women sent by us to the South as teachers have got married there, we have been literally overwhelmed with applications from New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio.

Sniggins Finds a Lost Note. Old Sniggins professes great piety. He claims too, especially in his interviews with his pastor, to be a very studious and devout reader of the Bible. The good book, got up in the largest family size, always lies upon the parlor table. He scarcely ever fails to call attention to it, its worth and sacredness, from every visitor. On the occasion of the visit of his pastor, he is especially eloquent and devout. He seems to glory in telling at what an early age "he first read it through," recounting the many times he has done the same thing, and enlarging upon the theme of his last reading. Many years since Sniggins lost a "note of hand," that a customer had given him in acknowledgment of a debt. He never could find that note. Its loss subjected him to great trouble. A law suit grew out of it and he was worsted in the suit.—Last week he received a pastoral call from his clergyman. The old subject of the scriptures came up. Sniggins said that having read it through in course, as was his custom once a year, he had just remembered it.—He had that day been particularly edified with some new points of interest that he had discovered in the history of the Creation.—The pastor joined in his fervor, and proposed to show him some of the beauties of the first chapter of Genesis. Sniggins got his spectacles. The pastor opened the massive volume at the place stated. Upon turning the first leaf, Sniggins with impetuous fervor grabbed a bit of paper lying between the leaves, and impatiently holding it up to the light, vociferously exclaimed: "By all the powers of earth there is that note of Snooks' that I've looked for these ten years, and that the rascal's cheated me out of!" The pastor said nothing upon the point to which we allude, but at once wondered to himself how it could be that in reading the Bible through so many times, Sniggins had failed to begin at the first chapter of Genesis.

An Item for Lager Beer Drinkers.—A writer in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, undoubted authority, enumerates the following articles with which Lager Beer is adulterated:—Gentian, flag-root, maywort, wormwood, quassia, catchu, heath broom, pounded oyster shells, the common garden box, egg shells, chalk, marble dust, whiting, sugar, molasses, beans, liquorice, caraway seeds, salspice, ginger, pepper, mustard, grains of paradise, salt, coculus indicus, (poison), opium, tobacco, henbane, hemlock, oil of vitrol, sulphate of copper, copperas, strychnine, alum, snake wood, angustura bark, and the St. Ignatius bean.

Upon the marriage of a Miss Wheat, of Virginia, an editor hoped that her path might be flowery, and that she might never be thrashed by her husband.

Communications.

Atmospheric Electricity.

FRIEND COBB; At the request of several citizens of this vicinity, I have condensed from the writings of the most prominent electricians and meteorologists of the present day, opinions and conclusions as to the causes and effects of atmospheric electricity, with the best mode of neutralizing its effects and conducting it harmless to the earth. Thunder and lightning are regarded by all prominent writers as atmospheric phenomena, produced by the passage of electricity; sometimes between storm clouds and the earth, but more frequently from cloud to cloud, and dependent upon the positive or negative condition of the atmosphere or earth. With regard to its character, it may be said that the earth is charged negatively and the atmosphere positively; the intensity of the positive charge increasing with the elevation of the stratum increasing. An electrical charge implies the presence of two bodies in opposite electrical states; and the well known attraction mutually exerted by two such bodies would lead soon to a discharge, if they were not separated by an insulating medium.—There is no reason why the solid earth should not play the part of one of these bodies, while the other is represented by the upper regions of the atmosphere or by the clouds floating therein. As the surface of the solid earth is separated from the region of clouds by the non-conducting air, an electrical charge may be maintained by the earth on the one hand and by the clouds on the other, and this charge will be limited in intensity only by the dryness of the air; and, as a body becomes positively charged only at the expense of another which loses electricity, and is therefore negatively charged. The electricity of the air and of the clouds, whether, in fact, positive or negative, implies the existence of an opposite charge in the earth itself; thus it is, by a change in the distribution of this normal quantity of electricity that one part of the earth acquires an excess while another portion is deficient. In reference to the manner in which the earth becomes charged with electricity, it may be observed that there are three dynamical processes which are going on at all times with greater or less violence in the air, all of which are concerned in the production of electricity, 1st, evaporation; 2d, friction of the wind; 3d, combustion. When water evaporates it acquires a greater capacity for electricity as well as for heat. The electricity and heat essential to the physical change of state involved in the transition of matter from a liquid to a gaseous state, must be abstracted from surrounding bodies, which are thus cooled and left, electrically speaking, negative. As the vapor rises with its latent charge of heat and positive electricity, it finally reaches a region of cold, where it is again condensed, and the electricity and heat become free again and make demonstrations. The friction of moist or damp winds grinding against the hills, trees and rocks, acquires a positive charge of electricity. Also, the friction of two masses of moist air drawn by opposite currents against each other, produce like results; but as friction of the air is inoperative without moisture, evaporation in the last analysis is to be thanked for the electricity which friction produces. Vegetation and combustion must not be omitted in making a catalogue of the sources of atmospheric electricity. Pouillet inferred from experiments, that the oxygen which plants give out by day is charged with negative electricity, and that a surface of 100 square feet in full vegetation produces as much electricity in one day as the largest Leyden Battery can contain. The carbonic acid gas carried off by combustion contains positive electricity. Atmospheric electricity is generally classified under three distinct heads: 1st, the zig zag or chain lightning; 2d, sheet lightning; 3d, ball lightning. The zig zag or chain lightning is commonly manifested between the earth and cloud. When it divides into two branches it is called forked. Frequently three prongs have been seen; and the division of the chain may generally be inferred from the simultaneous destruction of different objects, even when it has escaped detection by any visible branches in the illuminated track of the darting electricity. Generally speaking the branches of chain lightning to the eye appear small, but its physical effects are known and dreaded by all classes of society. No known laws explain the whys or wherefores of its course in its destructive tendencies. The second kind of lightning in the classification is sheet lightning. This is rarely seen when the sky is cloudy; and it is much fainter than streak lightning as we see when the two are visible. In the calmest nights when the stars shine brightest its glimmer may be observed in all parts of the horizon. By many it is attributed to storms which the spherical form of the earth hides from our view; by others it is maintained that it occurs in regions of highly rarified air between cloud and cloud, the distance being so great that the thunder is inaudible. During the summer months after the heat of the day, while night is drawing its sable curtain over the face of nature, this class of electricity lends beauty to the scene, by its fitful flashes of light emanating from all points of the horizon. There are many instances of balls of fire or lightning as it were, dropping from the horizon during severe storms, which have been visible from one to ten minutes. By the best electricians of the day they are considered as originating in a dazzling brilliancy of lightning; and others consider them as agglomerations of ponderable substances. I would remark here in general, as to the

Male "Flirtations."

While you were "harmlessly" flirting with the girl, you knew she loved you—that her heart would quicken at sound of your foot-fall, and the blush that she could not conceal flash into her cheek at the tones of your voice. You knew that during a long time you were drawing tighter and tighter around the heart of your unsuspecting victim the chains from which she could not release herself without suffering, which might be greater to her than death. Don't tell me your intentions were harmless—you never proposed—never told her you loved her, ay, a thousand times you told this, by tone and deed, and look, just as emphatically as though your lips had sworn it. And then, how calmly, how courteously at last, you said farewell to her—wishing her lifetime that happiness which your work had forever blasted. And now, sir, whatever be your social position—how deep soever be the coffers of your gold, you have debased yourself and dishonored your manhood. Go forth into the world and let your carriage be as proud, your air to woman as chivalric, your honor as untarnished as ever, but remember that the stain is on your soul. You have stolen, basely, deliberately stolen, the one precious treasure of a woman's heart—its affections. You have robbed her of trust in human goodness and truth, and though if she be a true woman she will summon pride enough to her aid to hide from the world its pain, it will not be borne. You have robbed another of the love and confidence which should have been his, for the heart will never learn its sweet song of youth again, and though the wife of his bosom she sits in the shadow of his hearthstone, still the fountain from which you took the seal, will never yield its fresh waters as before.

WAGGERY.—Some time ago, on the Sabbath day, we wended our way to one of our churches, and instead of a sermon heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the address was concluded two brethren were sent round with baskets for contributions. Parson L— who was one of the basket bearers taking the side upon which we sat. Immediately in our front and upon the next seat negligently reclined our friend Bill H—, a gentleman of infinite humor and full of dry jokes, Parson L— extended the basket and Bill slowly shook his head.

"Come, William, give us something," said the Parson. "Can't do it," replied Bill. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" "Yes; but I am not able to give anything."

"Pooh! pooh! I know better, you must give a better reason than that."

"Well, I owe too much money—I must be just before I am generous, you know."

"But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else."

"That's true, parson, but then he aint pushing me like the balance of my creditors."

"What do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; "the disgrace of a great house—you who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte's!"

"Madam," the poor lady replied, with humility, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I come solely to see M. Dubois, my poor sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me in her last hours."

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